

# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

VOL. X.

NOVEMBER, 1890.

NO. 1.

## THE ARMY OF JAPAN.

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY.

### I.

IN Japan preëminently the past treads on the heels of the present. A description of even its military forces, organized as they are on European models, must take into account this peculiarity of a civilization whose transformation has been so rapid as to bring antiquity into such close and often awkward proximity to today.

Politically, the history of Japan may be divided into three periods. The first begins in mythological times and closes in the twelfth century. The Japanese records of this period are unbroken, describing in a continuous series the exploits of the divine generations whence, after countless ages, sprung the first human sovereign, Jimmu Tenno, B.C. 660. Of these records, many educated Japanese of today reject the earlier portion relating to the celestial ancestry of Jimmu Tenno, but accept those of his earthly successors. There is, however, no ground for this distinction. The chronicles of the emperors are as legendary as those of the gods, and a thousand years must be added to the date of Jimmu Tenno's accession before we reach, in the seventh century A.D., any solid foundation of historical fact. The central figure of this period is the mikado, an absolute heaven-descended sovereign, lord of the soil and all its inhabitants, governing through the kuge, or court nobles, themselves allied to the imperial family, being chiefly descendants of the mikado's younger sons. Two examples from modern times will serve to illustrate how thoroughly these two principles of divine origin and paramount lordship enter into the political system of Japan. In 1877 the reigning mikado, when investing Prince Arisugawa with the order of the Chrysanthemum for services rendered in the Satsuma rebellion, began his address in these words: "I, who, by the will of heaven, am Emperor of Japan, descending in one unbroken line for 10,000 years, confer upon you," etc. Again, in the memorial ad-



SAMURI.

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dressed to the crown in 1869, by the daimio, wherein they voluntarily surrendered their fiefs, occurs the following declaration: "The emperor governs his people by the conferring of lands and property; they are his to give and his to take away; of our own selves we cannot hold a foot of land . . . the place where we live is the emperor's land, and the food which we eat is grown by the emperor's men. How can we make it our own?"

In the second period, beginning in the twelfth century and extending to 1868-9, the feudal period of Japanese history, the political constitution of the empire enters upon a more complicated phase. The mikado, still the divine ruler and source of all authority, remains theoretically the head of the state, and the kuge nominally retain their offices and dignities. But practically the governing power is gradually usurped by the great military barons, and in 1603 passes definitely into the hands of the Tokugawa family. Thereafter, for over 250 years, the successive heads of this house, like the mayors of the palace of the Merovingian dynasty, ruled the country under the title of shogun. The shogun was but one of a number of military chieftains or barons of equal rank, but of unequal possessions and power, called daimio, who had acquired their lands by the sword, and whose vassals, the samuri, constituted the military class. Prior to 1603 the country was devastated by the struggles of these great feudal lords for supremacy; but with the accession to power of the Tokugawa family began an era of peace which lasted till the restoration of the mikado in 1868-9. In this second period, then, we have a nominal sovereign, the secluded

mikado; an impoverished nobility, the kuge, of about 150 families; the military barons or daimio, 268 in number, enjoying independent authority within their own dominions, but acknowledging by certain acts (as their residence during half the year at the court of the shogunate and

the leaving of their families as hostages for the remaining half) the supremacy of the shogun, in whose government they shared; the samuri, 400,000 families of military retainers, devoted to the chiefs from whom they received their pensions; and finally, the heimin, a vast population without social or political rank, the laboring classes of the empire. Toward the close of this period the power of the shogunate began to wane. It is even probable that, independent of foreign inter-



MILITARY COSTUMES OF 1868.

vention, the irritation felt by the daimio at the shogun's interference in the internal affairs of their own principalities would have led to some political change. This feeling was especially bitter in the province of Satsuma, whose lord was the hereditary foe of the Tokugawas and whose samuri were renowned for their independence and military spirit. The determination of the southwestern clans to reduce the shogun to the level of their own chieftains, as vassals of the mikado, was however intensified by the former's assumption, in 1858, of treaty relations with foreign powers—relations repudiated by the mikado and opposed to the traditional policy of national seclusion. The bombardment of Kagoshima in 1862, while convincing the Satsuma leaders of the futility of attempting to expel the foreigners, united the disaffected clans in their purpose to restore the supreme authority to the mikado, whose person they secured

by a coup-de-main in 1868. The shogun had already surrendered his office, convinced that its days were numbered; but forced by his partisans, whose material interests were thus threatened, reluctantly took up arms. This appeal to the sword, known as the war of the restoration, resulted in the extinction of the shogunate and closed the feudal period of Japanese history.

Prominent among those concerned in the restoration were Iwakura, a kuge of the imperial court, Saigo and Okubo, samuri of the Satsuma clan, and Shimadzu, its representative head. Actuated by the double feeling of animosity against the Tokugawa dynasty and devotion to the mikado, on the fall of the shogunate they saw that the central authority would be a shadow so long as the daimio retained their hereditary privileges and fiefs. These therefore, for certain considerations the daimio were induced to surrender to the crown in 1869, while the enthusiasm over the restoration was at its height. In 1870, however, signs of divided aims appeared among those who had Iwakura thus far acted in unison. From this date and Okubo became more and more identified with the policy of Europeanizing the empire and centralizing power in the hands of the mikado; while Saigo and Shimadzu, in spite of some differences of opinion, were united in wishing the central power to rest upon the support of the great clans and in resenting the adoption of western civilization. Although Shimadzu had surrendered his territory and feudal rights, he still exercised complete authority within his own domain and refused to permit its disappearance as a distinct political factor. The proposal to replace the uncertain support of the samuri of the clans by a standing army recruited from all classes was especially obnoxious to Satsuma, as fatal to the feudal system, to which that province was at heart still loyal, and as certain to result in the degradation of the samuri class to the level of the common people. In 1871 appeared a political programme, generally credited to Saigo, deploring the rapidity of centralization, advocating the abandonment of railroads and steam machinery, protesting against the conscription law, and proposing in support of the mikado's authority the inscription of 10,000 samuri of the clans, with their families, upon the imperial muster rolls. Meanwhile, in 1871, the abolition of the clans was decreed, permission was given the samuri to lay aside their swords and wear their hair in European fashion; in 1872 the first railway was opened, and a general conscription law adopted, the reorganization of the army being undertaken by French officers. Following these and other radical innovations came the easily suppressed revolt of 1874 (in which, however, Satsuma took no part) and the attempt on the life of Iwakura. In 1875 Shimadzu presented a memorial to the prime minister in which he protested against the employment of foreigners, the



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adoption of foreign dress, the use of the solar calendar, the relaxation of imperial ceremony, and, deploring the decay of the military class and spread of foreign doctrines, prophesied the ruin of his country. In the previous year Saigo had resigned his position as commander-in-chief of the land forces, and on the failure of the government to notice the above appeal Shimadzu also resigned office and returned to Satsuma, where everything was being done to resist the unification of the empire. Elsewhere officials were appointed irrespective of their clans or residence, but in Satsuma only natives of the province were admitted within its limits, and independent military preparations were going on upon a large scale. These preparations, inaugurated before the restoration, when the Satsuma, Choshu, Tosa and Hizen leaders, convinced that only force could free the country from the illegal sway of the shogun, undertook the organization of the military class and formation of the southwestern league, had been continued with increased ardor. Every resource was devoted to the maintenance and equipment of the samurai, whose proportion to the lower orders (about one to four) was far greater in Satsuma than in other parts of the empire. The province was divided into districts subject to a strict military discipline. On retiring from office in 1873 Saigo devoted the pension received for his services in the war of the restoration to the foundation of a military academy at Kagoshima, which two years later had upon its rolls the names of 7000 pupils, some of whom had been trained in France. Branch schools

were established throughout the province, the total enrolment being nearly 30,000. An oath of fidelity to the party was administered to candidates, whose time at the schools was mostly occupied in drill, marches, athletic exercises, and the discussion of political questions. The arsenal at Kagoshima was worked to its fullest capacity in the production of ordnance and powder, and the samurai, while relying mainly upon the sword, the emblem of their prowess, were being armed with Snyder and Enfield rifles. In the middle

of February 1877 Saigo left Kagoshima with nearly 15,000 samurai of the private schools, and on the 20th of the same month war was declared against him as a rebel. This conflict, which lasted seven months and closed with Saigo's tragic death on the summit of Shiroyama, is especially interesting as bringing for the first time an army of conscripts, drawn chiefly from the despised agricultural and artisan population, face to face with a class which for centuries had



SAIGO TAKAMORI.

constituted the intellectual and military strength of the nation—samurai of a clan distinguished for its valor, and led by a man of extraordinary prestige and popularity. It was the last struggle of feudalism with organization.

From the fact that Saigo believed his march upon the capital would be unobstructed, and that once in possession of the mikado's person he could impose upon the country a military despotism in which the influence of his clan should be paramount, there is little doubt that the efficiency of the imperial army and vigor of the central government were underrated.



Progress in army organization had been especially rapid during the three years of Saigo's retirement; but as early as 1848-9 changes had been made to meet the demands of modern warfare, firearms having been adopted for the shogun's troops and a tactical system borrowed from the Dutch. The first to memorialize the government on the advantage of these changes was Takashima Shirodiu, subsequently made a samuri. The years 1848, 1854, 1861, 1864, 1865 and 1868 saw important reorganizations. From a series of colored drawings, made by a Japanese officer, illustrating the changes in dress and accoutrements at the above dates, five have been selected as transitional types (see engraving), copies having been made from the originals in the military museum at Tokio. Although the dress and weapons are of a semi-barbaric order, they mark a long step in advance of the ancient samuri war costumes. I say ancient; but as illustrating the bewildering rapidity of change in Japan, note that as late as 1876, three years after the adoption of the conscription law, a band of rebels accoutred in all respects like those represented in Figs. 7 and 8, in helmets, plate and chain armor, surprised at night the imperial garrison of Kumamoto, murdering 300 of them with sword and halberd in their sleep. Of this band nearly a hundred, seeing their attempt to bring about a general uprising doomed to failure, retired to the mountains and committed harakiri. With such an event in mind the observer of the modern Japanese military system may well be surprised to find a practically European army differing in no essential respect from the troops of a continental garrison in their dress, bearing or tactical formations.

At the opening of the Satsuma rebellion the imperial government had a land force of over 50,000, drilled by foreign officers, a navy of nine vessels with an armament of fifty guns, and a well-trained gendarmerie of 18,000 men. The period between 1869 and 1874 was a critical one for the army. Although the territories and administrative powers of the clans were surrendered in 1869, the daimio exercised their authority and enjoyed their revenues until 1871, when by the decree of

August 29 the daimiates were suppressed and prefectures established under government officials. The commutation of the incomes of the daimio for a fixed sum in government bonds, yielding about one-tenth their former revenue, at first optional, was made obligatory in 1873. While their pomp and authority were thus abolished, relieved from all claims on the part of their retainers, and enjoying a fixed income for their own personal use, the pecuniary loss incurred by this change of status was not so great as might be supposed. On the other hand the samuri, formerly free from taxation, found themselves with greatly reduced pensions and without occupation. Accustomed only to military and ceremonial duties, looking down upon every occupation concerned with money-getting, representatives of a cherished code of honor, born to a life of comparative idleness and pleasure, their enrolment



MILITARY COSTUMES OF 1854.

in the army, almost a matter of course, was, however, under the new order of things a difficult and temporary expedient; for feudal rank and privileges are irreconcilable with the spirit and discipline of modern army organization. This state of affairs was therefore only a step toward conscription, with which, in 1874,

the army of new Japan practically begins.

## II.

The leading provisions of the revised military law which went into effect January 1, 1889, are as follows :

Every male Japanese between the ages of seventeen and forty is liable to military duty. The age of enrolment in the active army is fixed at twenty, although those between the ages of seventeen and twenty may volunteer. As the number of those coming annually under this provision, estimated at over 210,000, is largely in excess of that required by the War Office, enrolment is effected by lottery, and assignments to the various arms of the service are determined by the physique and previous occupation of the recruit. Lottery replaces the elaborate system of exemptions provided by the regulations of 1883—a device which always tends to increase the unpopularity of the service—those only who fail to pass the physical examination or who are convicted of grave crimes being definitely exempted. The land forces are divided into the standing army (comprising the active army and first reserves), the second reserves and the militia. The recruit serves with the active army three years, and with the first reserves four years, making the total length of service in the standing army seven years. These figures are reversed for the navy, the total being the same. The first reserves are called out only in the event of war or other grave emergency, the men serving with the colors sixty days, in time of peace. From the first they pass into the second reserves, whose service period is five years, and which are called out only after those of the standing army. All

males between the ages of seventeen and forty, not included in the standing army and second reserves, are enrolled in the militia, which is subject to duty only when the above are insufficient to meet the emergency.

The navy is recruited from the seacoast districts, and from such as are deemed fit for naval duty ; and there is a special island service, recruits from distant islands serving in loco.

Special provision is made for students. All between the ages of seventeen and twenty-six, who have graduated from the government schools, or from such schools and colleges as have obtained a certificate

of efficiency from the minister of education, and all who have passed the examination of the military examining staff, are obliged to serve but one year in the active army, but must defray their own expenses. These one-year volunteers receive a special training, and subsequently enter the first and second reserves for two and five years respectively. For such of the above as can show that they are unable to

meet all their expenses a certain sum is provided by the government. Of the students of the normal schools but six months' active service is required, their expenses being defrayed by the schools, and their subsequent service in the first and second reserves is for periods of seven and three years. No one convicted of gambling can avail himself of this volunteer service ; on the other hand, diligence and good conduct is rewarded by short furloughs.

Those who are ill at the time of the physical examination, or are under the specified height (4 feet 11½ inches) may defer active service one year, and if then still deemed unfit, are enrolled in the militia. A like postponement is granted



MILITARY COSTUMES OF 1861.

all who can certify that their families are dependent upon them, and if their circumstances are unchanged at the expiration of three years they enter the militia. Students who do not enter the one-year volunteers may postpone active service till the age of twenty-six, but failing to graduate before this age are enrolled without lottery. Students abroad are also exempted until reaching the age of twenty-six ; but, returning thereafter, serve without lottery, unless they can pass the examination of the Military Examining Board, in which case they may enter the one-year volunteers. No other deferred enrolments are permitted except in the case of persons under examination in courts of justice for crimes that would deprive them of their civil rights.

Government officials, mayors and heads of towns and villages, tax-collectors, etc., whose posts cannot be readily filled, are exempted from the temporary service of both reserves, as are also members of public assemblies during sessions.

Any person may be enrolled in his native place, and must notify the local authorities on reaching the age or twenty, on penalty of a fine not exceeding twenty yen. Self-mutilation, evasion, and refusal to pass the physical examination are punishable by a fine of thirty yen, imprisonment not exceeding one year, and enrolment without lottery; terms of imprisonment or police surveillance not being reckoned among the service years.

For the year 1890, as the outcome of the above system, we have the following figures, furnished by the War Office, for the seven military districts of Japan :

Active Army.	1st Division, Headquarters at Tokio.....				8,485
	2d	"	"	" Sendai.....	7,697
	3d	"	"	" Nagoya.....	7,753
	4th	"	"	" Osaka.....	8,065
	5th	"	"	" Hiroshima.....	8,022
	6th	"	"	" Kumamoto.....	8,123
	7th	"	"	" Yezo.....	1,514
	Imperial Guard.....				5,435
1st Reserves.....				113,229	
2d "				53,137	
Gendarmerie.....				1,388	
Military Schools.....				613	
General Staff.....				473	
Total.....				223,874	

As compared with the corresponding

figures for 1888, the active army, including the imperial guard, which is a picked body of men, chiefly samuri, permanently quartered at Tokio, shows an increase of about 11,000; while the total exceeds that of 1888 by over 48,000.

The personnel of the active army, 1st and 2d reserves, is composed as follows: general officers, 56; field officers, 492; line officers, 3514; non-commissioned officers, 9545; privates, artificers, etc., 237,155.

ACTIVE ARMY.	1ST AND 2D RESERVES.	TOTAL.
Infantry..... 48,145	102,099	150,244
Cavalry... .. 1,085	1,311	2,396
Artillery..... 5,702	8,115	13,817
Engineers... .. 2,522	3,288	5,810
Transport... .. 3,453	67,964	71,417



MILITARY COSTUMES OF 1865.

The proportion of the cavalry to the total of all arms is strikingly small. The explanation is found in the topography of the country, the non-mountainous portion being chiefly given over to the culture of rice and offering no scope for the operations of mounted troops, whose functions are therefore mainly restricted to outpost and escort duty.

In round numbers, then, the actual strength of the active army is 57,000, exclusive of transport ; and the number of men available in the event of a sudden emergency is 160,000, nearly all of whom

would have served with the colors at least one year. Owing to the scarcity of good roads and railway communications the transport service is relatively large. During the Satsuma rebellion, for example, the War Office states the number of days' work actually paid for as 12,800,000, so that an average of 50,000 coolies were employed per diem throughout the war.

The military budget for the last fiscal year was 13,378,064 yen, exclusive of special appropriations amounting to 4,477,448 yen, of which 1,616,293 yen was for the War Office, 398,425 for the general staff, 567,398 for the military schools, and 107,635 for the arsenals at Tokio and Osaka.

As to the army organization, one regiment of infantry is composed of three battalions of four companies each. On a peace footing the company consists of five officers, ten non-commissioned officers, and 120 privates, the latter being increased to 200 in time of war. This gives for the regimental organization :

	PEACE FOOTING.	WAR FOOTING.
Field Officers.....	5	4
Officers.....	65	65
Non-Com. Officers	145	137
Privates.....	1,440	2,406
Non-Combatants.	34 & 9 horses.	199 & 172 horses.
Total.....	1,689	2,811

Three squadrons of cavalry form a battalion, the latter comprising

	PEACE FOOTING.	WAR FOOTING.
Field Officers.....	1	1
Officers.....	17	16
Non-Com. Officers	36	36
Privates.....	426	306
Non-Combatants.	17	107
Total.....	497 & 459 horses.	466 & 377 horses.

A supplementary corps is created in time of war, from which vacancies in the battalion are filled; thus accounting for the smaller numbers in the battalion on a war footing.

Each brigade of artillery comprises three batteries (one of mountain artillery) of two companies each. The company is made up of one field officer, four commissioned and ten non-commissioned officers, ninety-six privates, six guns, and fifty-eight horses; except that the mountain artillery has but twenty-nine horses. Twenty-eight non-combatants are attached to each brigade.

The imperial guard is formed of four

regiments of infantry, one battalion of cavalry, one brigade of artillery, and one battalion of engineers and transport service each.

Three companies make up the engineer battalion, each company having 125 men of all ranks and one non-combatant. On a war footing the battalion has but two companies of 221 men of all ranks each, and fifty-eight non-combatants.

A separate military organization exists for the Hokaido colonists (Yezo), called the colonists' corps. This body is not recruited by conscription, but consists of volunteer colonists supplied with horses and rations for three years.

There is no provision for promotion from the ranks to a grade above that of non-commissioned officer. Officers of the line and staff are mostly of the samurai class, and undergo a very thorough military education, of which the following is an outline, prepared from material furnished by Colonel Terauchi Seiki, president of the military college. Appointments of officers to the infantry, artillery, cavalry and engineers are made from those who desire to enter the service and is based upon a competitive examination. The eligible candidates are (a) those who have passed the final examination of the Military Cadets' school, (b) one-year volunteers, *kuazoku* (nobles), *shizoku* (samurai), and *heimin* (common people), between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three, who have graduated from a common middle school or are otherwise fitted to pass the entrance examination of the military college. Successful candidates are at once appointed sub-lieutenants and are distributed among the different regiments according to their own choice, for one year. During this period they are taught all the details of a private's duty, and at its close are transferred to the military college, where they pursue a course of scientific study for eighteen months. On graduating successfully from the military college they return to their original regiments with the rank of acting lieutenant, for training in the duties of a commissioned officer. At the end of six months, on the recommendation of a board of officers, they receive their lieutenantcies. During the eighteen months passed at the military college all students receive instruction in tactics, military organization, topographical drawing, military corre-

spondence and sanitation, veterinary science, arms, fortifications, and the Chinese, German and French languages; while instruction appropriate to the various branches of the service is given those attached thereto, viz.: riding, fencing, target practice, surveying and gymnastics. There are also certain miscellaneous subjects, a knowledge of which is necessary to the discharge of a lieutenant's duties, the chief object of the military college being to complete the practical education of the regiment and to lay a foundation for further study. The course of eighteen months is divided into three terms, each closing with examinations. Those who pass these tests are then orally examined by a board of general officers, receive a diploma, and join their regiments with the rank of acting lieutenants, as above stated. Failing to receive a diploma they are pronounced unworthy of appointments as commissioned officers. During the ensuing six-months' service with their regiments, acting lieutenants receive a thorough training in all the practical details of military routine under the supervision of the regimental commanders; after which each man's case is brought before a council of general officers, whose decision must be unanimous and is final. If favorable, this decision is transmitted through the division commander, inspector general, and minister of war to his majesty, from whom the candidate receives his lieutenant's commission. If, however, there be a single dissenting vote in the council the candidate loses his sub-lieutenancy and is enrolled in the reserves as a non-commissioned officer.

Passing from the general education of the officers to the special schools, there is, first, the Toyama School of Tactics. Its students are appointed by the regimental commanders under the supervision of the division commanders and commander of the imperial guard from the regimental officers of all ranks, and its course of study is eighteen months. Its object is to render the officers familiar with changes and progress in the tactics and education of the infantry branch of the service, seven months being devoted to tactical science, six to gymnastics and five to fencing. The number of students varies and is fixed by the inspector general. The Military Riding School has a ten-months' course made up

of cavalry tactics, veterinary science and riding; its students being selected from the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the cavalry in the same manner as those of the Toyama School of Tactics. The School of Gunnery with a four-months' course provides in the same manner for the education of the officers of the artillery. There is furthermore the School of Artillery and Engineers, with a course of two years, in which lieutenants selected as above complete their studies in the branches to which they belong; and the School of Fortifications, in which artillery officers of all ranks continue for one year the study of the general subject of permanent and field fortifications.

Above all these special schools stands the Military University, under the immediate jurisdiction of the staff offices. Its students are selected by competitive examination from among the lieutenants of all arms recommended by their regimental commanders for general ability and promise.

A second paper will be devoted to the results of personal observation, the new



MILITARY COSTUMES OF 1868.

Murata rifle adopted in 1889, the recent army and navy manoeuvres, and some general considerations on the military situation and future of Japan.





MISS LANSING AS MARGUERITE.

## THE AMERICAN AMATEUR STAGE.

BY CHARLES CAREY WADDLE.

"Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll; Masters, spread yourselves!"  
—Midsummer Night's Dream.

ANY attempt to judge of the amateur stage by the canons of professional art must be manifestly improper and unjust. To affirm that an actor working merely *con amore* could be the successful rival of one who has spent his life in a study of theatrical methods and requirements would neither exalt the one nor belittle the other. No one, however, will deny to the various histrionic societies and non-professionals throughout the land the possession of distinctive talent, united to conscientious endeavor, in the line of dramatic interpretation. In justice to itself the amateur stage cannot in any sense be considered a training school or kindergarten for the legitimate theatre. It has its own traditions, associations, and personnel, and the purposes and limits of its work do not in any way clash with those of the regular artist.

Moreover, any effort to deal exhaustively within the scope of a magazine article of so universal a diversion as this subject discloses would be eminently unsatisfactory

to the bulk of unfledged genius, and it is only possible by observing the attainments of the most salient clubs to infer what is being accomplished for pleasure and profit in this direction.

Napoleon, having heard an old woman sounding his praises upon one occasion, turned to her and said: "But what have you gained? Am I not as despotic as Louis?" "Oh, yes," was the ready reply, "but you are Napoleon!" And in amateur theatricals this same personality of the actor becomes a living charm. There is a zest in discovering a friend or brother disguised in the gloomy figure which haunts the towers of Elsinore or a familiar voice mouthing the expletives of Bob Acres. Doubtless this concomitant actuated the applause evoked by the noble performers of those famous court masques upon which Jonson, Massinger, Lawes, and Inigo Jones combined their poetical, musical and decorative ingenuity. Unequalled advantages for "guying" were

also furnished to schoolboys of former days in the student representations at Heidelberg, Wittenberg, the University of Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, and Westminster. Much was written for these early amateur entertainments which has since attained a popularity little dreamed of by the author. Milton wrote his *Comus* for the Duke of Bridgewater. Gammer Gurton's Needle was first acted by students at Cambridge. Nicholas Udal, head master at Eton, brought out Ralph Roister Doister for presentation at Christmas; and Racine, to oblige Madame de Brinon, composed *Athalie* and *Esther* for the girls of St. Cyr.

The most sumptuously furnished of the private playhouses which sprang up in England upon the removal of the dramatic ban by the Restoration belonged to the notorious Duke of Buckingham, and here the graceless nobleman performed many of those pranks abounding in the annals of the wits. Pepys relates a quarrel occurring on the stage between the erratic proprietor and one Henry Killigrew (a contemporary playwright), in which Buckingham "took his opponent's hat and coat and did beat him with a stick, all very innocently and quite a pleasure to the audience."

Again, a century later, during a great revival of private theatricals, the Duke of Richmond figured as chief patron. In the performances acted at his house, beautiful Anne Damer (sculptress, friend of Walpole, loyal adherent of Fox) was the leading lady. Denominated the "*Thalia of the Scene*," her vivacious but courtly manner charmingly fitted her for those unrivalled comedies which Sheridan and Goldsmith

wrote, and in company with Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Garrick she subsequently played at Strawberry Hill.

Upon our own soil, at this period, the fierce struggle for existence, coupled with the inflexible religious ideas then obtaining among the American colonists, utterly precluded dramatic indulgence, and, indeed, not until the time of the Revolution were private theatricals introduced into Boston by the gay British officers as a relaxation to barrack life and a residence in barbarian wilds. With a contingent from the rosy-cheeked Tory girls of the New England metropolis they organized "The Society for Promoting Theatrical Amusements for the Relief of Distressed Soldiers, their Widows and Children." Faneuil hall was fitted up with a stage, and nightly large enthusiastic audiences assembled to appreciate its splendors. All was fish that came to the company's net; tragedy, comedy, opera and farce were performed with equal vigor and self-confidence. Perhaps, however, the most brilliant theatrical achievement of the times was the famous pageant or *meschianza*, given as a farewell to General Howe by his staff officers. It consisted of a tilt and tournament, concluding with a ball and banquet, all arranged upon such a scale of magnificence as completely dazzled the eyes of the simple colonists.

From the time of the struggle for independence until the era of the civil war the seed of amateur histrionics lay in desuetude. There were charades, tableaux and all such parlor entertainments of magic and spiritualism, but no record of anything really deserving of dramatic recog-



THE HASTY FUDDING CLUB.



THE CARLETON CLUB.

nition until the Sanitary Commission in 1861 made its demands for money and supplies. Then it was that the amateur stage, prompt in the cause of charity (which has ever been its animus and motive power), sprang like some dozing century plant into a glorious efflorescence. Dramatic clubs and companies were formed on every side, and thousands of dollars were immediately forwarded to camp and hospital through the aid of these citizen actors. The movement had gained such strength at the close of the war that it could not, as formerly, be checked by the fetters of Grundyism. Clubs retained their organization, and in spite of the scoffs of critics and professionals have accomplished a work for the alleviation of suffering which must not be underestimated. Each day brings a fuller realization of this fact, and although a dozen years ago a noted English actor sneered at what he termed "untrained and moneyed enthusiasm," yet the sting has been drawn from the wound by Mrs. Kendal's

recent graceful tribute to the amateurs of America.

Let it never be believed that vanity is the sole impulse actuating these playing players, despite Rosina Vokes's remark: "Of course she is beautiful, or thinks herself so, or she would never go into amateur theatricals!" To be sure, beauty is never so supremely effective as with a proper *mise-en-scène*, and society audiences do not care to tolerate plain and homely women behind their footlights, merely for dear art's sake, when loveliness abounds; but when, forsooth, such women as Miss Elita Proctor Otis, in whom rare personal charms are combined with the fire of true genius, don the sock and buskin, their right to the privilege will never be gainsaid. "Queen of the Amateurs," Miss Otis is essentially an amateur, but her successes upon the boards have been so frequent, so varied, and so triumphant that flattering offers to adopt a professional career have been profuse. Though a native of Ohio, her theatrical education

was received among the Brooklyn dramatic societies, where she attained such celebrity that the Amateur Comedy Club of New York requested her to appear with them in London Assurance—the only invitation ever accorded to anyone outside of that exclusive organization. She has since appeared in many amateur entertainments and benefits in the metropolis, but ever with unvarying success. Of her Shakespearian repertoire, Portia and Beatrice are always heartily applauded; her emotional rôles are indued with strong dramatic force and intelligent reading; but mainly in the portrayal of such high comedy characters as Lady Gay Spanker, Suzanne (in *A Scrap of Paper*), Lady Betty (in *A Wild Idea*), and Lady Teazle does she shine preëminent. As a mimic and reciter of short bits or *vers de société* she is unsurpassed.

Miss Otis occupies with becoming dignity the editorial tripod of the New York Saturday Review. In person she is tall and graceful, with light wavy hair, merry eyes, changing with her moods from gold-

en brown to jetty black, and possesses a hand whose contour would have challenged Praxiteles. A noted *littérateur* has said of her: "She has the most brilliant *solitaire dimple* I have ever seen"—and the *bon mot* has become a classic. Her most celebrated appearances have been as Miss Hardcastle, with the Kemble Club of Brooklyn; as Lady Gay, with the Amateur Comedy Club just mentioned; and as Pauline, in *The Lady of Lyons*, both at New York and Boston.

She is without doubt a great actress, full of subtle surprises, possessing that rare occult power which by a single suggestive movement can evoke tears or laughter, as the hypnotizer produces sleep.

Very prominent also in New York theatricals are Miss De Wolfe, Mr. Edward Fales Coward, Mr. Evert Jansen Wendell, and there are numerous minor lights whose work has been most commendable. Occasionally, certain of these become fired by ambition's spark and gravitate toward the stage of the smaller theatres, the Madison

Square, Lyceum, or even Daly's, as affording wider scope to their powers, obtaining, perhaps, permission to "walk on" in a situation and display a pretty gown, or recruit the ranks of the butler and maid contingent. Nevertheless, the beautiful little Berkeley Lyceum theatre, on West Forty-fourth street, dedicated to Thespis by Coquelin, forms a most enchanting temple for those contented (if not aspiring) spirits who remain simply amateurs, no more.

In Brooklyn, dramatic societies appear to flourish with unparalleled activity, and the "Gilbert," "Amaranth" and "Kemble" are names that recall delightful evenings to those who have witnessed their performances. Such famous non-professional actors as Miss Annie Hyde, Miss Ida Thompson and Mr. Deane Pratt have been enrolled in their ranks, and many of their light-comedy or melodramatic presentations have merited extreme praise.

The Carleton Club of Chicago, although not distinctly a dramatic organization, has certainly, in the



ALICE KENT ROBERTSON.

production of comedy and opera, effected a most enviable reputation. It was incorporated on the 30th March 1887 as a social club; but among the elements uniting in its formation was a literary association, which, while sinking its individuality therein, yet retained so much of its original character as to make a deep impression upon the development of the club. This nucleus attracted to itself other members, and with the cordial coöperation of the remainder has provided much of the regular entertainments of the society. The efforts of this dramatic corps were so well appreciated that when, in March 1888, the club removed to its present quarters, 3800 Vincennes avenue, the proposition to build a hall with an adequate stage was unanimously indorsed, and today the Carleton is the only social organization in Chicago with the equipments and accessories necessary to the correct presentation of the drama or opera.

As the membership of the Carleton consists exclusively of men, it has been necessary in female characters to draft recruits from the outside, and they have been extremely fortunate in securing for this purpose such well-known society amateurs as Miss Cozzens, Mrs. Cadow, Miss Humble, Miss Manchester, Miss Frances Pratt, Miss Eulalie Ten Eyck. Latterly the Chicago Conservatory has been drawn on, and their audiences have been delighted with Miss Mamie de Campi in *Delicate Ground*, and Miss Olive May in *A Husband in Clover*. The most active members of the club have been Franklin H. Wentworth, Edwin H. Hatch, H. L. Freeman, Allen B. Forbes, and E. P. Wilkins, and their

work is deserving of the greatest credit. Especially successful plays have been *In Honor Bound*, *Suspended Animation*, *Delicate Ground*, and *A Husband in Clover*. They have also given several popular minstrel entertainments as well as numerous operettas and two operas, *The Doctor of Alcantara* and *Marcella*, a local production by G. B. Bingham and E. F. Wood.

Another organization, not entirely dramatic in its character, but occupying an exalted position in that direction nevertheless, by virtue of positive accomplishment, is the *Saturday Morning Club* of Boston; an association of seventy young



MISS ELITA PROCTOR OTIS.



women, combined for the purpose of critical study and literary research, but perhaps better known by its stage representations of Tennyson's *Princess*, Browning's *In a Balcony*, and Sophocles' *Antigone*. The latter drama was presented at Bumstead hall, March 12, 1890, before an audience of ladies only, and a certain feminine attention to detail was observable in the drachma-shaped tickets with Sophocles' head on the reverse side, and in the papyrus programmes, artistically rolled on double rods. Every one in the cast seemed to have caught the Greek spirit and spoke the lines with a commingling of passion, of human sympathy and of religious fervor which well suited the theme and action of the tragedy. Professor White of Harvard, Mr. Copeland and Mr. Frank Sargent advised the company and drilled them in their work, so that in the final representation each participant was letter-perfect in the difficult text, and not a false note was struck throughout the play. There was an atmosphere of scholarship, refinement and ease with dignity, which seemed to intensify the classic impression produced by costumes, words and argument. The chorus of maidens clad in delicate iris-like fabrics, expressing in face and action the most tender feeling, was like a chord of exquisite music thrilling through the forceful dialogue.

Mrs. Berlen, in the interpretation of the title rôle, pictured well the self-reliant, determined woman, who never flinched from the demands of duty until that last climax of anguish when she moaned out her sad farewell:

"Unwept, without a friend,  
Unwed and whelmed with woe,  
I journey on the road that open lies."

The passion and pathos of *Hæmon* was beautifully expressed, *Ismene* was a dream of tenderness and artistic beauty, and the minor characters were well and conscientiously played; but it was in the portrayal of the stern, inflexible *Creon* that Mrs. Alice Kent Robertson scored the greatest triumph of the evening. She fully grasped the dual nature of the part, and while in the earlier acts she filled her audience with abhorrence for the intellectual but cruel tyrant, she yet depicted the father's grief over the death of his son so realistically that her listeners forgot it was but a masterpiece of histrionic art

and sympathized as with a genuine bereavement. As a leading Boston critic has said, "She was virile, without being manish." Gifted with marvellous facial expression, perfect in the lofty dignity of her bearing, she evinced a truly dramatic power of presenting not merely the individual view of the character, but the underlying purpose of the dramatist.

Mrs. Robertson is a daughter of the late Honorable William Kent and was reared in the very shadow of Bunker Hill monument. She has, consequently, had an opportunity of absorbing mental ozone from the highest plane of culture and refinement. Of recent years she has devoted her time and the superabundant energy of her nature to philanthropic, literary and artistic pursuits. Whenever she has consented to appear upon the stage she has achieved decided success, but her talents are moulded undeniably for tragedy, and *Creon* is perhaps the most satisfactory rôle she has ever assumed, although her rendition of the *Queen* in Browning's *In a Balcony* and the *Princess* in Tennyson's *Princess* exhibited exalted genius, and clinched her right to the title, "The Sidons of the Amateurs."

Washington, with its cosmopolitan population and its constant desire for amusement, has had many notable amateur productions in the past, but at present the capital is destitute of theatrical organizations, although she still possesses a host of talented individuals. Among these, in light comedy, may be prominently mentioned Mr. Hubbard Taylor Smith. Mr. Smith is a native of Vincennes, Indiana, but removed to Washington in 1874 and has since resided there. His début was made with the Thalian Club as *D'Alroy* in *Caste*, and with such unbounded success that he was cast for leading parts in every subsequent performance of the society until its disorganization in 1880. The Thalian Club was formed in 1865 and embraced in its ranks many very talented amateur actors, some of whom have since taken commanding positions in regular professional work. Since its disbandment, Mr. Smith has essayed the principal comedy parts in every entertainment of note in the District. In a representation of *Rosdale*, as *Bunberry Cobb* he carried off the honors of the evening, against the star part of Elliott Gray, played by an ex-pro-

fessional. His greatest hit, however, has been made as Uncle Larry Singleton in his own comedy of *Paradise Flats*, and it is, indeed, an inimitable piece of character acting. Despite his versatility, Mr. Smith is by voice, face, physique and inclination a singing comedian, and has been exceptionally successful as General Stanley in the *Pirates of Penzance*, Sir Joseph in *Pinafore*, and Ko-Ko in the *Mikado*. The latter part he has assumed more than a dozen times, and his fun is so crisp, so sparkling and so unfatiguing that his work is lauded by competent critics as superior to that of regular operatic luminaries.

A most fascinating Washington actress is Miss Letitia Aldrich, the niece of Senator William Stewart of Nevada. She is a San Franciscan by birth, and the warmth of California suns seems to linger in the golden glints of her rich brown hair and in her olive complexion. Her superb physique and statuesque beauty well qualify her to assume such stately comedy characters as Galatea and Maid Marian, and



MISS LETITIA ALDRICH.

her clear musical voice and pleasing elocution afford a graceful finish to whatever dramatic work she undertakes.

Miss Aldrich's Galatea, given both in Washington and San Francisco, has received most favorable comment, and her

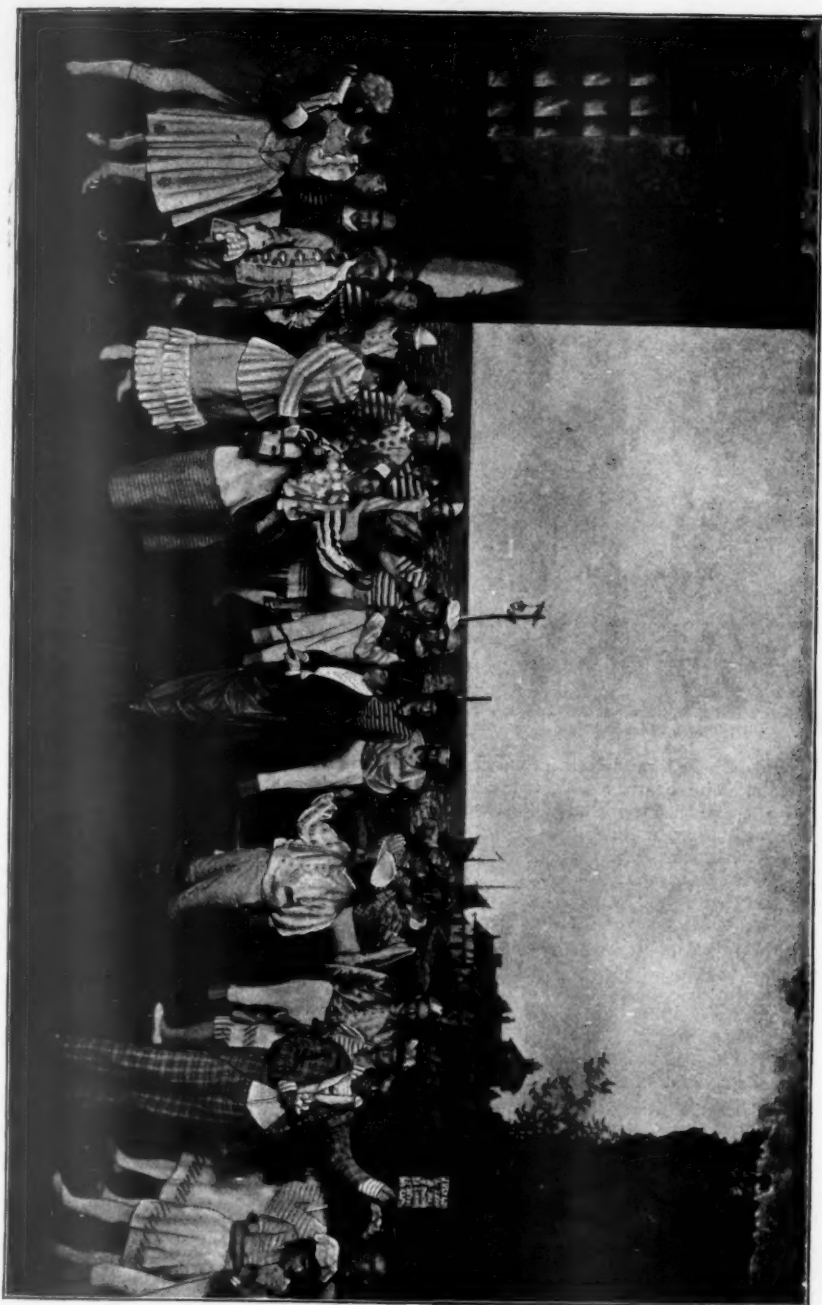
recent creation of the part of Maid Marian, in Miss Seawell's dramatization of her novel of that name, was delicious by its unaffected naïveté and frank assumption of the manners of the haute dame.

Long ago one of the most brilliant of transatlantic critics passed judgment in favor of Ada Rehan for her rendition of a single line in *An Arabian Night*, when produced at the Fifth Avenue theatre: "I shall be back in five minutes." The charm lay not in the words themselves, nor in her delivery of them, but in the accompanying action. She was running, not walking, off the stage, and having reached the curtained exit she drew its heavy drapery about her, framing herself in; then she intelligently gave the cue and disappeared. That was all, but the noted authority turned in his seat and said: "That girl is bound to rise."

There was something of this indefinable power in Miss Aldrich's action in the second act of *Maid Marian*, when the artist first throws back the drapery, discovering a beautiful full-length portrait against a rich, dark background. With marvellous stately grace the picture forsakes the frame and moves about the stage, a high-bred figure from the Elizabethan court. This materialization, though perhaps lacking in novelty, yet became, through Miss Aldrich's interpretation, so striking and so replete with admirable dignity, that round after round of applause rang from the distinguished audience assembled to do her honor. Among her private-theatrical associates in Washington are notably Miss Butterfield of San Francisco, whose Cynisca is a most effective bit of work, and Miss Mary Butterworth of Ohio. Miss Aldrich's recent marriage to Mr. Rounceville Wildman, consul to Singapore, will cause her temporary removal from Washington, which is greatly to be regretted.

Faultless in appointments, properties and architectural beauty, a model for all private theatres, is the Roselawn, just erected by Mr. Durant da Ponte of New Orleans. From the dome, ceiled in pale blue satin and lighted by hidden electric lamps, to the decorated walls set with superb stained-glass windows and the perfectly equipped miniature stage, the building is a complete gem evolved from bricks and mortar. Oval in shape, it possesses two entrances opening on capacious bal-

SCENE FROM LA FAYETTE AT BERKELEY LYCEUM, BY THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE CLUB.





TUESDAY NIGHT CLUB.

conies, which form delightful entr'acte retreats. The theatre has a seating capacity of 350, and the stage dimensions are fully commensurate with the uses for which it is designed. The drop curtain represents a scene on the Bosphorus, and together with the entire scenery reveals the exquisite taste of its New York artist—a master hand. Roselawn was dedicated April 29, 1890, before enthusiastic friends. Judge A. G. Brice read a poem written for the occasion by Mr. da Ponte, and the drama of *The Marble Heart* was produced by a company of excellent amateurs. Mrs. da Ponte, who is a noted and clever actress of this school, sustained the star part of Marco, and brilliantly executed the rôle of the heartless beauty sacrificing her lover to her craving for social prestige. She was ably supported by a number of the most prominent society actors—Mr. Bernard Shields, Mr. H. Edwards, Mr. Dalton Williams, Mr. Cassilear Shields, Mr. George Mallard, Miss Ivy Shields, and Miss Cohen. Mrs. da

Ponte has hitherto made frequent appearances behind the mimic footlights, and the richness of her southern beauty, united to charms of voice, figure and grace, no less than her marked dramatic talent, serve to qualify her admirably for her favorite emotional parts of Marco and Pauline. In posing and tableau work she is probably unequalled. Her recent representation of Pomona, in the Vine-growers' festival, when, dressed in white and profusely ornamented with jewels, she was borne to the stage erect upon a butterfly-shaped palanquin, was nothing less than a procession of triumph.

Of late years it has become somewhat customary for many of our recognized dramatists to test the effect of their works by a private view—so to speak—not at the great heart of the metropolis, where the critics wield their merciless axes, but at some outlying city, where by reason of freedom from complications they can more accurately judge of its chances for success or failure. The city of Buffalo has frequently

been selected for this purpose, not only, it appears, on account of a taste cultivated by the wealth and refinement of its society, but also because of the high standard of criticism to which a large proportion have attained through a practical knowledge of theatrical demands.

The long life and unflinching progress of the Buffalo Amateurs has been an important factor in the social and charitable life of that city, and the greatest credit for selecting and organizing a band of players so justly celebrated must be accorded Mr. William Lovering, "The Father of Amateur Acting in Buffalo." At St. James's hall, on the evening of April 3, 1872, the club gave its initial performance. Richelieu was the play selected, and the excellent work of Mr. Lovering as the cardinal drew a large audience the following night to see the same company produce *West End*. On the third evening was given a triple bill, comprising *The Dumb Belle*, *Away with Melancholy* and *On the Sly*, and the result was that the Amateurs retired covered with glory, only to plan new campaigns. In these performances two very clever actresses were Mrs. George Gorham, in character rôles, and Miss Love, the leading lady of the troupe. Other parts were excellently rendered by W. E. Foster, J. R. Drake, Townsend Davis, C. K. Horton and Miss Alice Wells.

About this time Mrs. S. V. R. Watson fitted up at her home a most complete private theatre, containing a four-groove stage, with a seating capacity of over 300. Here, during two or three subsequent years, and solely for their own amusement,

the society produced a number of plays; among others, *Meg's Diversions*, *Still Waters Run Deep* and *Look Before You Leap*.

In 1874 they again appeared at St. James's hall (for the cause of charity) in *Love's Sacrifice*, and repeated *Richelieu*, with Mr. Douglas Cornell as De Mauprat and Mrs. R. R. Cornell as Julie. The success of the club, however, at this period, was in the sparkling comedy *A Scrap of Paper*, and although Miss Love's Suzanne was a noteworthy piece of acting, sprightly and charming to a degree, still she failed to sound the subtle tone of secret love for Prosper which thrills and illumines the part when represented by either Rose Coghlan or Ada Dyas; but, as has been admitted, such "comparisons are odious" and unnecessary. Mrs. Gorham fully sustained her reputation in the character rôle of Zenobie, as did also Mr. Townsend Davis as Prosper, Mr. J. R. Drake as the Baron and Mr. Cleveland Horton as *Brisemouche*.

This production, by the way, marked an important era in the life of the society, for its cordial reception warranted the members to stray into pastures usually forbidden to the tyros of the stage. They have, however, been most successful in such high-comedy dramas as *London Assurance*, *Diplomacy* and the *Favorite of Fortune*.

They closed their eighteenth regular season on April 29, 1890, with the rendition of three plays: *A Man of the World* (the famous Madison Square lever de rideau), with Mr. Douglas Cornell as Captain Bradley; *Barbara*, with Mrs. Heath playing the title rôle, Miss Gorham as Lillie and Peter C. Cornell as Cecil; and *An Obstinate Family*, with Austin K. Muzzey assuming the part of Harwood. A résumé of these eighteen years of work, fraught with pleasure, shows that amongst the more celebrated members of the Buffalo Amateurs have been Mr. Davis, who is very pleasing in such parts as Prosper Couramont and John Mildmay; Mr. J. R. Drake, whose *Hawksley* and *Count Orloff* are exceptionally good; and Peter C. Cornell, a light comedian



PITTSBURGH CLUB THEATRE.



with an easy graceful presence. Austin K. Muzzey, in old-man parts, and Porter Norton in low comedy, are above comparison. Mrs. Heath is at present the leading lady, and brings to the position a versatility of talent, an ease of movement and a depth of pathos rarely witnessed. Her Barbara is perhaps her best characterization, which a well-known dramatic critic has declared superior to the famous London interpretation of the same. Miss Evelyn Hilliard, Miss Manchester, Miss Jean Baker and Miss Gorham are each worthy of favorable mention; but to the splendid work of Mr. Douglas Cornell as stage manager may be attributed, in great measure, the remarkable success of the Amateurs, and although the situation has entailed upon him many disagreeable duties, yet he has never flinched from the labors and difficulties in his path. He has mingled with unswerving but necessary firmness a geniality of criticism and a proper sense of the consideration due to his coadjutors. Under his régime there have been none of those ruptures and petty jealousies incident to the life of affairs of this kind. No member of the cast has ever been "coached" except by him, and this fact assumes greater proportions when one recalls that quondam members of the Buffalo Amateurs, who have since graduated into professionals, are Agnes Ethel (Mrs. Frank Tracy), Mr. Edward Bell of the Madison Square theatre and Mrs. R. R. Cornell, who, under the soubriquet of May Fielding, was favorably known to the patrons of Daly's theatre for several years. Mr. Cornell is himself a strong and versatile actor. His Eytem, John Small, Sir Harcourt Courtly and De Mauprat (embracing as they do a wide and varied range of expression) are singularly clever and conscientious achievements. He has been identified with the club as stage director since its inception, and to his judgment alone is attributable the "smooth teamwork" (to use an athleticism) which has been such a marked feature of their every performance. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the benefit derivable from such institutions as this elderly club; they are public educators, in one sense, and liberal at that. Probably none more thoroughly representative of the best amateur work than this one exists throughout the United States. In the life of cities each season

brings such vital changes through marriage, death or removal, that short-livedness seems too often to be the rule of fate; but the Buffalo Amateur Club bids fair to live and thrive continuously.

The delightful entertainments granted by the Tuesday Night Club of Pittsburgh are a distinct feature of the charming social life of that busy Pennsylvania city. The club name was adopted from that of the old Wednesday Night Club of Baltimore, whose exploits were widely heralded in the amateur dramatic circles of a former generation; and not, as has been facetiously remarked, because their meetings were held upon any other evening in the week save Tuesday.

A well-known literary man of Pittsburgh who is a member of the organization, in speaking thereof says: "The existence of the society began during the spring of 1884, and was brought about by a few energetic spirits who had been members of various small theatrical associations, having to a great extent outgrown their value and interest. But when the Pittsburgh club added an attractive and spacious assembly-room and theatre to its imposing building on Penn avenue, the opportunity was ripe for the formation of a dramatic club upon a much more pretentious scale than Pittsburgh society had ever known. The Tuesday Night Club was the result; and the interest evinced by the membership, as well as the magnitude of the work accomplished, has won for it most meritorious distinction."

Its membership is limited to 300 (a quota long since reached), and the government is intrusted to a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and two committees; one on election, which passes upon all candidates for admission and fills any vacancies occurring, and an entertainment committee, which operates the dramatic affairs of the club, selects the plays, arranges the casts and all matters pertaining to costumes, coaching, and rehearsal. Being an institution of large individual and collective wealth, no reasonable expenditure is spared when it is essential to a proper and handsome presentation of a play, and upon more than one occasion the entertainment of a single night has cost in excess of \$600. The beautiful stage pictures of these performances find a fitting frame in the ornate

furnishings of the Pittsburgh Club theatre. A refined artistic taste characterizes mural decorations, draperies and portières, while soft electric lights in opaline shades illumine a ceiling of turquoise blue and gold.

The club has given in all twenty-five evening performances, the first, June 10, 1884, with a double programme, consisting of the one-act comedy *Place aux Dames*, followed by the farce *Cool as a Cucumber*; and the last during the spring of the present year, when Gilbert's popular *Wedding March* was presented to a very crowded, critical and fashionable audience.

One of the most delightful actors in the club is its president, Mr. William Nimick Frew. His Warburton in *Old Love Letters* and Mr. Honeyton in *A Happy Pair* are both excellent; but he was perhaps never so acceptable as in the *Baron de Glacière* in *A Scrap of Paper*. The part is an ungrateful one, but Mr. Frew invested it with such polished and refined frigidity as to win the plaudits if not the sympathy of the audience. Other leading participants in their plays have been Mr. Carter Custis Beggs and Mr. W. S. Arter. Miss Julia Morgan Harding is decidedly the most versatile member of the society, and an accepted leader in its affairs. Her best characters are generally conceded to be Belinda Treherne in *Engaged*, Mrs. Florence Brownlee in *Old Love Letters*, Suzanne in *A Scrap of Paper*, and the Marchioness of Market Harborough in *The Wedding March*. Miss Anna May Hegeman is very strong in such emotional rôles as Barbara, and Lady Hilda in *Broken Hearts*. Leading parts have also been taken by Mrs. Charles Henry Harlow, Mrs. Frank Sproul, Mrs. Lucy O'Hara Morrison, Miss Harriet Watson and Mrs. George A. Gormly, as well as by the two vivacious soubrettes, Miss Eleanore B. Reed and Miss Julia Morgan.

The club has made but one attempt to produce an operetta, but their recent rendition of Offenbach's *Breaking the Spell* was so decidedly successful as to afford them great encouragement. In this instance, as in all performances of the Tuesday Night Club, considerable credit is due Mr. George T. Carter for his exquisite and artistic taste in scenic embellishment. His wide knowledge of stagecraft, and the unique as well as novel ideas he has

introduced in the setting of many pieces, have given these entertainments a beauty of decoration not surpassed by the happiest effects of the smaller metropolitan theatres.

The scope of the absolute popularity of this pleasurable winter pastime can only be adequately reached by selecting especial cases in different localities and generalizing therefrom, so universal is its extent. Every town of any size possesses its Garrick, Kemble, or Siddons association for this purpose, where ambition appears to fly with widespread pinions. A noticeable feature is the similarity of their attempts; such farces as *Box and Cox*, *Poor Pillicoddy*, *Lend Me Five Shillings*, and *My Turn Next*, have been literally done to death; as have also the emotional dramas, *Lady of Lyons*, *Money*, and *The Honeymoon*. With undaunted vim are likewise essayed the standard high comedies, *Pygmalion* and *Galatea*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, and *The Rivals*, as well as the familiar society plays, *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, *Hazel Kirke*, *Rosedale*, and *The Iron Master*.

An apposite example of the range of provincial amateur talent and its outgrowth obtains in the town of Marietta, Ohio, the oldest settlement west of the Alleghany mountains, and a college town. There too may be found a Garrick Club, which has survived its war-time usefulness, and by a recent infusion of new blood now boasts a vigorous and healthy existence. During the past three years they have produced many of the above plays "excellent well," but their original work, comprised in a grand historical pageant, representing incidents in the lives of the settlers of the Northwest Territory, was memorably conceived and executed. So admirable was it, in fact, that it was subsequently given by request on the Music Hall stage at Cincinnati during the Centennial Exhibition of 1888.

In the leisure hours of college life, where superabundant spirits seek expression, theatricals afford the opportunity. Almost every fresh-water university of the country (as well as those of the deep-sea variety) has its dramatic corps and its rude, but serviceable, stage accessories. By a curious but perhaps natural selection the rollicking student patronizes in this wise either that severe dame, the classic muse, or that giddiest, most coquettish of hoy-

dens known as burlesque. Instances of this are the presentation at Harvard (1883) of the *Œdipus*, as well as those gayer emanations from the same institution which have more recently delighted friends and alumni at the Berkeley Lyceum. Directly responsible for the latter exhibitions have been the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club, whose exploits have become a synonym for superb work to everyone interested in college and dramatic achievement.

The society was founded in 1795 as a purely literary and patriotic club, but the theatrical element was not introduced until 1845, when, through the efforts of Mr. James Hayward, they produced *Bombastes Furioso*. Their first plays were farces taken from the Boston boards, but gradually, through the accession of student playwrights to their number, the text of their entertainments became original, and has so continued ever since. The club was in the beginning migratory, holding its assemblies in men's rooms and other convenient places, but quarters were finally allotted them by the faculty on the fourth floor of Stoughton hall, and here they remained until 1877. Being evicted, they obtained accommodation for their performances in the little stuffy theatre of the "Society building," and for themselves in a meeting room on Brattle street. In 1888 they moved into their handsome clubhouse on Holyoke street, which contains an auditorium seating 600 people and a stage about twice as large as that of the Berkeley theatre.

Their plays are given three times a year. The Christmas and Strawberry Night performances, consisting of small original farces or minstrel shows, are exclusively for members and graduates. On these occasions the auditors smoke, converse with the actors and make themselves very much at home. But their spring play—of late years a burlesque operetta—is a much more serious affair, and is generally quite remunerative. It is given three times: at New York, Boston, and once at Cambridge. Their last excursion with Helen and Paris, or the Dude, the Duncie, and the Daisy, left them with a balance of \$1800 in the treasury and the consciousness of having startled the old-fogysm of a past decade.

A much younger but equally vigorous organization is that celebrated rival of the Hasty Pudding Club which exists at Co-

lumbia college. On Thursday, December 9, 1886, ten students, representative in a marked degree of the dramatic force of the college, met and laid the foundations of this enterprise, which was destined to undergo a most flattering career. These men were Messrs. Valentine Hall, James W. Gerard, jr., Douglas F. Cox, Meredith Howland, jr., Goodhue Livingston, Robert C. Sands, Richard F. Wainwright, John C. Wilmerding, jr., Lloyd Warren, and Frank C. Warren. This was a mere informal gathering, and, although certain officers were selected, the regular work of the club was not inaugurated until a later date, when Mr. Robert Lee Morrell was chosen as manager, a position he has filled with honor up to the present year.

Their first attempt was the production of two farces, in the Assembly Rooms of the Metropolitan Opera House, and was given for the benefit of the university boat crew. The distinct success of this undertaking emboldened some of the more ambitious members of the club to urge the advisability of giving a burlesque, and although the project was met with disapproval by the more conservative, yet the arguments of the majority prevailed. A considerable promise of most favorable execution was also to be found in the recent accession to membership of Mr. Edward Fales Coward, as well as in the reputations of Mr. Robert Lee Morrell and Mr. Valentine G. Hall, who was then at the height of his popularity on the amateur stage. Immediately upon the decision of the subject, Mr. Brander Matthews, himself an old Columbia man, was interviewed, and suggested *Pocahontas*, revised and adapted to the use of college actors. *Pocahontas* was therefore presented at the Academy of Music on the evening of April 23, 1887, with the assistance of the university banjo and glee clubs, and a chorus of seventy students. The presentation was a most decided success, and assured the club that in the future their path to fame lay through the laughing mazes of burlesque. Since 1887 the society has given an annual performance of extravaganza. *Captain Kidd*, or *A Peerless Peeress* and *An Haughty Pirate*, written by George A. Morrison, was produced under the stage management of Francis Wilson at the Berkeley Lyceum for four nights in April 1888.

The following year they gave William Penn, or The Quaker and the Romany Rye, with Frederick Bond of Daly's company as stage manager, and the piece caused such an actual sensation that it was subsequently produced thirteen times in New York, besides being given in Brooklyn, Yonkers, Orange, and Washington. Last January (1890) Whittington, Jr., was revised and brought out by them at the Berkeley Lyceum in aid of a local charity, and also for the purpose of testing the merits of new men in anticipation of the regular burlesque occurring later in the season. This burlesque proved to be *La Fayette*, or *The Maid and the Marquis*, at the Berkeley Lyceum in April. Its run of four nights and a matinée was entirely too short to accommodate all those who wished to see it, and in consequence an extra performance was given at the Madison Square theatre a few days later.

The club is limited in number to fifteen undergraduates, but their alumni (retaining, as they do, all of the privileges of membership) swell the roll at present to twenty-six. By reason of this rule the society has been somewhat severely criticised as not being a representative college organization; but when one reflects how many thousands of dollars have been raised by the efforts of these young men for the benefit of the boat-crew and kindred associations, one cannot deny to them a share in the athletic glory and honor of Columbia college.

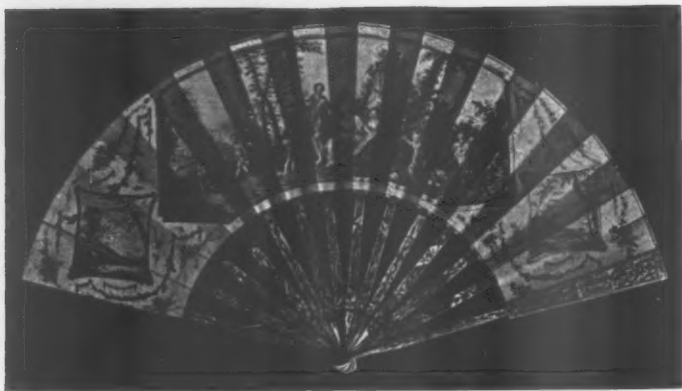
This, in fine, comprises but a bird's-eye view, a mere passing glimpse, of the broad field and wide energy of amateur theatricals at the present time. It is only necessary to recall, in addition to what has been given, that every naval station and every army post of any consideration possesses some such association of bright spirits in their nomadic life of constant change; clever officers, with plenty of leisure on their hands and likewise a vivacious feminine contingent, must necessarily utilize oftentimes these ready and sufficient means as ennui killers. Their entertainments are uniformly creditable, especially in such favorite military dramas as *Ours* and *Jessie Brown* or *The Siege of Lucknow*, where the rolling of the drum or the marching of a squad of infantry can be effectively introduced; in society plays,

also, and in minstrel shows, they evince a perfection of detail and artistic finish which is invariably satisfactory. Rehearsals, moreover, afford a grateful means of fusing uncongenial elements, thereby counteracting many petty jealousies which, in army life especially, are apt to be rife, and in more senses than one, therefore, are such theatricals positively beneficial.

Those famous amateurs who have essayed the professional stage have almost universally failed to reach the high-water mark of expectation which their qualifications promised. The reason for this is obvious, in that the training and discipline received in histrionic clubs is distinctly inadequate to the demands of a larger arena, and the tide of criticism, which has hitherto buoyed them up by complimentary notices, now no longer restrained in deference to a gracefully assumed situation, dashes them headlong upon the rocks of defeat. Before this tempestuous sea their delicate spirits mostly quail and succumb. It is therefore only within the boundaries and scope of its own gentle labor that one may descry the benefit and result of amateur effort. Would there be a suspicion of irony in the affirmation that these are gradually becoming established factors in the great equation of educational and political forces?

Mr. George Riddle, a noted amateur and most acceptable reader, the *Œdipus* of the Greek play at Harvard, has advocated the adoption of a university theatre, as he deems the advantages derived from dramatic training to be no whit less potent than the customary gymnasium course in the evolution of a perfectly educated man.

At any rate, it is safe to assert that even in seminaries and preparatory academies such a step would prove of incalculable value, if judiciously and systematically managed. To paraphrase the famous remark of Thomas Hughes, one might aptly say, "Teach your boy, then, to act, as you would teach him to ride, row or swim," in order that he may acquire ease of manner, grace of bearing, a genius for criticism, and that general quality of action which is amply comprised in the indefinable word "nerve," so necessary to and so intensely characteristic of the American idea, as variously developed.



TIME OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

## FAN HISTORIES AND FASHIONS.

BY MARY CALDWELL MONTGOMERY.



**I**T is strange that the fan, which is mainly esteemed as an article of feminine adornment, should have come to be rated, in commercial phrase, as a "piece of furniture." For the sake merely of its ancient fame, and the picture it conjures of church ceremonial or royal pageant, it seems a pity to degrade it to the level of chairs, tables and stools. Still, the term has crept into use for natural reasons.

In the first place because it is the parent of the screen; and the screen illustrates best the fan principle as applied to a "piece" which "furnishes."

In the second, because, along with many greater things, it has joined the rank of effective "stage properties."

Those who witnessed Mrs. Potter's revival of Antony and Cleopatra may recall the tall standards of snowy ostrich plumes borne by nobles in triumphal procession, which added a point to the scenic result as accurate as it was beautiful.

Indeed, we may believe that these standards of rich plumage were present when the queen of Sheba paid homage to Solomon, since from the very earliest days they have canopied oriental royalty; and after

all, if a chair be a throne, why may not a fan be "furniture"? It proves, on the whole, more pleasant, perhaps, to accept this trinket in its lighter aspect, linked as it is, in every man's mind, with famous tales of gallantry, of prowess and of love. All ages have contributed to its history, all countries to its substance. It has been a pet vehicle for artistic expression and has proved more protean than any of the minor art forms which have drifted to us from traditionary periods. Like everything else it has its pedigree. "If a thorn was the first needle, no doubt a palm leaf was the first fan." Possibly cave dwellers or lake dwellers may have contrived some simple device. But we must turn to Chinese antiquity, to the oldest civilization which is known to the world, for the original concept of the fan as an article of personal use, from which legendary maze floats a story ascribing the invention to a woman's caprice.

Lam-si, the tale runs, lovely daughter of an all-powerful mandarin of the Flowery Kingdom, was bidden to an imperial fête, which she attended masked, conformably to court etiquette of her day. Becoming intolerably heated she tore her mask from her face in defiance of custom, and fanned herself with it vigorously. She was so beautiful and so exalted in rank that her offence was pardoned and her example fol-



lowed by others. Thus the hand fan had its birth and was universally adopted by both sexes. This primitive fan was rather small, nearly square, with a handle eight or ten inches long and an elaborate cord and tassel. It was called a "pankah," and undoubtedly bequeathed its name to the Indian punkah. Whatever was practised in the way of art was profusely lavished upon these fans. Composed of the richest materials throughout, they became the special property of the wealthy classes. Some were composed of rare feathers overlapping in a fine mosaic or decorated with the exquisite Chinese diaper; others of gauze covered with wonderful silk embroideries; some of sandal wood and mother-of-pearl, with handles of jade or amber incrustated with precious stones. All that the metal workers, textile weavers, painters, designers, or jewellers of the day could contrive was expended on this quaint little "machine." The tassels were especially beautiful, dangling from chains of rare metals or from silk skeins interwoven and glittering with pearls or uncut gems, suspended like drops or pierced like beads.

From China fan usage reached to India, to Assyria and to the Mediterranean seaboard, transported, it is assumed, by devotees on pilgrimages. The Hindoos carried the fan industry to great perfection, becoming renowned for rare metal and stone work. The typical Indian hand fan differed from the Chinese and bore the name of kus-kus. It was small, nearly round, and of a basket design, without a handle. Other large fans employed were manufactured with palm leaf or bamboo.

Large feather fans obtained favor in Persia, where also an Assyrian bass-relief in the ruins of Koycundjik preserves the

drawing of a cooling apparatus, which can claim close kinship to the Indian punkah of the present day.

Just how and when the fan strayed into Egypt, whether with merchant or pilgrim, over desert or over sea, has not been clearly stated. But that it was conveyed thither at an extremely early date is shown by pictorial records extant in Thebes. In the temple of Medinet-Habau, Rameses III. (1235 B.C.) is represented attended by nobles bearing screen-shaped fans. These were composed of papyrus leaves, semi-circular in form, of brilliant hue, supported on long handles, parti-colored or entwined, and served invariably as battle standards.

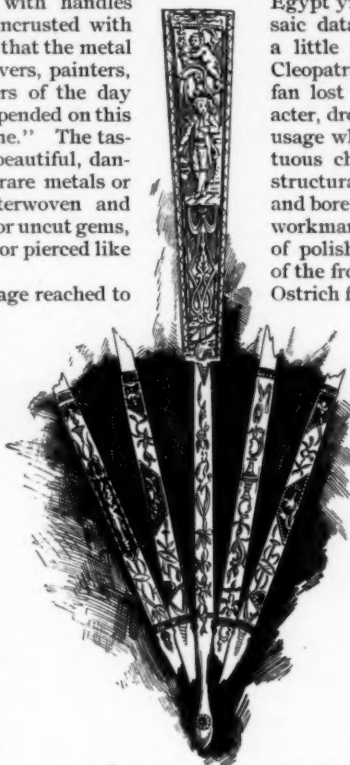
But it was under a softer rule that Egypt yielded more than these prosaic data, and we may indulge in a little poetry in connection with Cleopatra's sway. In her time the fan lost much of its martial character, drooping to its most sensuous usage when it screened her voluptuous charms. It catered even in structural variation to her vanities, and bore, in lieu of gem or cunning workmanship, a small hand mirror of polished metal, set in the centre of the front close above the handle. Ostrich feathers, palms and papyrus

leaves with their bold points were the chief materials chosen; and from hand fans, little and well-plumed, stretched a stick over half a yard long.

Shakespeare, who has extolled Egypt's sovereign coquette in a pen picture as immortal as her beauty, contributes incidentally to the story of the fan in the familiar lines:

"The barge she sat in, like a  
burnish'd throne,  
Burn'd on the water: the  
poop was beaten gold;  
Purple the sails, and so per-  
fumed, that  
The winds were love-sick  
with them; the oars were  
silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description: she did lie



GUARD AND STICKS OF FAN ON PAGE 26.

In her pavilion (cloth-of-gold of tissue),  
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see  
The fancy out-work nature : on each side her  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With divers-color'd fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid, did."

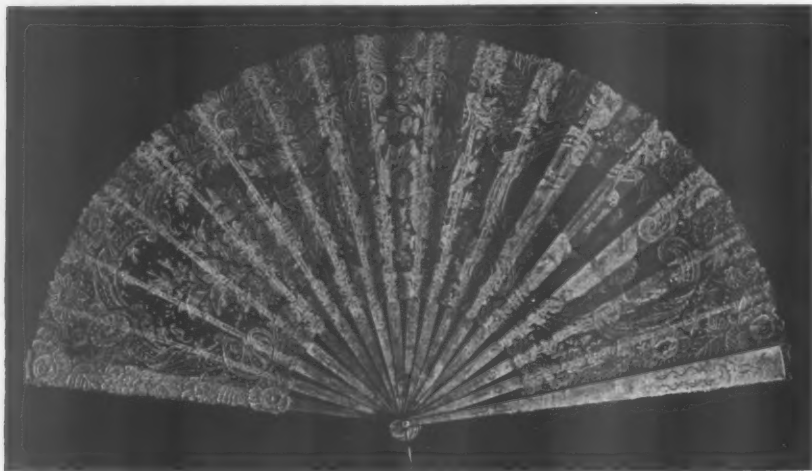
One may feel, perhaps, more in touch with the scene for learning that the "rare Egyptian's" favorite fan was plucked from the breast of the sacred ibis, and perfumed delicately with orris.

From Egypt on to Greece, where a fan of gaudy peacock feathers, originating in Asia Minor, became the choice of Grecian women. There is spoken of, besides, a nat-

of beaten gold, emblazoned with manifold quaint devices in forms of flower and bird, exquisitely fashioned of scented woods, leaves, feathers, ivory, rich textures and precious stones.

After a prolonged absence, the fan reappeared in Europe with the crusaders, who brought it in the shape of a small screen-like article, from the lands of the Saracen. This trinket, infinitely modified, has ever since retained its place in the Occident.

While it should be recorded that in various capitals of Europe—Venice, Padua, and Naples—ladies of rank never entirely abandoned the fan, it was not until 1380,



MODERN LACE FAN.

ural fan of myrtle leaves which suggests Arcadia, and the Greeks made it a custom to bear standard fans in celebrating the festival of Bacchus. Their generals also wore small fans in battle as talismans inducing victory.

After Greece, the fan made appearance in Italy, where it maintained its vogue for a protracted period, finally vanishing from Europe with the last of the Cæsars.

It never lost caste ; it was everywhere a luxury, receiving fresh treatment and enrichment. A portion of its chronicle survives in Etruscan vase drawings ; paintings unearthed at Herculaneum attest its usage in southern Italy ; and both Virgil and Ovid refer to it.

It was occasionally wrought from sheets

in an inventory of the effects of Charles v. of France, that one finds any allusion to a fan which could bend or double. This was embellished with the arms of France and Navarre painted on leather, and completed by an ebony handle. Others similar to it were in use until the reign of Francis I., when the folding fan, plaited and laid together, as we know it, supplanted all previous styles.

This pliable shape was first seen in the hands of the Japanese god of happiness, the process of folding or overlaying having resulted from a study of the wings of a bat. It was adopted in China about 960 A.D., passed thence to Portugal, Spain and Italy, reaching France with the Italian perfumers who accompanied Cath-

erine de' Medicis. It took the fancy of the court and speedily gave rise to a novel industry, which supported a new class of skilled artisans, who called themselves "fan makers" to his majesty. The so-called "lambskin" mount was invented for Henry III., an effeminate monarch, who made personal use of the fan as an addition to full toilet. Lambskin is now called chicken skin, and actually consists of the skin of the



FAN PAINTINGS, FRENCH.

unborn lamb, delicately prepared; it has remained the preferred vehicle of painters on account of its exquisite and enduring surface. Henry III., and even robust Henry IV., encouraged and used the fan, and, indorsed by royalty, its supremacy was reëstablished.

Shakespeare, in placing the scene of that rhythmic motley, *Love's Labor's Lost*, at Navarre, France, records the English opinion of the femininity of the new fashion thus:

"Armado o' the one side. —O, a most dainty man!  
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!  
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly  
a' will swear!"

Yet England, we may be sure, did not escape the invasion, with a monarch who married as many wives as Henry VIII.

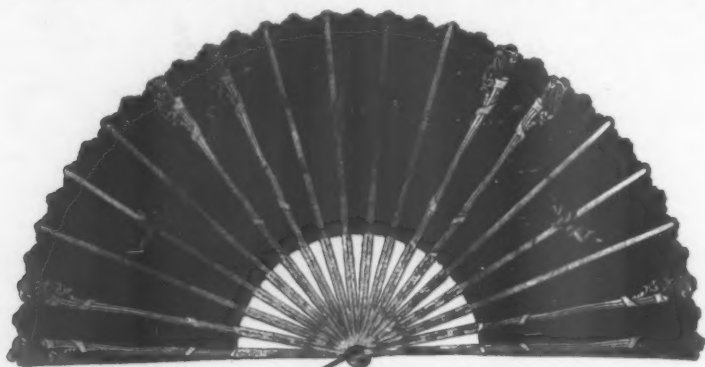
Some one of them fostered a taste which the royal blue-beard himself praised, for the fan then came to be an indispensable adjunct of the court dress of British ladies of rank.

Vain Queen Elizabeth showed herself most partial to it, and declared it the only seemly gift a sovereign could accept from a subject. Whether she acquired her own in this way or no, not less than twenty-seven fans

were enumerated among her personal effects at her death.

Before mentioning changes that belong to the great epoch of fan production, it is merely important to say that during the

specimens we read of. The French have displayed a singular aptitude for the dainty workmanship requisite to this craft and a marvellous fertility in design. Everyone knows that to the time of Louis XIV.

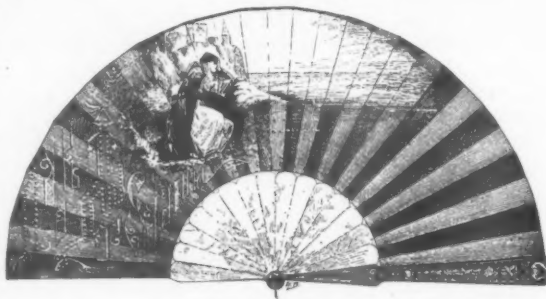


A DECORATIVE FANCY.

first half of the sixteenth century the fan blades numbered four to sixteen; silk textures came into use for the mount, and were better liked than other known materials; and the fan fell open to a quarter circle only. Later the quantity of blades increased to as many as twenty-six. After the revocation of the edict of Nantes French fan makers fled to England, spreading the mode there among all classes. In Italy and Spain fans held continuous sway. In fact Spanish fans were extensively imported into France, until Louis XIV. sanctioned the reestablishment of a fan makers' guild in 1676. It is difficult to secure perfect specimens of this early French period, although a number are said to exist. The mount was deep and wide, permitting elaborate decoration. Open, the fan fell to a full half circle, like the best examples of the present day; and some showed "a continuous surface of mother-of-pearl or ivory, richly decorated in gold or silver."

France has frequently been called the true home of the fan, and from France certainly have emanated the great historic

examples, scarcely to be found at present outside of private collections. The late Mrs. John Jacob Astor gathered together a number of interesting fans, among them genuine "Vernis Martin's," as rare as valuable. Owing to unsettled dispute concerning Martin, a coach painter of Louis XIV.'s reign, whose name has become associated with the finest fans of this era,



MODERN RUSSIAN FAN.

it is necessary to explain that fans supposed to have come from his hand are recognized by the translucent, soft, durable varnish which he positively did invent and apply, and which has never since been equalled. Whether he painted the pictures and decorations also is in doubt.

If he did not, the names of the artists have perished, with the exception of Huet, Vien, and perhaps another.

Madame de Sévigné presented one rare example to her daughter Madame de Grignan; Queen Victoria is the possessor of another which earlier belonged to ill-fated Marie Antoinette. Still

another, an "éventail brisé," which has been exhibited in London, was presented to this unfortunate queen by the town of Dieppe on the birth of the dauphin. This éventail brisé, in high favor at the close of Louis xiv.'s reign, was made without a mount, consisting entirely of the stick, finely colored, painted, or trimmed with spangles.

Many of the innovations of tone, color and design remarked during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are plainly attributable to the influx of Chinese models—an influence which bred a distinct

change in the style of decoration and a great improvement in the carving of the stick after the eastern manner.

Louis xv. welcomed the Mongolian methods rapturously, so that Chinese patterns

and motives spread over all the arts, affecting the preparation even of some of the most transparent and wonderful porcelains

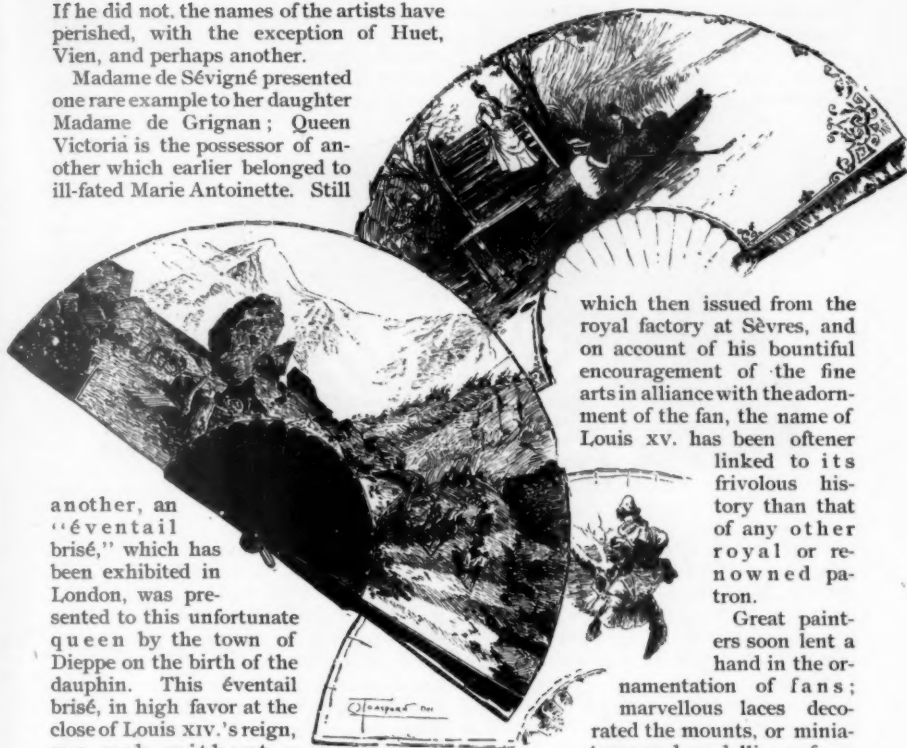
which then issued from the royal factory at Sèvres, and on account of his bountiful encouragement of the fine arts in alliance with the adornment of the fan, the name of Louis xv. has been oftener linked to its frivolous history than that of any other royal or renowned patron.

Great painters soon lent a hand in the ornamentation of fans; marvellous laces decorated the mounts, or miniatures and medallions of extraordinary worth.

The fan, in truth, grew into an object of art and became the repository of a species of skilled labor which still astounds us.

Louis xv. made personal use of the fan like any beauty and considered it an essential feature of dress, in which respect he has been closely imitated by a monarch of our own time, whose vagaries have entertained the people of two hemispheres—mad, self-murdered King Louis of Bavaria, whose overweening admiration of the French Renaissance was as vital an influence in his life as his passionate devotion to Richard Wagner's music. Being a king he indulged his caprices. He transformed his palaces, where a rococo exuberance rioted over his walls and ceilings. He gave regal banquets which, from his individual costume to the minutest details of table service and the garb of his attendants, were faithful copies of similar

FAN PAINTINGS, FRENCH.

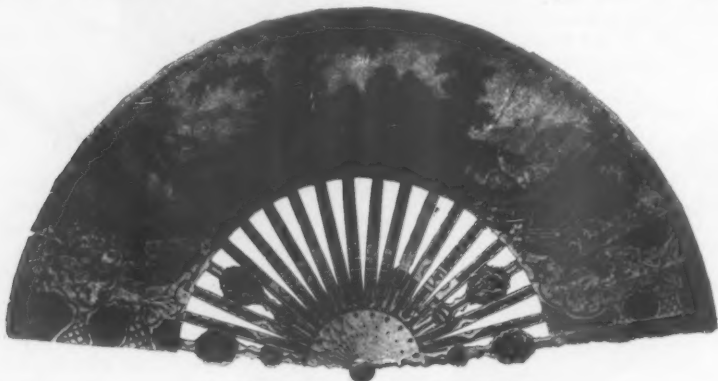




festivities at Versailles. And he, too, freely used the fan and considered it an ornament to his person.

The great painter Lassau, who was sometimes a guest of the erratic king, per-

chased a lace-like priceless object, formerly Madame du Barry's; and a bauble manufactured for La Pompadour in the height of her triumph reached the summit of reckless expenditure. It is still in



FAN PAINTED IN THE MANNER OF WATTEAU.

petuated one of these masquerade spectacles on a slab of marble, in a dashing drawing in white and black, which he presented to Bavaria's sovereign as an expression of thanks. This clever illustration may be inspected today by visitors to Lindenhof.

To be quite exact, however, we owe the truly great examples of the fan maker's art, the toys which empresses covet and which have no rivals in the whole world, to the greedy caprices of Louis xv.'s notorious and beautiful favorites. Madame du Barry, Madame la Marquise de Pompadour, spendthrift, conscienceless in their lives of glittering splendor, amused themselves by ordering fans to match their state while the poor clamored for bread. Such industries thrive as fed their insatiable desires.

Madame Christine Nilsson has pur-

existence, broken and apart. Nine years were required for its completion, at a cost of \$30,000. This wonder of dexterous elaboration consisted of paper marvellously cut to imitate fine lace. The decorations included a number of large and small hand-painted medallions, which can only be appreciated with the aid of a microscope.

The most thoughtless indulgence continued unchecked throughout the rule of



LACE FAN, PERIOD OF LOUIS XV.

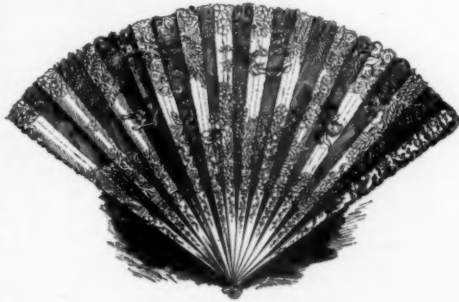
Louis XVI. and up to the actual bursting of the Revolution. Those years were at least encouraging to artists; famous men

like Watteau, Fragonard, Boucher, decorated fine fans for fine ladies and felt honored. Yet a genuine production of theirs is a *rara avis* and scarcely to be discovered. The only Watteau of late supported by critical recognition was sold at the Bruzard auction and had never been folded. The subject was a harlequinade, and not one of the warmly tinted historical "*fêtes galantes*" for which this artist is noted.

At this period Spain, Holland and Italy attained the height of their industrial and artistic achievements as fan designers, and never again, in either a commercial or pictorial sense, have they equalled or approached French models.

Spain in particular, whose women are so renowned for coquetry and grace in han-

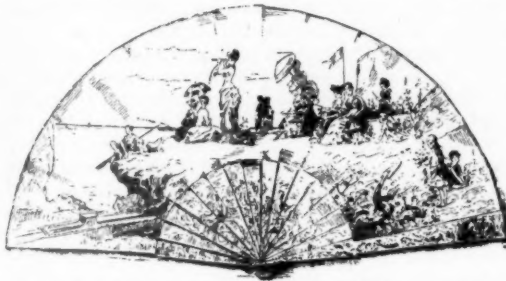
cess as a sort of hybrid. The immigration of foreign workmen, the trade with China,



CARVED IVORY GUARDS.

the communication with Holland, are reasons given for its mixed character. To convey an idea of its jovial and gallant uses I will quote from a recent paper, beginning with the description of a case label which announced that :

"Robert Clarke, fan-maker to their royal highnesses the duchess and princess of Gloucester, at his warehouse, No. 26 Strand, is the sole proprietor of the Fanology or Conversation Fans; with these fans ladies may converse at a distance on any subject without speaking." "There were fortune-telling fans; fans with the witty Lady Townshend's riddles and

FAN PAINTED BY DE BEAUMONT, IN MRS. ASTOR'S COLLECTION.  
[Drawn for Art Interchange.]

dling the fan, has not since acquired any distinction in manufacturing it.

During the revolution in France and the subsequent political upheavals the fan naturally suffered decadence and almost disappeared. The only substitutes or modifications of it then employed were of sandal or cedar wood, carved in fretwork. A gruesome tale narrates that Charlotte Corday stabbed Marat with one hand, without relinquishing her fan from the other.

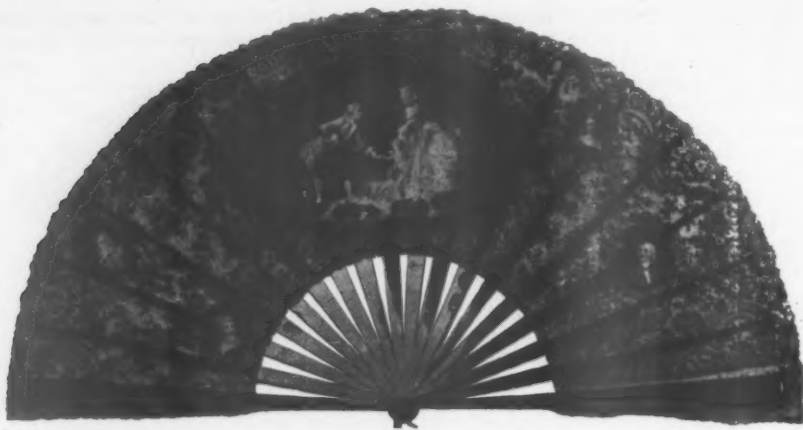
Be that as it may, it is cheering to learn of the wholesome, fantastic, brilliant career that overtook the fan in England, where it made its suc-

charades, with rules for various games, the pack of cards forming the upper border; programme fans, made of asses' skin, fashionable to carry to routs and balls. Indeed



UNMOUNTED FAN PAINTING.

by the early part of the eighteenth century it is evident that the use of the fan was



MODERN BLACK LACE FAN.

general even in the streets of London, and from this period fans may be said to represent and commemorate, more than any other article, the follies and fashions of the day—we might almost say of the hour."

Plainly stated, high fan art was unthroned and a jocund lightness had come to honor.

The fan became besides an intermediary in affairs of love; a vehicle for broad satire, for comic verse and epigram.

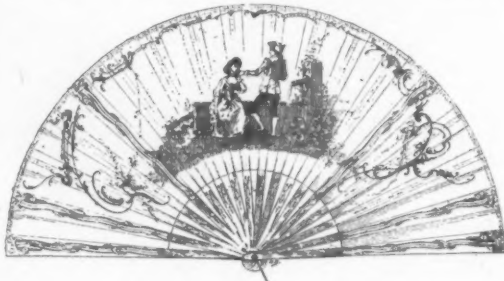
The illustrations and paintings presented such themes as Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode," scenes at Vauxhall gardens, the Royal academy and at popular fairs. The rollicking humor of English everyday diversion was honestly reflected in the fan, though languishing beauties plied it as incessantly as their southern sisters.

Addison, in the *Spectator*, spent an amiable sarcasm on this craze, and paraphrased the canons of "Fanology" when he described "the angry flutter, the modish flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, the amorous flutter." Yet it must be owned that this affectation perfectly suited other artificialities of the society of his time, when "women could not make up their minds to go

out without first 'making up' their faces."

Besides "conversational fans," autograph fans deserve a word.

These must possess a surface favorable to the inscription of a name or a title, a verse, sketch or bar of music, should any accommodating genius consent to bestow one. An autograph fan of proper pattern is best composed of the entire stick, in strict imitation of the "éventails brisés" of the Louis XIV. period. It originated in unremembered days in China, where a host invites his guests to deposit signature or seal on a blank white fan of the shape of Lam-si's legendary hand fan. Nor are they strangers in our ballrooms, for "many a time and oft" have our belles borne home a list of dancers' names on such a cotillon trophy. One cannot conceive a more suitable autograph album, for "all who run may read," as well as write, as



ADAPTATION OF LOUIS XV. STYLE.

the heavily scribbled fans of some distinguished women brilliantly attest.

In contemplating this superfluous little "objet de luxe" in the light of its vast descent, its haughty pedigree and artistic wealth, it is agreeable to reflect that Americans have never been indifferent to the charm of making collections. A number of New York women of wealth and intelligence shelter admirable "antiques" (as specimens are called which antedate the French revolution) in their cabinets, and occasionally carry them at a "costume" fête.

Several examples announced as heir-looms shone at the late centennial ball.

Mrs. Hicks-Lord, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Coleman Dayton, Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer, Mrs. Newbold Morris, Mrs. Jesse Seligman, Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt, Miss Furniss, Mrs. Hearst, and Miss Lazarus may be mentioned as our prominent connoisseurs and collectors.

Something like a restoration of monarchial triumphs sprang from the reappearance of Louis xv. fans at the fancy-dress ball given by the Duchesse de Berri in 1829, when Paris was ransacked for specimens. Since then the industry has fluctuated, at moments languishing almost to a decline, at others inspiring handiwork of the first quality. Today, partly through American enterprise, fan-making has recovered much of its prestige.

Most of these are "antiques," or copies of antiques, and it must be remarked of the new movement in France that it is chiefly imitative, and based on lines already set down in the models of the great French era, now briefly summed up in trade parlance as the "Louis quinze" epoch. Few distinguished painters of our day make a practice of decorating fans, though Gustave Doré, Hamon, Gérôme, and one or two besides have dabbled at it to please some dame with a name.

The very delicate, richly embossed and skilfully painted modern fans which easily command \$500 or \$600, and find ready buyers in New York as well as in Paris, are designed and illuminated by a class of artists who make this work a specialty. Their services are secured by yearly contracts, and their professional standing is perfectly dignified.

Of these may be mentioned, facile prin-

ceps, Madame Cécile Chennevière, who paints figures and garden exteriors, market scenes or forest vistas with a rare touch and an enchanting breeziness. Her work has a distinctively French air, and her compositions are marked by the soft tones of the background and the crisp precision and perfection of minute details.

Albert follows, and in figure painting of a rare order he certainly cannot be surpassed. Indeed, his technique is finished enough to give his productions all the worth of fine miniatures. F. Houghton, an Englishman resident in the French capital, has also won remunerative distinction in this field, which, if it were entirely original, might be called "genre painting" "in little."

Most of the subjects observed in modern examples are copied, pieced together, or purloined in bits from works of greater artists—from the last "success" of the Salon or some old masterpiece. Just bit by bit—a scrap of decoration here, the color of a hat there, the limning of a church tower elsewhere—and often it may be the whole thing outright in fac-simile, and this is why some of the wonderfully gaudy, gleaming trifles have a merely ephemeral value. Yet one glance at their gold-encrusted, inlaid, interlaced, daintily be-decked and bewildering curves and angles presents a temptation not easily resisted.

Three or four fans now seen are modifications of the Louis xv. styles; a little more simple perhaps, with mounts of gossamer crêpes, in pale tones, and the satin, silk and chicken skin of established position. One or two rococo patterns are very fascinating, with cherubic Loves entangled in festoons of roses. One distinctly new feature marks the extension of some of the blades, burnished, carved, and engraved like the rest of the stick, over the surface of the front to the upper line of the mount. These blades divide the space without seeming to interrupt the drawing.

The fancy feather fan has had its day, only one pattern remaining in favor, and that is perennial in its appearance and steady in price. This is, namely, the plain large fan of ostrich plumes and tortoise, ivory or mother-of-pearl stick, always rich, airy, and agreeable, falling open to the full half-circle. If other feather designs are requested, they are made fresh to order, to avoid the crush of packing.

## THE EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENTS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

### PART II.

BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

#### NAVY DEPARTMENT.

THE head of the Navy Department is never a naval man or a man of any extended experience in naval affairs. It has always been the policy of our government, I believe, to avoid naval men in the selection of the secretary of the navy. The technical affairs of the Navy Department are in the hands of men practised in the art of naval warfare. But a long experience has shown that in their dealings with the business world naval officers are the most impractical of men. Their thoughts are too firmly fixed on matters of detail. They are not able to take a broad or liberal view of affairs. Perhaps if the secretary of the navy was expected to be able to box the compass as well as "splice the main brace" it would be to the advantage of the government to put a practical naval officer at the head of the department affairs. But the dealings of the secretary of the navy are less with naval men than with legislators; less with docks than with congressional bills and joint resolutions. The secretary of the navy is not hopelessly ignorant of naval matters. He picks up after his inauguration probably as much information as is possessed by the members of congressional committees which recommend appropriations for the construction of new vessels. But he is not by any means a man of naval affairs.

The Navy Department occupies the east wing of the state, war and navy department building. There are a dozen bureaus relating to the equipment of the navy, recruiting, etc., managed by chiefs who are officers of the United States navy, and a part of the naval establishment. The duties of the secretary of the navy are

very simple and very easily defined. He is to perform such duties as the president of the United States, who is commander-in-chief of the navy, may assign to him, and he has the general superintendence of construction, manning, armament, equipment and employment of vessels of war. In addition to these duties there is one not specified in any official outline of the secretary's obligations, which is quite as onerous as any of them—the duty of receiving the miscellaneous string of visitors who throng the anteroom of the secretary's office and make the life of Private Secre-



SECRETARY TRACY, NAVY DEPARTMENT.

tary Raymond a burden. The secretary of the navy is not free from political demands, unfortunately, and he must treat the representatives of great political interests, who worry him with applications at all hours of the day, with an extreme degree of consideration or he takes a dangerous chance of doing the naval service an indirect but serious injury. The congressman who is anxious for an appointment at Annapolis, a removal, a discharge from the naval service, or any other official favor which the secretary can grant to



some one of his friends or constituents, is a man whose opposition to a pending bill for the increase of the naval establishment may be of almost vital importance to the Navy Department. The secretary of the navy is always begging of Congress. He is constantly asking some appropriation, and usually he must depend upon his personal influence with individual members of the two houses of Congress, or his semi-official relations with them, for success in putting these measures through. In return for this he is expected to make appointments where no vacancies exist; to send perfectly sound vessels to the docks for shadowy repairs, that the constituents of some congressman may be given employment; and to send the entire naval fleet to any little harbor on the coast which may wish to celebrate some event in its history with a naval parade. It is not surprising then that the secretary of the navy frequently steals away from Washington for a cruise on some one of the vessels under his direction and control. He manages usually to mingle business with the pleasures of these trips, but they are not the less enjoyable for that reason.

Secretary Tracy does not occupy the office which Secretary Whitney used. That office is now an anteroom and the secretary occupies a smaller apartment just beyond it. Secretary Whitney's office was open at stated hours to all comers. He sat or stood at a high desk in the corner, and his visitors occupied the chairs that fringed the wall. In the order of their arrival they stepped over to the secretary's desk and transacted their business with him. It is a very simple matter to dispose of a visitor when there are in plain sight a dozen or more men anxiously waiting to succeed him. Secretary Whitney found that under this system the crowd of vis-

itors melted away very rapidly, and the freedom of access to the secretary's room created an impression which made Mr. Whitney a most popular cabinet officer. In Mr. Whitney's old office now sits Private Secretary Raymond and through him the cards of visitors are taken to the secretary. Mr. Tracy is not difficult of access, and he makes it a point to see every one who calls on him where it is possible to do so. As the hour for the close of his general reception approaches, he leaves his private office and, coming in the great anteroom, passes around its circle of visitors, disposing of each usually with a few words. One of the curiosities of this room



SECRETARY TRACY'S RECEPTION ROOM.



SECRETARY NOBLE, INTERIOR DEPARTMENT.

is a model of the *Pennsylvania*, an old line-of-battle ship, and the largest of her class for many years. The model was cut with a penknife by Captain Waters of the navy. There are other objects of more or less interest about this wing of the building; portraits of former secretaries, models, etc. The models of the new war vessels, in which so much interest has been taken since we began to build a navy in the last five years, stand in the hallway just without the door of the secretary's office. There will be forty-two of these new vessels on the naval list when those now under construction are completed. Only a few of these are represented by models, but eventually the department will have models of all of them.

The secretary of the navy, under a law recently enacted, has one assistant. This law expressly provided that the appointment to the position should be from civil life; but as it was desired to have someone in the position who had a technical knowledge of naval affairs, Professor Soley, of the library and war records office of the department, was allowed to resign his position, and immediately thereafter was

appointed to the position of assistant secretary, which he now holds.

The admiral of the navy, who is at the head of the Board of Inspection and Survey, occupies a position far more honorary than active. The office dies with the death of the present incumbent, David D. Porter.

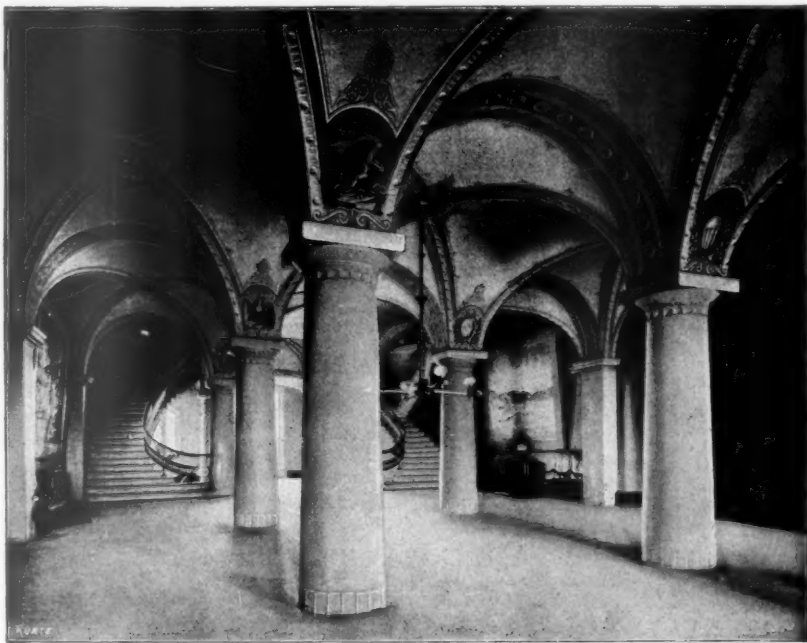
#### THE INTERIOR DEPARTMENT.

The Interior Department is an apparent contradiction of the old mathematical rule that the less cannot contain the greater. Ask the casual visitor to Washington if he knows where the Interior Department is. He will shake his head in a puzzled way. Describe its location to him and his eyes will open in pleased surprise as he says: "Oh, it must be in the Patent Office." To a great many thousand people the Patent Office is much greater than the Interior Department, of which it is a part. It is the centre of interest in the great building which runs from Seventh to Ninth and from F to G streets. It is one of the few great bureaus of the Interior Department still left in that big building, and even now it is seeking at the hands of Congress an

appropriation to provide new quarters for storing its immense collection of models and its important files of papers, and to give accommodation to the small army of clerks and experts that handle its business daily. The Pension Bureau and the Indian Bureau both have quarters in other buildings, and still the space in the Interior Department building is far short of the requirements of the service.

The Department of the Interior was organized in 1849, and Thomas Ewing of Ohio was the first secretary of the interior. It seems strange, considering the enormous interests intrusted to the care of the secretary of the interior, that so long a time should have elapsed after the organization of the government before this department was established. Prior to its establishment its work devolved upon other executive departments, and it was created for the purpose of relieving them of many duties which were growing extremely burdensome and embarrassing. So many duties have been intrusted to the secretary of the interior and so many responsibilities

shifted to his shoulders that this department is now regarded as, in one sense at least, the most important of the executive branches of the government. When engaged in the consideration of candidates for a cabinet position General Harrison expressed the belief that the Interior Department was the most important department under the government, and the one whose presiding officer he found it hardest to choose. Some idea of Secretary Noble's responsibilities may be gathered from a brief outline of the duties intrusted to him. He is charged with the supervision of public business relating to patents for inventions; pension and bounty lands; the public lands, including mines; the Indians; education; railroads; the public surveys; the census; the custody and distribution of public documents, and certain hospitals and eleemosynary institutions in the District of Columbia. He also exercises certain powers and duties in relation to the territories of the United States. To fulfil all the obligations of this office requires a man of diffuse knowledge, mature



MAIN ENTRANCE CORRIDOR, INTERIOR DEPARTMENT.

judgment, bravery, sagacity and an excellent legal training. It also requires absolute freedom from any taint of connection with corporations having an interest in railroads, the public lands or any other of the kindred subjects which come within the scope of the secretary of the interior. President-elect Harrison was extremely fastidious in his selection of the secretary of the interior, and he sought a long time before he found a man who he believed possessed all the qualifications necessary for the position and who was free from all connection, past or present, with corporations. He had known General Noble as a soldier and afterward as a lawyer, and when he offered him the position of secretary of the interior he had considered the names of at least a dozen candidates and found only the one fitting.

Secretary Noble has two assistants—the first assistant, Judge Chandler of Kansas, and the assistant secretary, General Bussey of Iowa. They divide between them the supervision of the bureaus and the institutions which are in the secretary's charge. Equal to them in the importance of his relations to the department is the assistant attorney general for the Interior Department, General George H. Shields of Mis-

souri, who passes upon the intricate law points involved in disputed land, patent, Indian and other cases which come before the department for consideration. He is really an official of the department of justice, but his association is almost entirely with the Interior Department, in which he has his office.

Among the bureau chiefs of the Interior Department the most important and delicate position is occupied by the commissioner of pensions, who presides over the work of the 1800 clerks and miscellaneous employees in the huge red brick building which occupies a place at the north end of Judiciary square. It is a barn of a building that the Pension Office occupies, the only building of brick, with one exception, ever erected by the government for the accommodation of any of its offices. It is a hollow oblong shell. In the middle of the great court is a fountain. In this court was held the ball which closed the festivities incident to the inauguration of President Cleveland. The building was not completed at that time and a canvas was spread above it as a temporary roof. The building was used also for the inaugural ball of President Harrison. The enormous amount of business handled by



PATENT OFFICE, MODELS IN CASES.



DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

the Pension Office will be perhaps partly understood from the statement that there are at present half a million pensioners on the rolls of the office. The number of applications for additional pensions received by the office under the recent Dependent Pension Act was enormous, and Congress had to make a special appropriation for the employment of more than 400 additional clerks to handle this increase of the business of the office. Instead of decreasing, the business of the Pension Office is increasing each year, and if Congress persists in its liberality to the survivors of the late war and their descendants in several generations, a new building will be needed for the Pension Office within the next ten years.

The duty of the commissioner of railroads, who is the head of one of the principal bureaus of the Interior Department, is to look after the accounts of the government with the railroads which are indebted to it. The commissioner of education is engaged in the collection of statistics concerning education in the states and territories. The commissioner of patents supervises the issue of patents for new inventions. The Patent Office, by the way, is one of the self-supporting institutions of the government, and it has now on hand a large fund derived from the receipts for the issue of patents, etc. It hopes to be able to apply this money to the erection

of a building for the exclusive use of the bureau.

The Indian commissioner has an office outside of the department building. The man who has charge of the wards of the nation (appropriately referred to by a recent humorist as "doubtful wards") has a most uncertain and thankless task. It is his duty to carry into effect, under the direction of the secretary of the interior, the laws enacted by Congress for the purpose of taking away from the red brother most of his rights and all of his property. Usually he entertains one delegation a week of solemn, questioning Indians, who are always at a loss to understand how the Great Council and the

Great Father can treat them with so little consideration. These visits are varied by excursions of proprietors of Wild West shows who are anxious to obtain Indians undercontract for exhibition purposes. Between these two classes of visitors the Indian commissioner divides a great part of his time, devoting the remainder to keeping track of the Indian agents in different parts of the country to see that they do not absorb the rations which they are commissioned to distribute.

The commissioner of public lands has charge of the survey, management and sale of the public domain, and in that capacity he is brought into close contact with the public of the great West. The director of the geological survey is also well known throughout the western country, the present incumbent of the office having gained especial notoriety by his association with the much-disputed scheme for the irrigation of arid lands.

Last but not least in interest of the chiefs of this great department is the superintendent of the census, whose business is scattered through a dozen buildings in different parts of the city.

#### THE POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT.

The Postoffice Department is brought into closer contact with the people of the United States than any other of the ex-



ecutive departments of the government. That is one reason for the notoriety which John Wanamaker has gained since he went into the cabinet of President Harrison. The Postoffice Department has more ramifications throughout the country than any other of the departments. It has more patronage to distribute among would-be office holders. And it is the one department of the government which is run ostensibly on a business basis—that is, with a definite source of income and with distinct charges for all of the services which it performs. To be sure, the Postoffice Department is supported in part, as are the other departments, out of the general revenue of the government. The receipts of the Treasury Department really, in great measure, sup-

laws it holds only as a representative of the entire executive organization. The Postoffice Department will probably never be self-supporting, although it could easily be made so. The decrease in its revenues the first year after the reduction of letter postage from three cents to two cents an ounce was \$2,848,839.60. The increase in the number of letters carried was considerable but it was not what had been estimated, because the change in postal rate came at a period of great commercial depression.

An advance in the rate of letter postage would undoubtedly result in a decrease in the amount of matter mailed annually, but the decrease would not be enough to counterbalance the increase in receipts from the letters mailed, and the increase of the



POSTMASTER GENERAL WANAMAKER.

port the Postoffice Department, as they do all the other departments, through the income collected from tariff and internal-revenue taxes. But the Treasury Department in this is only an agent, and the income which it distributes according to the requirements of the annual appropriation

aggregate of receipts would be enormous. In a very short time the Postoffice Department would be in position to declare a dividend instead of applying to Congress to make good a deficit in its revenue. But it has never been the policy of the government of the United States to make the Post-



ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL SHIELDS.

office Department self-supporting and it never will be. The enormous educational advantages which the system affords, as well as the benefits which it confers on the community at large through the improvement of business opportunities, are recognized as being for the good of the whole people. It will not be many years before the rate of postage on letters will be reduced to one cent an ounce. This will not mean that the revenue from that source will be reduced fifty per cent., because the increase in the number of letters mailed will in a great measure restore the income of the department to its old basis.

The function of the Postoffice Department is principally to handle the public mail. The duties of the postmaster general are: the appointment of all the officers and employees of the department, except the three assistant

postmasters general, who are appointed by the president by and with the advice and consent of the Senate; the appointment of all postmasters whose compensation does not exceed \$1000 per annum; the making of postal treaties with foreign governments by and with the advice and consent of the president; the award and execution of contracts, and the direction of the management of the domestic and foreign mail service.

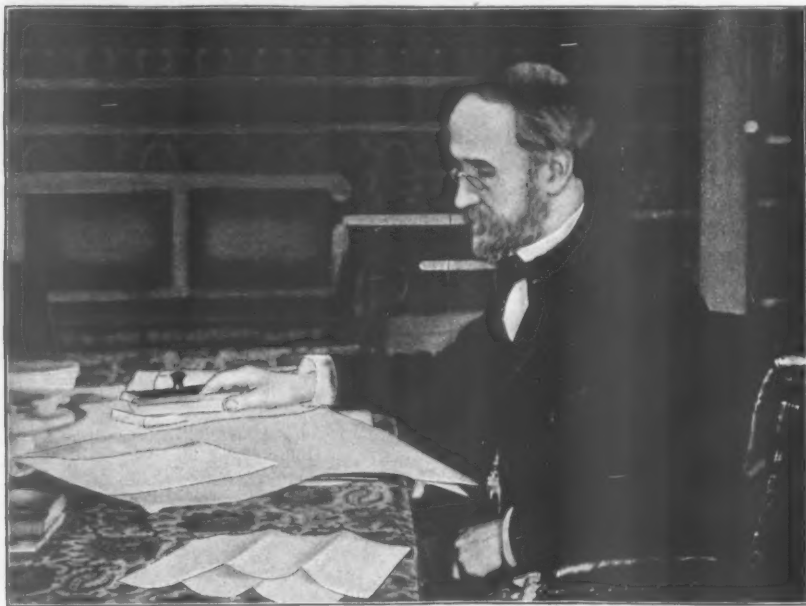
No head of a department (with the possible exception of the secretary of the treasury) has so good an opportunity to impress his individuality upon the branch of the government service of which he is in charge as has the postmaster general. No other head of a department has so excellent an opportunity of courting public favor or meriting general execration. Mr. Wanamaker, the present postmaster general,



PRIVATE OFFICE OF ATTORNEY GENERAL MILLER.

has become one of the most striking figures under the administration of President Harrison. The Postoffice Department is distinctively a business department. President Harrison chose a business man to manage its affairs. His predecessors had been lawyers and (above that) politicians. Mr. Wanamaker knew nothing of law except in its applications to trade and commerce and he knew very little about politics. He had built up an enormous commercial enterprise from a very small beginning. The principles

and the anti-lottery proposition which the president brought to the attention of Congress in a special message. None of these are entirely original with Mr. Wanamaker. The first two were suggested to some of his predecessors years ago by observation of the English and continental postoffice systems. The third has been urged upon Congress for many years by the enemies of the Louisiana Lottery Company. There is, I believe, one feature of the Postal Telegraph Bill now pending in Congress which is original with Mr. Wanamaker and



ATTORNEY GENERAL MILLER.

which he had followed in the development of his business it was very natural that he should apply to the management and the development of the business of the Postoffice Department. He has done this, regardless of the ridicule which has been heaped upon him by a partisan press. It would not be fair at this time to pass judgment upon his administration of postal affairs. He has brought several subjects of importance before Congress, and has urged their consideration with all fair means at his command. Among these measures is his scheme for a limited postal telegraph, the postal savings-bank scheme

a very important feature it is. It is the proposition to have the telegraph companies now in operation perform the postal telegraph service rather than have new lines constructed or purchase the lines of existing companies. In other words, the "limited" feature of the proposition is that of Mr. Wanamaker. Another of Mr. Wanamaker's ideas is the appointment of a general manager for the Postoffice Department at a salary of \$10,000 a year. Almost every large commercial house is managed in this way and Mr. Wanamaker does not see why the business of the Postoffice Department should not be conducted to advantage

under the same system. The chief difficulty in the way of putting into execution Mr. Wanamaker's pet projects for the management of the postal service is that the consent of Congress is needed. The postal-telegraph scheme, from all indications, will not go through this Congress, but there are hopes, now that it has had so general a discussion, that the next Congress will be persuaded to do something in the matter.

The postmaster general is one of the busiest of the cabinet officers. He is in his office at 8.30 every morning and, with an intermission of two or three hours for luncheon and perhaps a necessary visit to the executive mansion, he remains at his desk until 7 or 7.30 in the evening. He is easily accessible at the hours which he fixes for his business receptions; but when he has any private official work to attend to he retires to the seclusion of a little "snuggery" which he has fitted up on the third floor of the department building, and shuts himself in. He is inaccessible in his private office except to his private secretary, Marshall Cushing, and to his messenger.

Probably the most important of the duties of the postmaster general which he is able to delegate is that of appointing the 60,000 postmasters who receive less than \$1000 per annum. The first assistant has charge of this work, and it is very seldom that the postmaster general interferes in the handling of appointments. The first assistant has among his duties the supervision of the bonds of postmasters, the readjustment of salaries and allowances, the duty of preparing cases for the inauguration of the free-delivery system, and the duty of sending out blanks, etc. The second assistant looks after contracts (including the Star Route contracts, which created so great a scandal under the Garfield administration), the inspection of contract and carrier service, the management and control of the railway mail service and the equipment of the service with mail bags, etc.

The third assistant postmaster general is General A. D. Hazen of Pennsylvania, who has occupied that position almost continuously since its creation.

General Hazen has grown up in an atmosphere of stamps. His is the finance office of the department and from it are

issued drafts and warrants to mail contractors, postage stamps, stamped envelopes, etc.; and statistics and instructions in regard to registered letters. Another of his duties is the distribution, reception and indexing of all papers and the keeping of the office files. Since its creation General Hazen has had charge also of the special-delivery system. He keeps in his office a glass case containing a perfect collection of the stamps issued by this government from the beginning of the postal system, his cuff buttons are enamelled imitations of the new two-cent stamp, and, in fact, everything about the third assistant is characteristic of his official occupation.

The Postoffice Department building has not many places to interest the casual visitor. In fact, the only spot which would attract the vagrant eye is the delightfully mysterious room devoted to the "dead letters," so many millions of which are dropped into the street letter boxes every year. The work of the Dead Letter Office is performed largely by women. It would seem to be a most congenial occupation for them, including as it does the reading of opened correspondence; but as each clerk in the office handles about six hundred letters daily in six and a half hours' working time, they do not have much opportunity to possess themselves of the contents of the correspondence which passes through their hands. "Dead letters" are letters which cannot be delivered on account of illegible, incorrect or deficient addresses, insufficient postage, insecure inclosing, whereby the matter mailed becomes separated from the envelope or wrapper, and the failure to deliver to the persons addressed or their failure to call for them. Every effort of local postmasters and of railway mail clerks is exhausted on misdirected letters before they are sent to the Dead Letter Office. It is an astounding fact that while many thousands of letters, the addresses of which would puzzle the most acute mind, are delivered accurately each year without reference to this office, the number of misdirected or insufficiently directed letters alone received at the Dead Letter Office aggregates more than half a million each year. In this class of letters—particularly among the letters mailed without any address on the envelopes—is found



SECRETARY RUSK, DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

in large proportion the correspondence of business men and business houses, much of it containing inclosures of money, drafts, checks and other valuables. Every opened letter and parcel which contains anything of value is recorded, and, when the owner cannot be found, is filed away. In this way the department comes into possession of jewellery, merchandise, clothing, books and a great many other articles of a greater or less value. These articles are sold at public auction after they have been kept what seems to be a sufficient length of time, and the money thus received, amounting to three or four thousand dollars annually, is turned into the United States treasury.

#### THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.

The Department of Justice is the smallest of the executive departments. At its head is the attorney general of the United States. He represents the United

States in matters involving legal questions ; gives advice and opinion on questions of law when they are required by the president ; gives advice on questions of law arising upon the administration of any one of the other departments when requested by the head of that department ; exercises a general superintendence and direction over United States attorneys and marshals in all judicial districts in the states and territories ; and provides special counsel for the United States whenever required by any department of the government. He has two assistants in fact, and seven in name. In addition to these is the solicitor general, who assists the attorney general in the performance of his general duties, and by special provision of law, in the case of a vacancy in the office of attorney general, or in the attorney general's absence, assumes the direction of the department. Of the two assistants in the Department



of Justice, one devotes his time to the argument of causes in the Supreme Court and in the preparation of legal opinions; and the other is charged with the conduct of the defence of the United States in the Court of Claims. The attorney general himself frequently appears for the government in cases pending in the Supreme Court and so does the solicitor general. The other five assistants to the attorney general are the law officers of the other executive departments.

The Department of Justice occupies a very modest brownstone-front building on Pennsylvania avenue, directly opposite the Treasury Department and diagonally opposite the executive mansion. President Harrison's old law partner, W. H. H. Miller, the attorney general, occupies in that building one of the most artistic apartments set aside for any executive officer of the government.

#### THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

The duties of the secretary of agriculture are somewhat limited yet, because the department is too young to have shown what its capacity for usefulness is. Several important laws have been proposed in this Congress, however, to enlarge the scope of the office, and the department promises to be, in time, one of the most important as it is one of the most interesting of the executive departments.

Secretary Rusk, or "Uncle Jerry," as he is popularly known, has certainly succeeded in attracting attention to his department. He is a unique figure in the history of the country. He is picturesque, whether viewed in the light of his early stage-coach experiences, or as the executive of a great state, quelling a mob of rioters, or as the head of the "seed" department, or as a member of the cabinet of the president of the United States, sitting astride a great Norman horse at General Agnus's country place, cracking a blacksnake whip over the heads of his two leaders, driving a crowd of frolicking picnickers down a country road.

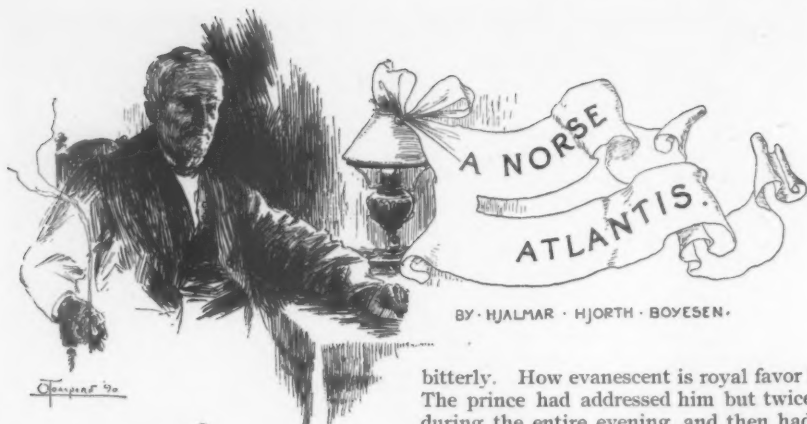
The duties of the secretary of agriculture defined under existing law are few. He appoints all the officers and employees of the department with the exception of the assistant secretary, who is appointed by the president, and directs the manage-

ment of all the bureaus embraced in the department. He exercises advisory supervision over the agricultural experiment stations, which derive their support from the government; and he has control of the quarantine stations for imported cattle, and declares interstate quarantine when it is rendered necessary by contagious cattle diseases. It is proposed to give to the secretary of agriculture also the inspection of meat for export, general inspection of all food products passing between the states, and the direction of the irrigation improvements in the West.

The duty in connection with which the Agricultural Department is best known is the distribution of seeds. The object of the seed division is to collect new and valuable seeds and plants for propagation in this country. But the seed division does not confine itself to dealing with new or foreign seeds. Its greatest business is in the distribution of domestic seeds to the constituents of congressmen. The congressman with a rural constituency values his seed privilege above all the other perquisites of his office. The law provides that two-thirds of the seeds grown for distribution by the department shall be turned over to members of Congress. It takes 400 employees to do the work of the Agricultural Department, and a greater number of these is employed at the work of weighing out seeds and putting them in packages ready for the mail.

The Agricultural Department has a statistician who collects information about crops from all parts of the world; an entomologist who devotes himself to the study of insects injurious to vegetation; a botanist, a chemist, a microscopist, a pomologist, a division for the distribution of silkworm eggs and pamphlets concerning silk culture, a propagating garden where plants are propagated and distributed; a bureau of animal industry, which investigates contagious diseases of live stock; a forestry division, and an ornithological division. It seems odd, now, in the light of the diversified duties of the department, that before the year 1862 the Patent Office had supervision over the subject of agriculture, and that from its work was developed this office, which promises to rival in interest before many years have elapsed any other department of the government.

[Illustrations from photographs by Frances B. Johnston.]



# I.

THE Reverend Thorwald Gramm had just come home from a banquet given in honor of the crown prince. He had done justice to every course on the bill of fare, and had rinsed down the choice viands with generous draughts of wine. He had no fault to find with the appointments of the dinner. The speeches had been fairly good, or at least as good as the speeches on such an occasion are apt to be. Each speaker had been called upon in the order of his rank. That was as it ought to be, of course, and yet, somehow, Mr. Gramm was not content. Something appeared to him radically wrong in the whole affair. Whether it was that his own speech, abounding in loyal humility, had fallen flat, or that the prince had not taken sufficient notice of him, it was not to be denied that Mr. Gramm was depressed. There was something unnatural, night-mareish, almost revolting, in the whole arrangement. Mr. Gramm was by no means a sans culotte, but somehow this intricate, carefully graded system of rank, with all its subtle involutions and complications, struck him for the first time in his life as something hideous, strangling, assassinating all self-respect, destructive of all manhood. What an insidious poison had been distilled into his blood by this artificial relation to his fellow men implied by these wholly fictitious distinctions! The Reverend Mr. Gramm flung himself down in an easy chair and pondered. His eyes fell upon the three or four orders upon his breast and he smiled

bitterly. How evanescent is royal favor! The prince had addressed him but twice during the entire evening, and then had uttered only commonplaces. But then, to be sure, princes rarely utter anything but commonplaces, they are not expected to be brilliant—nor are clergymen, for that matter. Both church and state are best served by mediocrities. Men of genius are dangerous. Modern society has no use for them, except as inventors of machinery and telephones and that sort of thing.

This was the train of Mr. Gramm's thoughts. He lighted a cigar—a very choice one—leaned back in his chair and continued his meditations. And the more he pondered the more he became convinced that something was rotten in the state of Norway. He remembered the enthusiasms and aspirations of his youth, which he had long since abandoned; he recalled his ideals and yearnings, to which he had proved unfaithful; his determination to be true to himself, to fight for the right, and his subsequent hypocrisy and surrender of his convictions for the sake of worldly advantage. And what a vain and shallow thing was the official gold-embroidered Christianity which he professed—a thing of caste and titles and concessions and elastic compromises between the frail performance of the flesh and the stern demand of the spirit.

"Be good, but not too good; be true, but not too true; be conscientious, but not too conscientious," was the unconfessed motto of the church, and his own, too, for that matter. All excessive zeal he had reprobated as quixotic and dangerous. In the name of the Prince of Peace he upheld war. By preaching a judicious selection

from the doctrine of Him who washed the feet of his disciples he had acquired the right to dine with princes and have humanity bow themselves in the dust before him.

The Reverend Mr. Gramm, as he pondered these things, came to the conclusion that he was a hypocrite—a bundle of shams. And out of the depth of his soul rose a warning voice, saying: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?"

Now, it is a fact that a man of Mr. Gramm's appearance is rarely troubled about his soul. No man who takes the Gospel of Christ seriously is apt to attain that pleasant rotundity of person which distinguished Parson Gramm. He was not obese; but a certain fine portliness and stately demeanor increased the impressiveness of his popular sermons and made him, in his robes, the very incarnation of the dignity of the church. He looked so eminently in place before the altar, dispensing blessings, that it was an æsthetic satisfaction to see him there. He seemed to have been born for a prelate, and if he had been a Catholic he would inevitably have been a cardinal. Being the fashionable preacher of the capital, he held a most responsible position. Ladies went down in the dust before him; and handsome as he was and rich, and not without a remnant of the old Adam lingering in his flesh, he had to pick his way carefully along the strait and narrow path to avoid making scandal. But, oh! the temptations that beset him—they would make a piquant chapter if delicacy did not restrain me from touching upon so ticklish a subject.

From the time he became a widower (now many years ago) he had been the object of tender persecution, often of the most insidious kind. He gradually got into the habit of thinking that every woman he met was setting snares for him or laying traps for his unwary feet. The fact is, he would not at all have objected to a second matrimonial venture, but he had an ineradicable masculine preference for playing the hunter in such a game rather than the hunted. His dignity rebelled against the latter rôle, which womankind seemed determined to force upon him, and the result was that he lost his respect for woman-kind. A kind of nausea possessed him.

He grew cynical. All so-called cultured society resolved itself into a disguised husband chase, a mere reversal of the primitive wife capture, which, moreover, had the advantage of being undisguised.

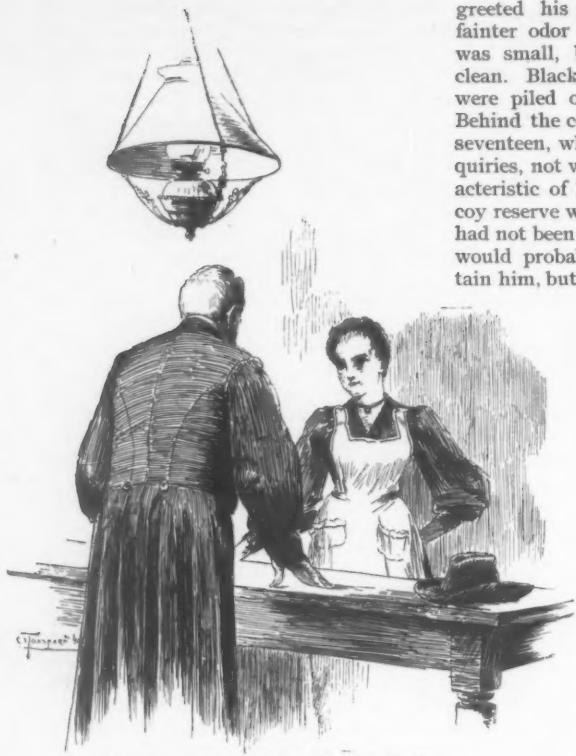
Mr. Gramm had a son named Paul, twenty-one years old, who was a student of medicine at the university. Paul had the reputation of being a clever young man, but rather wild. He was, as his father had recently ascertained, at present engaged in the pleasant but unprofitable occupation of sowing his wild oats. It was only a week ago that he had gathered a company of choice spirits in his room, and spent the night gambling and carousing; and when his father the next day took him to task, saying: "I understand, sir, that my house has been turned into a gambling den," the young scamp replied, boldly, "You don't say so. Well, in that case you must excuse me if I refuse to stay here any longer. It would ruin my reputation."

There was something taking in the careless insolence of this reply; and the pastor had difficulty in preserving his gravity. He would not for the world have allowed Paul to suspect how leniently he judged his peccadilloes. The young man needed a firm hand to hold him in check, and unhappily this firm hand his father did not possess. Being an only child Paul had been more or less spoiled. He had been accustomed to have his own way, and his own way was not always a good way. There was a kind of boon-companionship between him and his father which had its charm to both, but which excluded authority on one side and obedience on the other.

"How dare you look me in the eyes, sir?" the pastor would ask in thundering tones, when Paul's latest escapade was reported to him. "You are a disgrace to your name, sir. You deserve that—I should—be angry with you," he would finish feebly, seeing that his wrath produced no effect whatever upon the young scapegrace.

"Father," the son would answer with imperturbable amiability, "let us have a smoke; give me one of your regalias, medium color."

"Oh, Paul, Paul!" Mr. Gramm would exclaim, walking excitedly up and down the floor, "what is to become of you?"



"AND HAVE YOU BROTHERS AND SISTERS?"

You will embitter my old age and bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. You deserve—you really deserve—that I should refuse you that cigar."

And wringing his hands in despair, the pastor would pause in front of the handsome young fellow, gaze mournfully at him, and after some ineffective reprimands and reproaches end by handing him the cigar.

## II.

There was a little chapter in Pastor Gramm's life—a secret and surreptitious chapter, in too small print to be deciphered by official eyes—which may account for his ill success in training his son. One day, about a year ago, he had stepped into a baker's shop to inquire for the address of a parishioner who had recently moved. A pleasant smell of freshly baked bread

greeted his nostrils, mingled with the fainter odor of burnt sugar. The shop was small, but light and scrupulously clean. Black bread, white bread and rolls were piled on shelves along the walls. Behind the counter stood a young girl of seventeen, who answered the pastor's inquiries, not with the ready pertness characteristic of her class, but with a certain coy reserve which fascinated him. If she had not been pretty, her demure demeanor would probably not have sufficed to detain him, but in connection with the whole

catalogue of charms with which nature is capable of endowing simple womanhood he found it sufficiently attractive to warrant him in making some cautious advances.

"I presume," he said, with a paternal gentleness, laying his head on one side, "that I have the pleasure of speaking to the daughter of the proprietor of the store."

"Yes," she answered curtly.

"And perhaps you would kindly tell me if he is in?" he continued with the same unctuous and insinuating benevolence.

"He is dead," said the girl, with uncompromising brevity.

"Ah, pardon me. I am extremely sorry to hear that," he observed, rubbing one hand over the back of the other as if he were washing them. "But your mother—I hope she is alive."

"Yes."

"And have you brothers and sisters?"

She hesitated before answering and was evidently deliberating in her mind whether she ought not to snub this inquisitive gentleman. He saw by the spark of resentment in her eyes that she was not so favorably impressed with him as he was with her, but the inborn respect for the upper class, to which he evidently belonged, held her tongue in check. The clerical "God-bless-you-my-children" air which was habitual with him seemed a little out of place here; for somehow it was not in his clerical capacity he wished

to impress this girl. He could not tell what sort of feeling it was that stirred in his bosom, but that it was a very unusual feeling in a man of his age, of that he was aware. He had seen prettier girls and brighter and finer and cleverer ones, but he had never seen one who had roused such a tumult of feeling within him. As she stood behind the counter with a vague alarm in her dark-blue eyes and the deep, resentful blush on her cheeks, the pastor was so acutely conscious of her loveliness that nothing but his clerical dignity restrained him from making a declaration of his sentiments. The thick blonde hair which was smoothed in flat bands over her forehead and hung in two thick braids down her back had a kind of miraculous attraction which made him long to touch it. Never had he dreamed before that a white apron pinned to the bust and tied about the waist with tape was such a remarkably becoming garment; but it suggested to Mr. Gramm's inflammable imagination housewifely virtues and all sorts of delightful feminine graces, which his life, except for one brief year, had dispensed with. And then, to one who had like him been literally cloyed with feminine sweetness, there was something wondrously refreshing in her curt, almost repellent, replies. No soft cajolery here, no tenderly insinuating smiles, no courting of favor, no propitiating flattery. She belonged to the class of girls toward which the men assume quite a different attitude from what they do toward ladies, and instead of inviting admiration the instinct of self-preservation bade her repel it. In the respectable so-called "middle-class," which prides itself on its respectability, this attitude, especially toward men of the upper class, is habitual. But to Pastor Gramm, who had never reflected upon the subject, it was simply a ravishing, an enchanting, novelty. The girl was invested with a strange fascination to him by the mere fact that she wanted none of him. He lingered and sought excuses for lingering, because it was so delightful to observe how anxious she was to have him go. Then that bird-like shy alertness in her glance was also miraculously attractive.

These observations were made in a far shorter time than it takes to relate them. The pastor had been silent scarcely a min-

ute (and a minute's silence is often an awkward thing) when he discovered a little glass peep-hole in the door leading to the chamber in the rear of the store. It was covered with a white curtain when he first detected it, but before he had withdrawn his attention the curtain was pushed aside and a worn and lean middle-aged face became visible for an instant and disappeared. Presently the door was opened, and a blonde matron with a careworn and half-scared look in her eyes stood deeply courtesying in front of the pastor. Attached to her skirt was a small tow-headed boy of six, fat and chubby, but so bashful that whenever Mr. Gramm looked at him he enveloped himself suddenly in his mother's dress and nearly pulled her over. The half-perturbed and apologetic expression in the woman's face showed the pastor that she knew him, for it was the wonted expression with which women of her class received gentlemen of his. The latter had so long hunted the former, that the sight of one of them at close quarters naturally excited alarm.

"I suppose," said the pastor, returning the woman's greeting with a patronizing nod, "that I have the pleasure of talking with Mrs. Jacobson."

"If it please the Pastor,"\* answered the woman, courtesying again, and wiping her right hand on her apron before reaching it to the visitor. "Shake hands with his Reverence, - Jens," she continued, disentangling the small boy from her skirts and pushing him forward.

But Jens had no desire in the world to shake hands with his Reverence, but put his finger in his mouth and regarded the pastor with a stolid stare.

"The Pastor would never imagine what a chatterbox he is," the mother went on, her worn and pale face lighting up with a pathetic animation, as she proudly gazed at the boy, "and he is so clever too. The Pastor would never dream of how clever he is."

Mr. Gramm was not slow to see his opportunity. He stooped down over the small chubby-faced boy, drew him gently toward him, put his plump soft hand on his head and began to betray a great interest in his appearance and history.

\* In Norway people of the lower classes usually address those of the upper by their title, and in the third person.



"Fine head on that boy, Mrs. Jacobson," he said after having fumbled over her boy's scalp with an air of connoisseurship; "he will be heard from one of these days if he has the right bringing up, and proper opportunities. You may have reason to be proud of being that child's mother some day."

The poor woman opened her eyes wide; her face beamed with a guileless pleasure. He had spoken out of her very heart, nourishing hopes which she had nursed in secret, but to which she had never dared to give utterance.

"Oh, but he is the son of poor people, Mr. Pastor," she said, brushing away a tear which rolled down her cheek; "how is he to get the right bringing up? People of our sort don't ever get to amount to anything, be they ever so clever. We have to be content if we don't starve and that is about all we can hope for."

"Send him to America, mother," the girl spoke up, with sudden animation; "there they say poor people have as good a chance as the rich."

"Send him away from me? How can you speak such silly words, Ellen?" the mother retorted in a tone of reproof.

The daughter subsided into a rebellious silence and bent her blushing face over a piece of knitting which she had picked up from the counter.

"But perhaps you might be able to go with him," suggested the pastor, eager to champion Ellen's cause; "they say over there anybody, poor or rich, has as good a chance as anybody else to become president of the United States. President Johnson, you know, was a tailor, and Lincoln was a rail-splitter. Who knows but that little Jens may some day be a greater man than any of us?"

He was not aware perhaps that to this ignorant but affectionate woman, whose whole being centred in the rather stupid little tow-headed boy, his words were not loose talk but had a deep reasonableness. All this coincided so entirely with her own dreams and aspirations for her son that she clutched at it eagerly, and hugged it to her heart. She cared comparatively little for her handsome and clever daughter, but scolded and snubbed her early and late, whenever she ventured to express an opinion. But upon the boy, who was scantily endowed both as to beauty and

intellect, she lavished all her affection, found evidence of the most remarkable gifts in everything he did and said, and spoiled him to the best of her ability.

The pastor, after having obtained the information he was in search of, now took his leave. Mrs. Jacobson, with Jens entangled in her skirts, opened the door for him and remained standing, deeply court-tesying, on the threshold, while the shrill door-bell overhead kept jingling away, and prevented him from hearing her expressions of gratitude for the honor he had done her by his visit.

### III.

Mr. Gramm had repeated his visit many times since that memorable day. But he had to be on his guard, of course, for many curious eyes were watching him. He, to whom youth with its folly seemed as remote as the age of the Pharaohs, was experiencing a strange rejuvenation, and thoughts and emotions sprang up within him which seemed all out of keeping with his years. The girl must indeed have bewitched him. He was in love with her up to his ears. Whenever he looked at her his head was in a whirl. Everything she did or said, whether favorable to his hopes or unfavorable, delighted him. And the fact was she gave him precious little encouragement. Sometimes she sulked during his visits and left him (for want of other topics) to talk with her mother about the little brother Jens, and his prospects of becoming president of the United States. Her respect for his cloth made her always ill at ease in his presence, and however playful or gracious he might be, he was rebuffed by an utter unresponsiveness on her part, or an obstinate coyness which refused to understand his advances.

The pastor was driven to despair by these incomprehensible tactics. Day by day, or rather evening by evening, as he pursued his thankless task he became disgusted, not only with himself but with society in general, which forced him to wear a mask, and threatened him with degradation and disgrace if he followed the inclination of his heart. Civilization, with its artificial barriers of caste between man and man, was rotten in its core, and needed a radical renovation. Because it interposed obstacles to Mr. Gramm's wooing he grew revolutionary, and detected a

hundred defects in the institutions which he had previously admired. Ellen's remark about America then occurred to him; and like an ecstatic vision it burst upon him that this one chance word was the "Open, Sesame"—the solution of all his difficulties. He began to picture to himself an idyllic little parsonage on the prairie, shaded by elms and maples, and surrounded by a limitless ocean of golden wheat. He saw himself seated in dressing-gown and slippers on the piazza, smoking his long-stemmed meerschau, and Ellen, with a bewitching little matronly hood on her blonde locks, sitting at his side, knitting a stocking or embroidering a smoking-cap for him in colored silks. This fascinating scene took such hold on his imagination that it followed him wherever he went. And it had much to do in bringing about a resolution which slowly ripened in his mind, and which, when finally it was announced, threw the town into paroxysms of excitement.

Mr. Gramm had resolved neither more nor less than to resign his pastorate and found a colony in the United States. The first colonists he secured (though this was kept a profound secret) were Mrs. Jacobson and her son Jens, who, as his good mother thought, had a chance to become president of the great republic. Absurdly pathetic as it was, it was a vague hope of this kind which induced the poor woman to give up her bakery, to sell her goods and to accept the pastor's invitation to accompany him across the Atlantic. She was actually obtuse enough to imagine that it was interest in the remarkable boy's future which attracted the pastor to the bakery, and she had scarcely a glimmering of an idea that Ellen had anything to do with the mystery. Consulting the oracle of the grounds in the bottom of her coffee cup, she had seen a long journey, and a crown over Jens's head, besides a great many other curious things which all betokened a wonderful destiny. Ellen, though she had thoughts of her own which took a wider range than those of her mother, consented in the end to accompany her; but she did it with fear and trembling, and not with the sanguine hopefulness which animated the other emigrants.

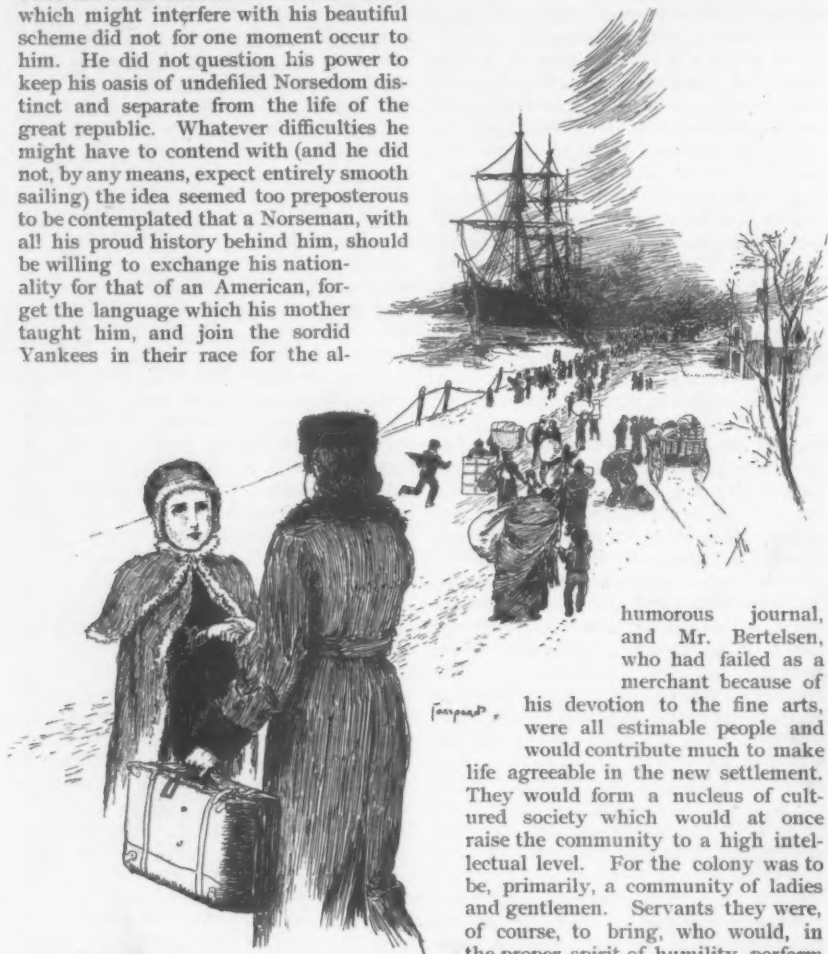
The pastor's plan was to found a Norse Atlantis in the United States which was to suffer from none of the ills which afflict so-

ciety in the old world. He concluded, on maturer reflection, not to abolish caste; because if he were himself reduced to the level of all the rest he would be deprived of the opportunity to carry out the reforms which he had at heart. It was rather a patriarchal government he meant to establish. He would himself be the spiritual head of the colony, and wield temporal power by dint of his spiritual authority. Every member of the settlement was to be self-supporting, there were to be no paupers and accordingly no poor-rates. Mechanics of acknowledged skill were carefully selected, but there were to be only two or three of each trade, so as to prevent harmful competition. The pastor entered into correspondence with his clerical brethren of the Norwegian Lutheran Synod in the United States, and sought their advice as to where land was best, and the climate most suitable for Norsemen. His first intention had been to take advantage of the homestead law, but he found that this plan would compel them to take the poor land with the good, if they desired to keep the settlement together in one locality. And of course this was a prime necessity, without which the experiment was preordained to failure. Railroad land was therefore selected, and a clergyman who had lived for many years in the West was authorized to buy an entire section in the territory of Dakota on behalf of the colony.

When this was made known in the Scandinavian papers Mr. Gramm was overwhelmed with applications from all sorts and conditions of men who wished to join the settlement. Discontented men and women, failures of all sorts and in all professions, genteel loafers and toppers and nincompoops importuned him for permission to cross the Atlantic and repair their broken fortunes under his auspices. But the pastor was determined to steer clear of this rock. He was not guileless enough to believe that a change of soil produced also a change of heart. He meant to found a new Atlantis, a really ideal community—a community of kindred spirits, where intelligence, ability and virtue should alone secure entrance; and from which ignorance, incompetence and vice should be rigorously excluded. Church and school, both under the pastor's own control, were to be bodily transferred and the spiritual privations of pio-

neer life were thus to be avoided. He would plant a smaller Norway, nobler and purer than the motherland, on the fertile prairies of the West, and perpetuate there all that was best in the old civilization and shut out all that was undesirable. That the United States had a civilization which might interfere with his beautiful scheme did not for one moment occur to him. He did not question his power to keep his oasis of undefiled Norsedom distinct and separate from the life of the great republic. Whatever difficulties he might have to contend with (and he did not, by any means, expect entirely smooth sailing) the idea seemed too preposterous to be contemplated that a Norseman, with all his proud history behind him, should be willing to exchange his nationality for that of an American, forget the language which his mother taught him, and join the sordid Yankees in their race for the al-

of the old world, gave up good positions and prepared to transfer their household gods to the western Eldorado. Mr. Gunther, an excellent musician with a large family, Doctor Grimlund, Mr. Magnusson, a jaded wit, editor of an unsuccessful



"THERE'S SOMETHING DREADFUL YOU DON'T KNOW."

mighty dollar. No, he gave himself no uneasiness on that score.

The enterprise, in its preliminary stage, prospered magnificently. Several gentlemen of the pastor's circle of acquaintance, who for various reasons were tired

humorous journal, and Mr. Bertelsen, who had failed as a merchant because of

his devotion to the fine arts, were all estimable people and would contribute much to make life agreeable in the new settlement. They would form a nucleus of cultured society which would at once raise the community to a high intellectual level. For the colony was to be, primarily, a community of ladies and gentlemen. Servants they were, of course, to bring, who would, in the proper spirit of humility, perform the coarse manual labor in which ladies and gentlemen could not afford to engage. But the usual haphazard mob of different nationalities which gathers from all points of the compass in a new settlement was to be rigidly excluded. And in this little idealized Norway Pastor Gramm was to reign-su-

preme. Behind his house were big barns bursting with plenty, and in the green meadow in front cleanly idyllic pigs were reposing, and pastoral cows were chewing the cud of tranquil meditation.

The last person whom Mr. Gramm induced to turn his back on old Norway was his son Paul. The young man took life easily and gave himself little trouble about the morrow. Amid all his dissipations he preserved a grace of manner and an amiable recklessness which made it difficult to be angry with him. His father had almost given up the attempt to influence him (and knowing his own vulnerability he could not assume the tone of paternal authority) when something occurred which established a new relation between them. One night the pastor was waked up from his sleep by a crash, which sounded like the fall of a piece of furniture in one of the rooms inhabited by Paul. He flung a dressing gown over his robe de nuit, mounted the stairs to the floor above, and found his son sitting on the floor, pressing his handkerchief against a bleeding cut in his temple. The room was in a frightful disorder; trousers, coats and undergarments littered tables and chairs, and fragments of a lamp which had been knocked off the stand lay scattered on the rug. By the light of a single candle which burned on the top of a bookcase the pastor saw in a corner a skeleton, wearing with a rakish air a tall stove-pipe hat, and holding in its fleshless hands a dainty ivory-handled cane. A stale smell of tobacco pervaded the atmosphere.

"What has happened, Paul?" asked the pastor sternly; "are you ill?"

"I got into a row and was knocked out," said Paul stolidly.

Mr. Gramm paused in the middle of the floor and heaved a sigh which was almost a groan.

"Oh, Paul, Paul!" he cried, "what is to become of you?"

"What does it matter?" muttered Paul drearily, staring at his bloody handkerchief.

"It is a matter of life and death," his father returned sorrowfully.

"Guess not as bad as that," grumbled the young man.

He rose unsteadily, walked cautiously across the floor and entered the adjoining bedchamber, where he managed to pour

out a pitcher of water and plunge his face into the basin. In a few minutes he had succeeded in stanching the blood and in cutting a piece of court plaster with which he covered the wound. He gazed with profound disgust at his image in the looking-glass, shook his head and seemed lost in lugubrious reflections. Then, with a sudden effort he drew himself erect, tossed his hair back from his forehead, and walked with a firmer step back into the sitting room.

"Sit down, father," he said with something of his wonted grace. "I suppose you want to read me the law——"

"No," interrupted the pastor with ominous gravity, "I will read you the prophets."

"Well, if there is no help for it, fire away."

He lighted half a dozen candles and placed the candelabra upon the table, then seated himself opposite to his father on the sofa.

The pastor hesitated for a moment before he began his homily. He loved this son so dearly, and he hoped for this once to be able to charge his words with a power which might move the young reprobate's heart.

"My dear son," he began solemnly, "how do you think this will end?"

"In the gutter," replied Paul stolidly.

"You are a better prophet than I am, perhaps. But pray tell me what fascination this sort of life has for you?"

Paul put his elbows on his knees and rested his head on both hands. Then he sat for a long while, staring absently at the carpet.

"Governor," he said at last, raising his head abruptly, "I might as well make a clean breast of it. I am in love."

"You are in love?" repeated his father slowly, "but that surely is no reason why you should be going to the dogs at this rate."

"Oh, governor, you don't know what you are talking about," cried Paul, jumping up and pacing the floor in vehement agitation.

"Do pray explain yourself," urged the pastor in vague alarm.

The son paused abruptly in his walk and looked hard at his father, a vivid pain distorting for a moment his handsome features.

"Father," he said with deep emotion, "the girl I love——"

"Does not love you—yes, I comprehend," finished the pastor; "it is not an unusual case."

"But she does love me," protested the young man passionately. "I know she does, though she has never confessed it."

"What then is your trouble?"

"You—you are my trouble. You would never approve of her, and she, knowing that you would never approve of her, refuses to listen to me. She will not see me; she avoids me; she tells me that all my prospects in life would be ruined if I were to marry her."

"Hm! it is a mesalliance, then, you are contemplating," said the pastor severely; forgetting for the moment that he was himself contemplating something very similar.

"If you like; though, in my opinion, it is she who would be condescending, not I," retorted Paul.

"Of course, of course, I know the whole argument by heart."

The young man resumed his restless walk on the floor, and his father sat gazing at him mournfully.

"Paul," he began, after a long meditative pause, "the way out of this is for you to join my colony. I have already sent in my resignation and on the 10th of April we shall sail. There, on the other side of the ocean, with a new future before you, in a new land, you will forget this little aberration and make a suitable match when the time comes."

I need not record the long discussion that followed or the eloquent persuasion by which Mr. Gramm finally obtained his son's promise to renounce his love and join the transatlantic colony.

#### IV.

The English steamer which was to take the emigrants to Hull was moored to the edge of the ice, out in the middle of the fiord, where the little ice-breaking tugs had made a narrow channel, just wide enough to turn about in.

It was a damp, chill day, with thaw in the air and slush under foot. The melting snow turned the gutters into muddy rivulets and the conduits from the roofs spout-

ed forth tiny cataracts. The sun, looking pale and remote, was struggling to emerge from the clouds that held it in a clammy embrace and to penetrate the fog that rolled out over the ice.

There was a great bustle about the steamer. Baggage was being hauled aboard with ropes and pulleys, besides cattle and ponies. The captain stood on the bridge, bluish-red in the face from shouting; and the second officer stood somewhere near the forward hatch, repeating his commands in a hoarse naval bass, admirably adapted for profanity. Men and women embraced and kissed each other, wept, went away, and came back to embrace and kiss once more. Some, in their tearful confusion, made mistakes, kissed the wrong persons and apologized. Pastor Gramm was already on board and stood, wrapped in a handsome fur-trimmed overcoat, leaning over the bulwarks, waving his final greetings to this one and that one whom he recognized on the ice. But he was ill at ease. Someone was yet wanting, and that the most important of all. Mrs. Jacobson and her daughter had not yet arrived. Could it be possible that they had changed their minds in the last moment? No; the bakery was sold and he himself had found them a purchaser. They had burned their bridges behind them. And yet the pastor was quivering with a kind of inward tremor lest they should play him false. Women were so uncertain; you never could tell what curious motive might upset, in the twinkling of an eye, plans which had been carefully matured in years.

Mr. Gramm was just beginning to get desperate when he observed a little commotion down in the crowd of weeping friends and relatives. And there, much to his relief, he espied two velvet hoods, one black and the other blue, and under them the two faces which he was longing to behold.

Mrs. Jacobson was weeping bitterly, which did not prevent her, however, from stooping frequently and with a bustling maternal zeal wiping the red little snout of her small son Jens, who as usual was entangled in her skirts. It was for his sake she was making this sacrifice, abandoning home and kindred at her time of life in order that he might have the right to hold his head up with the best; and per-



haps, some day, be president of the United States. Mr. Gramm watched her with a little pang in his conscience; for had he not encouraged this pathetic delusion of hers in regard to her stupid little boy? But what did it matter, so long as he got Ellen transferred across the Atlantic, where democratic notions prevailed and he could without impropriety marry her? Poor girl, she did not fathom his deep designs, guileless creature that she was. How sweet and demure she looked down there on the ice, with her prim little hood, and coy respectability of manner. But what was she doing now? She appeared to be shaking hands in a peculiarly effusive manner with a tall young man who seemed every moment on the point of embracing her, and could scarcely be restrained by her own shrinking and deprecatory demeanor.

The pastor grew hot about his ears. Ellen had a lover then; and he—Mr. Gramm—was an old fool to delude himself with the idea that he could ever win her affection. Yes, it was a lover surely, for no one but a lover could be so vehement in his demonstrations of sorrow at losing her. But who could he be—the lucky wretch! The pastor felt in that moment as if he could have strangled him with enthusiasm. Whoever he was—but—angels and ministers of grace defend us! Mr. Gramm grew dizzy. Sparks danced before his eyes, as if someone had struck him a blow. He clutched the bulwark with both his hands and stared—stared, until his eyes seemed on the point of popping out of his head. The lover—his favored rival—was Paul, his son! A flood of light burst upon him. The past which Paul was to run away from was the future toward which his father was hoping to sail. It was Ellen. They had both been contemplating the same mesalliance; but while Paul was going to America to renounce it, the pastor was making the same journey in the hope of consummating it. Was there ever a worse complication?

Paul had come with a heavy heart, regretting the promise he had given his father and yet reluctant to break it. A deep disgust with himself and the life he had been leading made it seem, perhaps, the best he could do to cut loose from all old ties and associations and begin life

afresh on a new continent. If he only could tear this senseless infatuation out of his heart, he would have no regrets in leaving. He had called upon the girl the night before, to bid her good-by; but the mother had told him that she was not at home. She was scarcely to be blamed, poor woman, for protecting her child against the race of hawks to which he belonged. Paul stepped out of the sleigh which had brought him to the edge of the ice, handed the reins to the driver, gave some directions in regard to his luggage, and was about to mount the gangway ladder when an exclamation of surprise behind him made him turn his head. There stood Ellen, fresh and rosy, her face one big exclamation point!

"But you are not going!" she murmured, with a look of shy confusion and alarm.

"Why, yes! I thought you had come to bid me good-by."

"No—but—but—mother—she is going."

"Your mother going! And not you?"

Ellen, though she blushed crimson at being addressed in public by a young gentleman, found her anxiety stronger than her modesty. "I thought you were not going," she said, with a pitiful quiver of the lips.

"I was not, until you threw me over."

"But—but—I was going to stay. Mother thinks I am going with her. Everybody thinks I am going. But I had planned to be left behind, in the last moment—don't you see?"

She spoke in a hurried whisper and with a bewildered distress, as if she were unable to see her way out now that her little stratagem had failed; he met her appealing gaze with a joyous tenderness which made her heart leap.

"What shall I do?" she whispered.

"We'll both go, you and I. Don't look so distressed, you dear child. It will all come out right. We'll be great and happy, you and I, in the land of liberty."

"But—but—"

"But what?"

"There's something you don't know, something dreadful—"

"Never mind, we'll sail away from everything dreadful at nine o'clock sharp, and then we'll snap our fingers in the face of the whole universe."

## V.

About the first week in June 186- a bedraggled and dilapidated company of immigrants were camping on the prairie of what was then the territory of Dakota. The

angry and ominous, that suggested a vague terror. Therefore the immigrants, having learned to their sorrow that this was "the fertile and beautiful land" which they had bought for their money and which was to be their future home, were



A LOOK OF UNUTTERABLE WEARINESS.

sun was beating pitilessly down from the cloudless sky and the air was hot like the breath of a furnace. Far and wide, as far as the eye could reach, stretched like a green ocean the limitless prairie, with its coarse luxuriant vegetation. Nowhere a tree or a rock offered its grateful shade to the sweltering immigrant, or broke the dreadful monotony.

A couple of dozens of canvas-covered wagons were scattered over the prairie, and the oxen, whose heads showed above the tall rank grass, stood open-mouthed, panting, and seemed ready to sink under the burden of their own weight. There was something of terror, of wild, unrelenting intensity in the loud song of the crickets, so fierce, so grimly persistent. It added to the oppressiveness of the heat and made the hope of release seem remoter. And the earth itself was teeming with a luxuriant riotous irrepressible life which filled the poor Norsemen with a wonder not unmixed with dread. In the grass—what a prolific upwelling of life. The soil was literally alive with myriads of creeping, crawling, leaping and flying things, all hatched by the heat, awakened into a brief feverish activity. How it hummed and buzzed and whizzed and whirled in the grass. It was not the gentle droning of the ephemeral insects of the North, but something

on the point of despairing. Everything seemed so alien, so hopelessly alien. Where were the beautiful hills of Norway and her snow-hooded mountains, standing so stern and pure in the ethereal distance, and like a cool breath pervading with their presence the summer days? Oh! if they had known whither they were going; if they had but known!

An elderly man with dishevelled hair and a look of unutterable weariness on his face sat on an inverted bucket in the shadow of a wagon, mopping his face with a yellow silk handkerchief. No one who had seen the rotund and cheerful clergyman who left Norway some weeks ago would have identified him with this dejected and travel-worn man. Not far from him on another bucket sat Günther the musician, perspiring violently, and hugging his precious Stradivarius, which was wrapped in green baize cloth in order to protect it from the pitiless sunshine. He was a tall, slender flamingo-like man with grayish curls and a long artist neck, exhibiting a big Adam's apple. He looked even

more despairing than the pastor, and directed impressively imploring glances toward the unrelenting sky, like the primo tenore in a romantic opera. A stout little roly-poly woman, surrounded by half a dozen children, who were drooping from heat and exhaustion, was kneeling in the grass and with streaming eyes praying Heaven to deliver them. But every now and then she stopped in her prayer to wipe the nose of the child nearest her, or to gaze full of compassion at her wretched husband, who had been so shamefully imposed upon by the mercenary and unscrupulous parson. In a very similar frame of mind was Mrs. Magnusson, wife of the editor, who had had idyllic visions of a happy Atlantis beyond the sea, devoted to elevating discourse and primitive rural joys. She had determined in advance to decorate the lambs with pink and blue and white silk ribbons about their necks, and to have a big fine pigeon cot in the middle of her yard. Then she would have the pigeons of rare breeds and perfectly tame, so that they would pick their food from her lips as they do in Kaulbach's picture of Goethe's Lilli. Pigs she had concluded not to have because they were not at all nice. She had expected that the pastor would have everything prepared for them on their arrival, and hand them the key to their house, so that all they would have to do would be to unlock the door and move in. And here they were in the wild prairie, with nothing to shelter them but some rickety canvas-covered wagons, and nothing to eat but bread and some terrible canned meats of which she was mortally tired.

The other genteel immigrants were no less disappointed and held the pastor responsible for all their woes.

It was of no use that he told them of his own disappointments. He had forwarded money to the clerical brother of the Norwegian Lutheran Synod who had purchased the land for him, and requested him to have trees planted and log cabins erected previous to the arrival of the colony. But here they were and nothing had been done! The clerical brother, he had just learned, had made the mistake of paying out the money before the work had been done, and some swindling contractors had calmly pocketed it, and relying upon

a flaw in the contract had defied them to bring suit. This was the situation and they had got to make the best of it. Return they could not, for they had given up their positions in Norway and converted everything they had into cash. Moreover, apart from pecuniary considerations, who had the courage to face the storm of ridicule that would greet them on returning from such an expedition? The pastor, for his part, though he was not in hilarious spirits, was for sticking it out. They had all brought some capital with them—that is, with the exception of the servants and laborers, who had only brought empty though not unskilled hands. Sooner or later they would evolve order out of the primeval chaos.

## VI.

On the tenth day after the arrival of the settlers the pastor was seated before a tent in which he temporarily lived, smoking his evening pipe. The heat had then moderated considerably. Lumber had been procured and two large rude sheds had been erected, in which the greater part of the people found shelter. The air was filled with the pleasant smell of fresh-cut pine and the yellow chips covered the ground around the wagons. But in spite of the progress of the work the pastor was deeply dejected. The sun had set and a whitish mist, fraught with malaria, rose from the ground and hovered over the tops of the tall grass. But Mr. Gramm was too intent upon his own thoughts to heed the grisly spectre that was stretching its long vapory arms toward him. Mrs. Jacobson's little boy Jens was sitting on the ground building houses with the chips and chuckling contentedly. But all of a sudden a shiver ran through his frame as the mist clasped him in its clammy embrace and slowly enveloped him with a silent, eager, ghostly tenderness.

The pastor, battling with his bitter reflections, was staring vacantly at the boy and saw him shiver, but he attached no significance to it. What was that little agglomeration of scarcely conscious matter anyway, compared to his own strongly pulsating life with its complex passions and desires? And yet he was fully aware of it—this child had been the lever which (in a sense) had set his whole enterprise

in motion. Without little Jens and his mother's pathetic ambition for him this settlement would never have existed, and all these people would have remained on the other side of the Atlantic. The pastor

pipe preparatory to filling it again. He was in the midst of this operation when he was startled by a well-known voice which sent a thrill through him, as it asked:



"OH, MR. PAUL, YOU'LL SAVE HIM, WON'T YOU?"

had during the voyage been pestered daily by the good woman with consultations regarding the education and future prospects of Jens, and the sense of guilt he felt at having encouraged her maternal delusions for his own ends awoke with painful vividness at the sight of the dull little tow-headed urchin. President of the United States! He would have laughed at the wild absurdity of the thing if he had not just then been more inclined to weep.

The twilight began to spread and strange weird sounds came out of the tall grass. The bark of the coyote, so inexpressibly wild, leaped with its shrill reiteration out of the stillness, and the warning "whoot" of the screech-owl rose with its solemn crescendo and diminuendo on the air. Ghostly wings flitted through the dusk, and now and then an ominous growl was heard and the stir of wild things amid the rank vegetation.

The pastor's pipe had gone out, and he rose with a shiver and entered his tent. Somebody without struck up a ballad tune and sang verse after verse with untutored quavers and flourishes and a cheery disregard of melody. Mr. Gramm lighted a candle stuck into the mouth of a bottle, and with a deep sigh scratched out his

"Is our little Jens here?"

The pastor turned about and a kind of unctuous paternal friendliness invaded his face as his eyes met those of Ellen.

"No, my dear," he said, "he is not here."

"But you offered mother this morning to look after him, and she sent him to you while she was working. She wouldn't have done it if you hadn't asked her."

There were anxiety and a distinct note of reproach too in these rapidly uttered words, and the pastor felt a vague pang at the lack of respect which their tone implied. Who would have dared to address him thus uncereemoniously, but a few weeks ago, while he was an ecclesiastical magnate in Norway?

"Haven't you seen our little Jens anywhere?" the girl queried with increased anxiety, as her eyes rapidly explored the tent.

"Yes, oh, yes!" the pastor replied, with a flash of sudden recollection. "I think I saw him about an hour ago, playing with chips outside of my tent."

He pulled on a summer overcoat, lighted his pipe, and darted after Ellen as quickly as his portliness would permit.

"I do hope he hasn't strayed into the grass," she said, bursting into tears. "They say there are prairie wolves here and rattlesnakes too."

"Oh, I think not," the clergyman re-

plied in the benign tones of official consolation; "I should probably have noticed it if he had strayed into the grass."

The girl looked out over the boundless ocean of grass and shuddered. The dreadful spawning fertility which brought forth the greedy millions of crawling things impressed her dimly as a demoniac force which made her flesh creep. Under that veil of mist—in that hot, moist twilight—the myriads of destroying things, large and small, spawned and bred and slew; and the wild note of their song—the fierce whirring and buzzing and humming—still throbbed rhythmically upon the air and made her hold her breath in horror. She trembled at the thought of her little brother lost in that awful green wilderness. She saw him in fancy straying wearily through the tall grass, or sleeping from exhaustion, while myriads of hungry creatures, green, black and blue, were silently devouring him.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, with a thrill of horror, as this thought overwhelmed her; "he surely has not strayed into the grass."

"We'll hope for the best, my dear, and put our trust in God," he answered perfunctorily, for he now began to suspect that the child, from idle curiosity, had wandered away over the prairie.

He strove to be as sympathetic as he could, but for the life of him he could not feign an anxiety which he was far from feeling. Little Jens was such a vanishing quantity to him, compared to his sister, that he was half inclined to congratulate himself on the boy's loss, to which he was indebted for the happiness of consoling Ellen. With tremulous solicitude he had watched her during the voyage, in order to ascertain whether she really cared for his son; but both Paul and she had been so constantly on their guard against any betrayal of their secret that the pastor's fears had almost been set at rest. He might, indeed, have spared himself the trouble of watching them, by asking Paul directly whether he was right or wrong in his conjecture. But his jealous fancy, preferring a delusive uncertainty to the sudden strangling of all hope, shrank from so great a risk. Moreover, who could tell but that such a question might suggest to Paul what, possibly, had never before entered his head.

For several minutes Ellen and Mr. Gramm groped their way through the misty twilight, stumbling over logs, slipping on the pine chips which covered the ground, and once bumping against each other, as they darted forward from different sides to seize the tiny form which they saw dimly outlined on the ground. The girl's heart stuck in her throat. Was he alive or was he dead? He lay so strangely rigid, with his little grimy paw under his cheek, and his knees drawn up against his stomach. She grabbed him up in her arms, and the chilly night dew in his hair as it touched her cheek made her shiver. And horrid bugs crawled all over him, and from him to her. The pastor stood by with awkward helplessness, wishing to aid her but not knowing how. If she had been a lady he would have known well enough what to say, but her inclination to misinterpret whatever he said or did had by this time made him cautious.

"He must be very heavy," he observed at last, hesitatingly; "won't you let me carry him?"

"You carry him!" she cried, hugging the child with a fierce tenderness to her breast. "You, who looked after him so beautifully! It ain't your fault that the snakes or wolves have not eaten him. Let him go to sleep after dark in the cold fog, and mind him no more than if he had been a stray kitten!"

She started away over the plain, carrying the boy; and the pastor, not daring to follow her, remained standing where he was, and with a dim sense of injury saw her vanish in the mist.

## VII.

Manifold tasks occupied the pastor's time from morning till night; and strange to say, most of them were irksome to him. Since this hope—this wild, absurd hope which had made him forget that he was no longer young, because it set his blood a throbbing once more with the pulses of youth—since this foolish hope had nothing more to feed on, the pastor felt himself a prey to a deadly weariness. The idyllic little parsonage on the fertile prairie, of which he had dreamed romantic dreams, was daily becoming more hateful to him, and there were moments when the daylight itself affected him with a sense of fatigue



and repulsion. When people came to him with unpleasant errands, and, forgetting the respect due to his years and position, upbraided him for deluding them with false promises, he got into the habit of evading them, and inducing Paul to receive them in his place, for he perceived plainly that some alien spirit had taken possession of the people since they set foot upon American soil. They cringed no more before him, and omitted much of the ceremonial prescribed by Norse etiquette between inferiors and superiors. And whenever he reprimanded them they grew angry and insolent, and some even threatened him and vowed vengeance. He felt utterly at sea, as if the earth had suddenly given way under his feet, leaving all things insecure and uncertain. He had evidently been mistaken in the class of emigrants he had selected. What sort of an ideal community could he ever hope to found with people who so far forgot themselves as to use violent and disrespectful language to an ordained priest of God!

And yet he could have endured the insolence of the men with more equanimity than the whining complaints and reproaches of the women. It was terrible what troublesome souls they had, most of them, and how constantly they were in need of spiritual consolation. Not a moment's peace would they grant him. He was too sick at heart to listen to their twaddle, and he foresaw mournfully that his Norse Atlantis was doomed to failure from the beginning. The absence of the flattery and the social shams (which in the Old World had disgusted him), so far from affording him pleasure, filled him with wrath. He had grown so accustomed to them that he could no more dispense with them than he could dispense with the garments which habit had made familiar, and adopt the skins or the fig-leaves prescribed by primitive fashion. If it had not been for Paul, who seemed to be bristling with competence, Mr. Gramm might have yielded to the temptation which more than once beset him, to run away from the whole unlucky enterprise.

It was a singular fact that since setting foot upon American soil Paul and his father seemed to have changed places. All the listlessness, the aimlessness, the hopelessness which had paralyzed the son's energy in the Old World, seemed to have

been transferred to his father; and a cheerful sense of ability and energy had vitalized all his faculties. He stood up undismayed and grappled bravely with every difficulty, and something of his sunny hopefulness and abounding good spirits communicated itself to the settlers and prevented them from despairing. His medical knowledge was in constant requisition, and no hour of the day passed without affording him the opportunity to alleviate suffering and distress. The idle life which he had led before, when the consciousness of his worthlessness had scarcely ever left him, seemed as remote as the pyramids, and an ample sphere of useful activity was unfolding itself to him here in the wilderness, and was restoring to him his manly self-respect.

Mr. Gramm scarcely dared to guess the reason of this great change. He preferred to delude himself with all sorts of false conjectures rather than face the certainty (which a still, small voice often whispered in his ear) that life had gained a new value to Paul because he loved and was beloved. He fought with a desperate ingenuity against the evidence of his own eyes which might have proved to him that Ellen was the cause of Paul's wretchedness at home and of his happiness now. It seemed altogether too cruel a coincidence that father and son should have staked their happiness upon the same woman, and that a woman so remote from the social sphere to which both belonged. But the saddest phase of the whole business was that it established an unnatural relation between them, precluded confidence and sympathy, and put each, half unconsciously, on his guard against the other.

To be sure, the pastor did not know whether Ellen or Mrs. Jacobson had confided to Paul her conjectures in regard to him. Happily, they had nothing but conjectures to confide, and Paul was too loyal to his father to give credence to such gossip. A long time might have elapsed before he would have gained certainty on these points if an incident had not occurred which, like a thunder storm, suddenly cleared the air.

Mr. Gramm was seated in his tent, talking with his son, who was lounging on a cot, smoking a long meerscham pipe. It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and a heavy rain was drumming

on the canvas. The tent-poles swayed and creaked as the gusts of the storm swept across the plain, and the ridge-pole groaned in its fastenings and seemed on the point of snapping.

"Hush! what was that?" exclaimed Paul, suddenly starting up.

"I heard nothing," answered his father.

"Didn't you hear a cry of distress?" the son queried, seizing his rain coat and throwing it over his shoulders.

"It was only the wind."

"No, it was a human cry."

He rapidly untied the flaps of the tent, and was about to plunge out into the storm when something ran against him and nearly made him lose his footing.

"Why, Ellen!" he cried, "what has happened?"

"Oh, our little Jens," she gasped, all out of breath, "our little Jens——"

"Well, is he worse?"

"He is burning up with fever—our little Jens," she panted, with tear-choked voice, "he is out of his head. He is going to die."

"Is he so very low?"

"Yes—but you can save him! I know you can save him!"

She looked at him through her tears with a sweetly resolute hopefulness which touched him.

"Was it you who cried out a moment ago?" he asked, regarding her with a tenderness which no consideration of prudence could repress.

"Yes, it was me. I stepped on a big snake or something, and then I screamed."

The pastor watched her anxiously as she spoke, got up, snuffed the candle, and heaved a heavy sigh. What was there about this girl which made her so supremely desirable in his eyes? Wringing wet as she was, with her bedraggled skirts clinging about her limbs, and the water dripping from her hair, she yet had the power to arouse a tumult of emotion within him which made him forget his years and hold all other relations of small account.

"Well, I'll go with you and see what I can do for little Jens," he heard Paul say; and a pang of jealousy, sharp and bitter, nestled in his heart at the sight of the relieved expression which stole into her features at that simple announcement. How cold and pointedly unsympathetic were

her eyes when he, her pastor, spoke to her, as if she guessed the unspoken sentiment he cherished toward her and were at pains to discourage it.

"I will go with you, Paul," he said, prompted by a feeling which he would have been ashamed to avow; "perhaps Mrs. Jacobson may have need of spiritual consolation in this hour of her trial."

He scarcely dared to look into Ellen's face as he uttered these professional phrases, for he knew instinctively the expression of icy disdain with which she would receive them. A sort of benumbing despair crept over him. But yet he bustled about, without knowing very clearly what he was doing; managed to fling his ample rain mantle about his portly frame and to grope his way after the lovers out into the stormy night. What a miserable rôle he was playing, to be sure—he, a great dignitary of the church, whom men revered—he, stealing through the dark, watching with an envious jealousy his own son, lest, perhaps, he snatch a kiss from the girl who loved him and whom he loved. He kept close in their tracks, and reached in a few moments the shed where fifty or sixty immigrants were packed together while cabins were being built for each separate family. The air within was foul and sultry, and the rain was pouring through the leaky roof and had almost put out the fire. Half a dozen tallow dips, stuck into all sorts of improvised candlesticks, flickered here and there in the gloom, and shed unsteady gleams of light upon a weary woman patching a child's garment, and long rows of sleeping forms, with arms and legs relaxed in the utter unconsciousness of heavy slumber. The smell of the wet clothes, mingled with a variety of human exhalations, had charged the atmosphere with an unwholesome moisture which hung like a fog under the rafters.

Toward a remote corner of this shed Paul, to whom the scene presented nothing unfamiliar, directed his steps. Ellen, holding his hand, walked before him, guiding him among the various sleeping groups, whose outstretched limbs might otherwise have tripped him up. They paused before a large open trunk, gaudily painted, in which a tow-headed little boy, whose face was flushed with fever, was uneasily tossing. The lid of the

trunk, which was propped up with two sticks, supported a dimly burning candle and a bottle of medicine. The boy's

"Oh, Mr. Paul!" she wailed in a heart-broken voice, "you'll save him, won't you, Mr. Paul? Don't say you can't. I



"OH, PASTOR, FORGIVE ME!"

mother was bending over him with terrified eyes, watching with a tremulous anxiety the expression of his face and the perpetual tossing to and fro of his poor little head.

know you can. O God, my God! don't take this child away from me! Don't take him, dear God! You don't want him half as much as I do. O God, my God!"

She fell down on her knees beside the

trunk, and, half-crazed with grief, wrung her hands and prayed in an anguish of soul which was pitiful to behold. Paul, in the mean while, stooped over the child, felt its pulse, took its temperature, and applied a cooling bandage to its head. Ellen's eyes sought his as he arose and she saw instantly that he had abandoned hope.

"You don't think he's going to die, do you, Mr. Paul?" pleaded the mother in piteous tones, as she gazed at him with a terrified solicitude.

"I wish to God I might give you hope, Mrs. Jacobson," the young man replied with the tenderest sympathy, "but I fear human skill is here in vain."

"Oh, no, no, don't say that, Mr. Paul," implored the poor woman, flinging herself down and embracing his knees. "There is surely something you haven't tried yet. God can't be cruel enough to take him from me. You know, Mr. Paul, it was for his sake—for his alone—that I left Norway—Norway, which I loved better than my life—and I left it to give him a chance—because your father, Mr. Paul—he said my Jens was a remarkable child; 'you'll be proud some day, Mrs. Jacobson,' he said, 'to be the mother of that boy'—he had such a fine head, he said—I knew it well myself that he was remarkable. And here in this country, your father said, God might have great things in store for my little Jens. Here he might hold up his head with the very best, and that he couldn't do in Norway, you know, Mr. Paul, being the son of plain people. He might some day be president of America, for aught we knew—that's what your father said, Mr. Paul; and oh, I believed it—I felt sure that God had great things in store for my child. And now you say he is going to die."

She fell flat upon the wet ground, moaning as if her heart would break.

The pastor, who had paused at the expiring fire, whose listless flames now and then flared up and illuminated the strange interior, bethought himself that it was now time for him to assert his authority. So, cautiously picking his way among the sleepers, whose grotesque attitudes he noted in passing, he advanced to his son's side, and, half raising the prostrate woman, he addressed her in this fashion:

"Cease your wailing, my good woman.

The Lord gave, the Lord took, blessed be the name of the Lord. What right have we miserable mortals to rebuke the Lord of life and death? What are we but dust and ashes, and how can we in our blindness and folly presume to know what is for our own good? This discipline of sorrow is just what you need to purge your heart of its idolatrous love for a mere human thing, which makes you forget God——"

Being well launched in his fluent discourse, the pastor would have continued, with a pleasant sense of his own eloquence and a virtuous consciousness of doing God a service; he did not observe the hostile glances that were levelled at him by the men and women who had been aroused by the loud talking; nor did he see the clenched fists, nor hear the muttered maledictions. For he had enough to do in watching the kneeling woman, who, with a wild light in her dilated eyes, suddenly started up and with a threatening expression advanced against him. If her daughter had not caught her about the waist and forcibly restrained her, there is no knowing what she might have done.

"Mother, mother!" cried Ellen, warningly. But her words were not heeded.

"It was you who brought us into this misery," she screamed in a harsh grating voice, shaking her fist at the pastor. "You say it was God, because you are a coward, and you now see what you have done."

"Mother, mother!" warned the daughter, trying to drag her away.

"You be quiet, child," the mother went on, tearing herself from the clasp of her arms. "You know now, as well as I, what he wanted. It was you he wanted, and he was afraid to come forward like a man and ask you to be his wife."

"Mrs. Jacobson, why, my dear Mrs. Jacobson, you are out of your head," Paul interposed; "let me give you something to soothe your nerves——"

"And he told me with his snaky friendliness to send little Jens to him when I couldn't look after him myself," she continued, with hysterical sobs; "he was so fond of little Jens, he said, he would talk with him and teach him, and I was so anxious to have him taught. And then, when I sent my little Jens—for I believed him, fool that I was—and he let my boy,

go to sleep in the damp grass, where he breathed in the fever, where a thousand horrid bugs crawled all over his sweet body and crept into his ears and bit his tender flesh. Oh—oh—my God! what a sight he was—the poor dear child!"

She flung herself once more with convulsive sobbing over the little invalid and bathed with her tears his burning forehead.

The pastor, deeply shaken, and with a keen sense of guilt, stood looking at her while her heart-broken moans mingled with the roaring of the storm without. It was the first time in his life that he stood face to face with his own soul divested of all borrowed dignity, and quailed at the sight of its hideousness. Was it not true what this half-crazed woman had said? Was she not the victim of his selfish scheming? Was he not responsible for her child's death? Why had he not the courage to avow his love for this honorable and virtuous girl, instead of feeling it as a degradation, and tearing himself and her out of their accustomed environment, in order surreptitiously to accomplish his purpose? Coward, coward, coward! he muttered to himself; and wrapping his cloak about him walked out into the storm.

#### VIII.

Little Jens died during the night, and a small green mound marks the spot where they buried him. Instead of the presidency of the United States he found a lonely grave upon the prairie. Pastor Gramm read the service over him and prayed with a contrition and fervor which moved the people deeply. They did not know why it seemed so strangely solemn, this commonplace fact of death; and the vast pitiless sky arching its blue vault over one little futile life that had flickered and gone out. Many of the women wept, and the pastor himself, though he had performed the last offices for hundreds who had departed this world before, felt shaken in the depth of his soul, and the words which he spoke of warning and of supplication rose like the cry of a wounded bird that is blown across the sky. Was it the sense of his own guilt in regard to this child's death; or the solemnity and loneliness of the infinite blue space; or the helplessness of man in the clutch of the

mighty forces of nature—was it this which roused the dormant powers within him, and made him speak for the first time in his life with the inspiration of a deep sincerity?

When the funeral was at an end, and the crowd yet lingered while the grave-diggers filled the grave, the pastor, with the pathos of keen despair, turned toward the people, and humbling himself in the dust prayed for their forgiveness. He confessed with profound contrition how he had used them for his own ends; and how in the pride of his ecclesiastical eminence he had inflated himself with a false dignity and made all men and women the tools for the accomplishment of his own purposes. He had planned this colony for his own glorification and for the gratification of his own desires. But God had showed him how futile his scheming was; and in expiation of his guilt he would leave all his fortune as a common fund, under the administration of his son and two other trustees whom the settlers might choose, to be used for the benefit of the community. He owed them this compensation for the wrong he had done to them. Those who desired to return home he would assist to the best of his ability. And he himself would betake himself away and leave his son and the good wife he was about to marry to undo, as far as they were able, the evil he had done.

A thrill of amazement ran through the crowd. They had all come with a surly sense of injury, determined at the first opportunity to wreak their vengeance upon the man whom they held responsible for their misfortunes. Many had only been watching their chance to pick a quarrel with him, so as to satisfy the vindictive craving which burned in their hearts. If it had not been for the presence of death in the shed two nights before, the long-meditated attack would have been made. And now, when the funeral was over, as soon as the pastor had divested himself of his canonicals, the signal for the assault was to be given. But now they stood irresolute and utterly disarmed. The spirit of vengeance had departed from them, and a reluctant admiration was taking its place. The potent note in the pastor's words was vibrating with a stirring resonance in their hearts, and a sudden moisture put out the wrath in their eyes.



Slowly they scattered to their several avocations, and the pastor never knew the danger he had escaped as he walked, deeply shaken, through their midst, speaking to this one and that one and meeting but grateful glances and friendly greetings. But Ellen knew it, and stood wildly expectant, struggling with resentment and fear. But when the meaning dawned upon her of the allusion to herself a sharp pang of remorse shot through her breast and she started after the pastor, her face bespeaking the agitation of her soul. She paused now and then as he paused, and finally overtook him at the entrance to his tent. He gazed at her with a mournful tenderness and bade her enter.

"Oh, pastor!" she cried, with a low wail of unutterable sorrow, "forgive me, forgive me!"

"Forgive you, child!" he repeated, wonderingly. "What have I to forgive you?"

"I knew they were going to harm you," she burst forth, flinging herself down at his feet, "and I did not tell you."

"They were going to harm me? Who was going to harm me?"

"The people; all of them. They might have killed you, but you spoke so beautifully, and that made them ashamed. And I too—I have hated you like the rest. Forgive me before you go. Oh, forgive me!"

At this moment the flaps of the tent were pushed apart and Paul entered hurriedly. There was a suggestion of wiry strength coupled with a fine elasticity and alertness in his bearing, and not a vestige was left of the weary languor which had characterized him in the Old World. Seeing Ellen at his father's feet he paused in amazement, then advanced, and the pastor taking her by the hand raised her up.

"Here is my forgiveness," said he, putting her hand in that of his son, "and may God bless you!"

The next day the Reverend Mr. Gramm left the settlement, and nearly all the "genteel" families left with him. Mr. Günther, the flamingo-like musician, went however no further than Chicago, where a position was offered him as director of the Norwegian singing society "Heimdal." Mr. Magnusson, the humorous editor, and his idyllic wife, after many difficulties, which Mr. Gramm's generosity helped them to tide over, found their final haven

in Minneapolis, where the enterprising humorist founded three or four short-lived papers in the Norwegian language. He fails regularly about once a year, but yet manages to support himself in cheerful penury, and what is more remarkable, always manages to find some credulous capitalist ready to back him in his next journalistic venture. His dozen or more children have all done well, and Mrs. Magnusson (though she makes a point of abusing Pastor Gramm) consoles herself for the loss of her rural idyl à la Goethe's Lilli by the consciousness of her eminence as a social leader in the Scandinavian circles of Minneapolis. She always laments the sacrifice of a wholly mythical magnificence in Norway and sighs over fictitious reminiscences, from which her importance at home may incidentally be inferred. She professes not to like America, and from the lofty point of view of a European "lady of culture" finds everything in the West raw and crude and terribly vulgar. Her own self-respect demands this attitude, for criticism implies superiority, while contentment means that you were nobody at home and have improved your lot by emigrating.

The pastor's colony in Dakota, once known as New Norway, has since lost its identity. When the Pacific Railway was opened this settlement rose enormously in importance and became the site of a large and flourishing city. Nearly all the peasants and mechanics and household servants brought over by Pastor Gramm have, by the rise in the value of their land, become rich. They are the owners of large hotels and business blocks; send their children to colleges, and make occasional summer trips to Norway on the Thingvalla line in order to dazzle their countrymen by their opulence. And each visit of this sort starts a fresh cargo of Norsemen across the Atlantic. It is a curious fact that in spite of these continual incursions of Norsemen the town is and remains American. Though the Norse clergymen provided by the Lutheran Synod raise their warning voices against the iniquity of learning the English language and attending the godless public schools, the rising generation inhale with the western air a more independent spirit than their elders, and break loose from the tutelage of their spiritual task-masters. They

know that Norsedom (as represented by the Norse clergy) means stagnation and thralldom, and that Americanism means progress and the gratification of legitimate ambition. Round about them roars and throbs with vigorous pulse-beats the mighty western life, and one by one they stray from the Norse fold and are absorbed into the broad and strong current of our national civilization. And the large town which owes its origin to them bears the general features of American towns throughout the western states. It has hideous saloons and a general raggedness of aspect as you approach it by rail; and startles you, if you linger a day, by its enterprising spirit, its numerous churches, electric light, enormous business blocks and beautiful private residences.

But the richest man in the prairie town, and the most universally respected, is Doctor Paul Gramm. Like the chieftain in the Sagas, he looms a head above all the people. He might have gone to congress as territorial delegate had he so desired, but he prefers to remain at home, superintending and directing the multifarious industries which owe their growth to his intelligent guidance and practical sense. During the early years of hardship, misfortune and toil he showed his mettle; and by his wise counsel and inspiring example prevented the abandonment of the settlement after the visitation of the grasshoppers in 1868, and the cyclone in 1870. His wife has long since acquired the bearing becoming the wife of so prominent a man; and in the free at-

mosphere of the West she has developed a rich personality, full of sweetness, mother-wit and wholesome self-confidence, which no one would ever have suspected in the shy and suppressed girl who left Norway twenty-three years ago. Motherhood has set its crown upon her, and has unfolded the blossoms of her nature, which otherwise might have withered in the bud. And this great and wholesome land of ours, with its rank vigor and riotous freedom, by making her conscious of the dignity of her womanhood has enabled her to grow to the full stature of her own self. This is the greatest blessing which America bestows upon the immigrant, and it is a blessing which outweighs a thousand disadvantages.

In the public square of the prairie town, in front of the soldiers' monument, there is a little green mound, surrounded by an iron railing. A marble cross, with the inscription, "Jens Jacobson, born February 5, 186-, died June 26, 186-," may be seen within the inclosure. And when strangers (as is frequently the case) ask who Jens Jacobson was, expecting to hear the story of some distinguished pioneer, the townsman is likely to answer:

"Why, Jens Jacobson, he was a little Norwegian boy—scarcely more than a baby. But the curious thing is that he was, in a certain sense, the founder of this town. If it hadn't been for that little boy this city would never have been built, and likely as not we should all have remained what we were—poor peasants in Norway."



## COLLEGE EDUCATION IN RELATION TO BUSINESS.

BY F. T. BARNUM.

HORACE GREELEY has been quoted as saying that "of all horned cattle in a newspaper office the college graduate is the worst." It is easy to see why he said so, for he obtained his own power to be there in a much rougher school than the university. He was not—to use a familiar proverb—"a captain who came in through the cabin window," but one who worked his way faithfully from the lowest position up. He knew every part and parcel in the newspaper office and profession, and had little patience with those who thought they knew so much more than that and yet were tyros in the essentials of his trade and vocation.

But Mr. Greeley did not despise education. He greatly coveted it, and lamented all his life that the drudgery of his exacting profession prevented him from reading more widely than he did or could. In spite of his impatience with scholastic shortcomings he knew well what scholarship was, and drew around himself a fair number of men who wore the college degree. But his pettish remark points a little moral, after all. It shows at least one disadvantage which the young man fresh from college, with his sheepskin under his arm, is apt to encounter in applying for a business situation. He is young, as a matter of course, and during the four maturest years of his young life he has been, as it were, shut out from contact with the busy, active world. In academic shades—which are solitary and somewhat conventual—his thoughts are, of necessity, separated from worldly and practical things. The student could not very well pursue his studies successfully if they were not. But for this very reason his brother, who has gone from the district or public school to the store, really obtains a business start over him. He may not maintain this always, but in many callings he does, and is most likely to continue to, other things being equal.

But this remark applies in the main to businesses of a material sort—those of the mercantile line, manufacturing, banking and trade in all its aspects. In purely professional vocations, like the law, medi-

cine and the ministry, no doubt the college-bred man has the advantage all the way through. In fact, it was for these and for the profession of teaching that colleges, as I understand their history, were chiefly and originally established. I do not decry colleges, although I have not had the benefit of one, for I know they are valuable in their effect upon subordinate means of education. And what they give to the press and the pulpit is not kept apart from the people. Nor can it be. It filters in many ways down to us all, so that men of bright, receptive minds gather untold riches from many streams, which, when you come to trace them back, will be found to flow from some great foundation of learning.

It is one great peculiarity of learning and high culture that these things cannot be bottled up. You cannot make anything exclusive of them, as you can make scarce physical commodities by a "trust." Learning consists of an addition to our stock of ideas, and through the agency of the printing-press and the voice ideas are supplied with wings, and diffuse themselves through the world.

It seems to me, then, that a young man must ask himself, before he goes to college, what is to be his aim in life. If he places gain and material business activity first; if he longs to obtain great wealth, and if he is not specially gratified by the literary vocation and by books, it may be he ought not to go. But if, on the contrary, he is a devotee of books, if the great names which have made themselves famous in literature haunt and fascinate him, if he can live on a competence and fulfil what he calls a higher ambition than mere money making, I should say by all means go to college.

These are the lines that it seems reasonable to draw, though no formula can be made strict enough in terms to serve as a rule in every individual case. Each person must be a law unto himself. And sometimes the mere matter of health or the want of it steps in and decides the case against all rules. Very many men owe their power to live in reasonable health and comfort

to following an agricultural or out-of-door vocation, who might perhaps win money and fame in some large town with their natural impediments away.

It must be remarked too—and very properly here—that the commercial instinct is not artificially created or made. It is as much an inborn quality as Shakespeare's genius or Cicero's power of oratory. The most learned man in the world often lacks it, and the most illiterate man you know may possess it in an exalted degree. George Law is said to have come to New York many years ago with but a sixpence in his pocket. But when he died he was more than a one-millionnaire. Yet he was a man very destitute of education, in the sense in which we use that term, though he learned much by contact with the world, and was once talked of as a possible candidate for president. Something like this passage from illiteracy and poverty to riches and renown marked the career also of Daniel Drew. For these two men had the commercial instinct; and, though more education might have helped them and made their path easier, no impediment could arrest them from making notable business careers.

No one can say how many college graduates came to New York in their time and failed to get along. Mr. Greeley thought he could count, at one time, many hundred college graduates in New York city who could not get a living. It is not, at any rate, assuming too much to say that a very large number of college educated men cannot turn their faculties to successful business. At the same time, it need not be said that their college equipment is really the cause of their failure. For college men do succeed in business, not always because they are college men, any more than Law and Drew succeeded through their educational deficiencies. We know that in mere money making A. T. Stewart, a Dublin University graduate, who went home from his store and read the classical authors in their own tongues, gave perhaps the most coveted example of business success of any man New York has ever produced. So, if I were to be called upon to say what it is that makes a man succeed in business, I should not find it absolutely in his amount or kind of education. There are too many easily made statistics in both directions to make it

possible to set up a hard and fast line on the college or anti-college distinction.

It is not surprising that the young college graduate frequently should have some conceit over his advantage, and estimate it too highly. This is only the human nature we all exhibit over any endowment we possess. And this over-assurance is, for a time, an impediment to the youth of exceptional educational training, when he comes in contact with real life, and attempts to apply his powers on practical problems. It was an exhibition of this conceit that annoyed Horace Greeley when he saw the possessor of it trying his hand in a newspaper office, where so much knowledge of a kind that no merely bookish school affords is at once necessary and indispensable. It is a conceit, however, that cannot last long. And, to one who is clear-sighted and teachable by new duties, it will finally wear away. But it is too often an obstacle in the outset that the young collegian does not anticipate, and must be hindered by.

Lord Bacon says that knowledge is power. I believe that it is both a power and a pleasure. To a large extent, and where we cannot always foresee its application, it must be useful, and emphatically so in any calling. Carried to the point of high culture, though, it may conflict with business energy by making purely material aims distasteful, and actually compelling the student so saturated with books to leave business and pursue a studious or artistic calling. But why should he not, if this is the real tendency of his mind? When Benjamin West took the hair of a cat, and proceeded to make a brush with which to paint, there was no use of putting him in a dry-goods store or in a bank. Nature, by this token, foretold that he was to be an artist; and we want no method of education on the one hand, or of suppression of learning on the other, to veto a boy's natural place in the human scheme of activities.

I have said that when colleges were in their early history they existed mainly as nurseries for the so-called learned professions. In time the well-to-do farmer's son and the sons of men of various callings were sent to college, in part for the distinction and honor and social advantage the college course was supposed to confer. They were expected to get ben-

elit too; though they were expected to use this in their father's business. These hopes were not always verified, however; and many are the disappointments the New England farmer has experienced when he found that his newly diplomaed son, at the end of his graduation, came home with a poorer idea of the farm than ever. The broadening of the young man's horizon or view of life by the culture of his mind created a discontent that was certainly very unpractical in his father's estimation.

So there grew up in the last two generations a well-understood dislike among practical men—of whom the plain farmer is a pretty good type—of what was contemptuously called "book-larnin'." Still, if anyone was to receive education in those days, it had to be either the very little to be attained in the country district school, in most places, or else the full curriculum of the college. There were nowhere near so many intermediate instrumentalities for education then as we have now.

The young man, on the contrary, who does not go to college today, need not, as he was obliged to then, remain slightly educated. The multiplication of books and magazines and thoughtful periodicals; the multiplicity of libraries, reading clubs, and the higher grade of public and preparatory schools—not to speak of special schools, and, in large towns, evening schools—put within the reach of almost any studious and energetic mind a culture almost, if not quite, as broad and liberal as the college course of earlier days. When we think, too, of the various schools held in so many places—such institutions as that of Chautauqua and those similar thereto—it must be confessed that education is in the very air, and it can be only a very dull mind that can escape it. It was once said there is no royal road to learning, and in one sense there is not. But there are now a multitude of very spacious and delightful highways, which are made smooth and easy to go along upon—from which many obstructions and toll-gates have been removed—which would surprise the fathers of our earlier generations if they could be revived to behold them.

It would seem, therefore, that while going to college has its claims and is in many cases necessary, and an advantage to be coveted, the not going is nowhere

near so great a deprivation as it once was. When we think of Abraham Lincoln, of Henry Clay, and of several additional presidents and presidential candidates, who were successful and famous and were not college-bred, it does confirm us in the notion that it is the man and not the body of accidents that surrounds him that stands at the bottom of his career.

But it is worth while to make a real distinction before I leave this subject between "knowledge" and "education." Knowledge represents the valuable facts with which the memory is stored; while education, as the scholars analyze the word, means "a leading out" of the mental faculties. Now you cannot lead a horse out of the stable, as it has been frequently said, unless there is first a horse in the stable. Where the internal faculties are potent in a boy, the torchlight and thumbed book over the cabin fire, as in the case of Lincoln, pave the way to untold precedence. If the faculties are not there, or are very weak, all the means of education in the world will not lift him greatly above his natural heaviness and dullness.

Viewing the matter in this light, the world itself becomes a university. Travel, and contact with men and things; a mental collision with different races and peoples, and the struggle to get on in the world, are themselves educators in the highest degree. Those must have been uncongenial and often desolate periods in which young Lincoln was braving the then western frontier; spending his time in splitting rails, sailing a flat-boat, and finally practising law in a rude, primitive neighborhood; but these things were a part of his college. And I do not hesitate to say that they were better for him than a college diploma is to multitudes of bright young men. For, hard as his many hardships were, he achieved, somewhere along the line, something very much like culture out of what seemed persistent adversities. To show how little his final equipment lacked of that, in a very true sense, let it be remembered that it was his touching speech at Gettysburg—not the chaste, polished, beautiful, and scholarly oratory of Edward Everett, delivered on the same occasion—that evoked from the Westminster Review its great and reluctant compliment which declared it to be far above all similar recorded addresses.



I cannot forbear from quoting at this point, since it comes from one who knows far more about colleges than I do—ex-President Hulbert of Middlebury college, Vermont—on a point pertinent to what I have just said. He remarks, in a very able address on the subject of education :

"Let me assure you here that good, roundabout common sense has never been superseded by the college diploma. Alma Mater is no match yet for Mother Wit. Nothing is more common than to see our so-called educated men, that is, our academy-trained and college-bred men, surpassed in mental and moral power, and out-distanced in the race of life, by men who have known little if anything of our set forms of school training. In taking an inventory of a man it is a matter of trivial moment to know whether he graduated from this or that preparatory school, or any preparatory school; from this college or that college, or any college; the plain, blunt question which the world asked yesterday, and has been asking today and will ask tomorrow is, What of the man? How much is there of him and to him and in him? What can he do? do in fields of labor? do at the bedside of the patient, in the pulpit or at the bar? This is the question of our times, and it is a fair, honest question. The popular test is making havoc of diplomas and certificates. It says not, Tell us the educational groove the young man has been sliding in and which he has slid through; its demand is not whether he hails from this school or that school, or no school; whether he comes from a mansion or a cottage or a log-hut. Put him on the scales and let us weigh him; let us know for ourselves what there is of him and to him and in him, not in avoirdupois, but in troy weight. The question is not, Have you studied arithmetic, algebra, geometry, astronomy, Latin, Greek, French, German? But, if you have studied these branches of knowledge, what have they done for you? Not, Have you graduated from Harvard or Yale or Dartmouth? But, if you have graduated from either of these schools of learning, what has your college done for you?"

I fully indorse the drift of this discrimination from one so competent to make it, for it puts the true philosophy of educational training in a nutshell.

A good many witty stories are told of boys who became famous men, who were sent to college because they seemed unfitted for anything in the line of daily work, or who were thought dull when they simply lacked interest in what surrounded them. I believe Henry Ward Beecher's uncle and patron found him as a boy poor help on the farm, where he would have been glad to retain him, and so sent him to college as the only alternative. It is related of Daniel Webster when he was a boy, that as he was mowing with his father one day he took frequent occasion to stop and ask his father to "hang" the

scythe anew. The elder Webster did this very patiently a number of times, until he thought the request a ruse for a rest as well as frivolous, when he said, "Dan, just hang that scythe to suit yourself, I won't touch it again." Whereupon Daniel walked to the nearest apple tree of several near which they were mowing, and hung the scythe and snath together on a limb of it. This act gave the infant Constitutional Expounder's early opinion of farming as forcibly as his reply to Hayne, in mature life, in the United States senate, set forth his opinion of nullification. It was thereupon concluded by the elder Webster that as Daniel was so dull a boy he would send him to college, and keep Ezekiel, who was smart enough, upon the farm. These stories may not be literally accurate, but they are illustratively valuable in teaching us that we cannot force nature. Let the boy, therefore, have some share in choosing his own lot and vocation. You cannot make a whistle of the pig's caudal appendage on the one hand, and you ought not to use mahogany and rosewood for plough beams, on the other.

But, so far as business is concerned, I have a particular hobby. My craze is, that every young person, of both sexes, should learn at least shorthand and type-writing. Here you have mental discipline and knowledge together, knowledge too that is almost certain at some time to be convenient and practically available. I cannot conceive that one who knows these two branches thoroughly will ever need to go hungry in the present generation, for they have a constantly widening use.

I notice that a good deal has been written and said about college education of late, but I have been too busy to keep myself thoroughly abreast with the discussion. The fact, however, that so important a college as Harvard proposes to cut short the period of college life to three years, thereby bringing its graduates into actual business a year sooner, indicates that some new feeling about it is being developed. The world does not want to, and cannot, dispense with the college. It only asks that, by the diversified courses it has adopted, and by new methods as they may be indicated, it may still better, if possible, meet the practical wants of a progressing business and age.



SOK-OANG-SA.

## ART AND THE MONASTERY IN COREA.

BY CHARLES CHAILLÉ LONG.

THE peninsula of Corea is a pendant of that "farthest inch of Asia" stretching south from the elevated plains of Mantchooria in the north, from the 43d parallel to the 33d parallel south, and is contained within the 124th and the 130th meridians east, between the Sea of Japan and the Yellow sea on the west.

Corea or Chosen, the "Land of the Morning Calm"—the interpretation of its native name—has been called the "Hermit Nation" by reason of its policy of absolute seclusion from the world, although maintaining a nominal allegiance to China since many centuries, and over which country China has affected to rule in a fraternal way as the "Elder Brother." For a fact it was mainly due to China through her progressive statesman the Viceroy Li Hung Chang that Corea was induced to make a treaty with the United States Government in 1882 and subsequently with other European powers, which caused her principal ports to be opened to the world. The Korean Government has sent an embassy to Washington which has created no little curiosity on account of its peculiar costumes. China, however, has shown much dissatisfaction at the affected independence of the ambassador of her "Younger Brother," and finally the latter was summarily recalled

to Corea under a menace conveyed by the Imperial Resident in Seoul, and so His Excellency Pak packed up his unnumbered hats and vari-colored gowns and hied him back to Japan, where he was required to remain until recently, doing penance for his disrespect to the mother country before being allowed to return to Corea, where he now resides in disgrace and disfavor. An ambassador accredited to several European powers, not so lucky as his colleague, was not allowed to proceed further than Hong-Kong, where "His Excellency" has been hung up without money at the somewhat undiplomatic residence known as the "Sailors' Roost" in that city, waiting for something to turn up, and the needful "cash" which he owes to his indulgent landlord since the winter of 1887 and 1888.

So much for the status quo of Corea, which has place in this sketch only for the purpose of conveying to the reader a rapid glance at a country of which it is the writer's purpose to speak principally from an artistic point of view. Art in Corea is an illusion. It is an exotic, and born in the bosom of the monastery it came to Corea with Buddhism in its march from India through China. It is the child of the monastery, it grew with the monastery, and fell when temple and tower went down

in the fourteenth century. Confucianism reasserting its sway in China, flowed over and into Corea, and became, as it is today, a strange admixture of worship of the ancestor, of the spirits of earth and air, serpents, etc., and above all the dragon, which may be said to be the all-powerful and most potent element in the Korean mind. Nor will the reader be surprised at this lapse of the ethics of Confucianism, for it must be remembered that Corea proper was composed of savage clans incapable of comprehending or absorbing any refined cult whatever, whether of religion or of art. Sir Rutherford Alcock in his volume entitled *Art and Art Industries in Japan* says: "Over the breadth of Asia among the Mogul, Tartar and Turcoman races the feeling for art in any form seems to have been absolutely wanting." It goes without saying that Sir Rutherford does not place the Japanese within the realm of these races.

#### I.

At the commencement of the Christian era Corea was divided into three separate kingdoms: Hiaksai and Shinrai in the south and Korai in the north. The aborigines, as we have said, were rude savage

peoples, which had been swept down from time to time from the Mantchoorian plateau and, bound together in barbaric bands, were engaged in almost perpetual strife. Such indeed was the condition of the three kingdoms when in the fourth century Hiaksai became the objective point of the propagandists of Maitreya Bodhisattva, which from India had borne the banners of Buddha across the Indus and into China, according to the eastern annals 350 years before Christ. From Kapolavastu, the "City of Beautiful Virtue," and birthplace of Sakya-Muni, there was a continuous stream of devotees of the new faith which overspread China and threatened to absorb and replace the ethics of Confucius, which dominated the Chinese mind. In extending to Japan it took root in Corea, where we are told "as early as 372 A.D. an apostle of northern Buddhism had penetrated into Liao Tung and perhaps across the Yalu. In 384 A.D. the missionary Marananda, a Thibetan, established temples and monasteries in which women as well as men were admitted as students, and thus the faith of India was established and flourished in Hiaksai, so that its influence was felt as far as Japan."

Shinrai, on the other hand, appears to have been settled by Chinese apostles of the new faith in the sixth century, and there, later on, its capital, Kiou Chiu, became a "brilliant centre of art and science, of architecture and of literary and religious light."

Buddhism reached its supreme power and glory from 905 to 1392 A.D. The great Mogul emperor, Kublai Khan, became an ardent disciple, and the historian of the Yuen dynasty in referring to the Khan says: "Kublai Khan in becoming sovereign of a country wild and extensive and a people untractable and quarrelsome desired to give his native (?) wilderness a civilized aspect, and soften down the natural roughness of his subjects—to form cities on the Chinese model, to appoint mandarins



THE EAST GATE OF THE EASTERN WALL, SEOUL.

of various ranks and put the people under the guidance of a public instructor."

The religion of Sakya-Muni, however, was too pure and chaste in character, when no longer actively sustained by its Indian doctors, to take a deep hold upon the gross and sensual nature of the Corean. The fountain source had already ceased to flow, checked by Confucianism, which had resumed its sway in China.

The end of the thirteenth century marked the apogee of the power of Buddhism in Corea. Song-to, the capital in the north and the ancient kingdoms of Hiak-sai and Shinrai, were still in appearance filled with the culture and refinement of an Indian civilization, but the fabric was rotten to the core. The priesthood had become licentious and the Chinese annals, the only record of the times, state that the monastery, once the foyer of art and science, had become the abode of vice and licentiousness. The monk had ensconced himself as a confessor in every family, and the system had led to such abuse of confidence that even against this privileged and heretofore sacred class the people were loud in murmurs and threats of revolt. The scenes enacted in the monasteries finally aroused public attention, and the indignation excited resulted in a general massacre which, commencing in Song-to, spread over the entire country. The royal palace, where hundreds of monks fled for refuge, was attacked and burnt, and Buddhism, which, under its original masters, had been the very soul of art and virtue, fell forever, because of its vice and corruption under a native régime. Thus, adds the historian, "Kaoli lost its kingdom through the confidence it had showed to the monks!" and when the second King of Chosen assumed power he issued a decree to the effect that "As Kaoli had treated monks as friends, Chosen, the future state, should



INTERIOR VIEW OF MONASTERY GATE, SOK-OANG-SA.

treat them as slaves;" and adding, "No monks shall in future be allowed to enter the gates of the capital under penalty of death."

For a fact, during an interval of 500 years up to the present time no priest is permitted to enter the gates of the capital. And only a short time ago this class, of whom there are a few in the fortified mountain districts, petitioned the king to be permitted to enter the city, alleging that though children of Chosen they were debarred from privileges accorded to priests of the people of the western ocean—referring to the Methodist and Presbyterian missionaries resident in Seoul.

## II.

The present king of Chosen, His Majesty Li, is the twenty-eighth sovereign of the dynasty founded by Ni-Tadjo in 1392. It was Tadjo who had made himself king because of his soldierly qualities and who removed the capital from Song-to to its present site at Seoul.

Ni-Tadjo, as will be seen later on, was the creation of a Buddhist inspiration, the last effort of Buddhism to resurrect and maintain itself in Corea. The Buddhist king conceived the idea of saving his coreligionnaires by gathering up the remnants of those who had been saved from the general massacre which had preceded

his accession to the throne, and sending them as soldier priests to guard those monasteries which, built in almost inaccessible mountain places, he decreed to be the special refuge fortresses of the nation. Chief among these are Pok-Hau and Nam-Hau in the vicinity of Seoul. These bonze soldiers number 600 or more and are even at the present day regularly enrolled and are known as Seung-Kun, and are under the orders of a general known as Chong-Sip with superior officers named Ti-Jip-sa. They are treated in all respects as soldiers of the army except as to their uniform and the privilege of shaving their heads. The hat differs from the regular soldier's in that the crown is round instead of being square. All alike receive as pay the conventional pay of rice. The bonze soldier, as has already been mentioned, is forbidden under penalty of death to enter the capital city. For a fact these Seung-Kun are priests only in name. Shut out from the world and all intercourse with the fountain source of their religion, they have lost their cunning in the arts, the sciences and their faith. They are a fat, greasy, good-natured but ignorant class, in which Buddhism exists only in the ill-remembered rites with which they delight, like so many children, to perform for the amusement of the visitor, from whom they are careful to exact a toll ostensibly for the repair of their monastery. I had visited, during my sojourn in Seoul, the mountain fortresses of Pok-Hau and Nam-Hau, and it still remained for me to visit the celebrated monastery of Sok-Oang-Sa—the King's Dream Monastery—about which there had been woven, since 500 years, a web of romance, and which, built by King Ni-Tadjo himself, is regarded with great veneration, and is maintained entirely by the government at Seoul. The legend of Sok-Oang-Sa is indeed the commencement of actual Korean history, and therefore merits mention; it runs as follows: Ni-Tadjo, or rather Song-Kié, for such then was his name, was an officer of the Korean army. One night Song-Kié dreamed that he heard the cocks of 10,000 houses crow at once, and the clothes sticks (with which all Korean women beat and prepare linen) of 1000 houses resound.



SMALL PAVILION, SOK-OANG-SA.

Unable to interpret the dream he applied to a hermit priest, who quickly informed him that it signified that he was to become King of Chosen!

Mou-Hak, the pious hermit who lived on the heights of Sol-Poug, not far from the coast on the Japan sea and near Guensau, exacted that for the fulfilment of the prophecy Song-Kié should build at Sol-Poug a monastery to be called Sok-Oang-Sa, or the King's Dream, and that during three years the future king should perform 500 sacrifices to Buddha. Song-Kié was only too happy to conform to these conditions, and as it was foretold him by Mou-Hak, Song-Kié at the expiration of three years was made king of Ta-Chosen.

Sok-Oang-Sa still exists in all of its original splendor. The monks there have acquired a special reputation for piety and learning, and by reason of government protection are accorded many advantages. Some of them in the time past travelled into Mantchooria, Mongolia, Thibet and the eighteen provinces of China, and it is said some went so far as Siam, Burmah and Tonquin. The fame of Sok-Oang-Sa extended far and wide and in the eastern annals there is this mention: "Noblemen and high officials often stopped many months at Sok-Oang-Sa, simply to listen to the long and strange stories told by the monks of the different countries, and at times these monks taught their brothers



the higher branches of classics and philosophy."

In the month of October 1888, when returning from an expedition of discovery to the island of Quelpaert, I reached the port of Guensau direct from Vladivostock in northeast Siberia, and accompanied by my servant with two pack ponies I set out to return overland to Seoul, with the object of taking in on my first day's journey the monastery of Sok-Oang-Sa, twenty-seven miles distant and somewhat removed from the direct route to the capital. Mr. Wo, the affable and obliging Chinese consul at Guensau, was a graduate of Harvard college, and kindly furnished me with a special letter of recommendation to Mr. Suit-Ho—Snowy River—the high priest of the monastery.

### III.

The monastery of Sok-Oang-Sa is situated in the province of An-Pien and within the gorge formed by the surrounding mountains of Sol-Poug, southwest of Guensau and distant twenty-seven miles from that port on the Japan sea. The location is one of peculiar and striking beauty. The road which leads thereto winds along the base of the towering summits of Sol-Poug until it reaches a gorge into which it turns abruptly and then passes through the graceful groves of pine and sweet-scented fir trees, among which, brawling and tumbling down over rock and ledge, a swift and noisy mountain stream forms innumerable cascades, flashing in the sunlight and reflecting all the colors of the chromatic spectrum as it escapes into the valley without, where it goes to do its work in the irrigation of the paddy fields which constitute the chief cultivation of the Corean peasant.

It was almost sunset on the 29th of October 1888 when, tired and worn out by the exceeding rough road over which we had passed, we crossed the picturesque bridge which spans the stream and passed the outer gate, flanked on each side by two huge wooden figures of diabolic shape and expression and bearing inscriptions said to have been written by King Tadjohimself.

A numerous throng of bonzes and attendants, already warned of our approach, came forward to meet me and extend the welcome and hospitality which they are ever ready to offer to the traveller. The presentation of Mr. Wo's letter to Mr. Snowy River secured for me additional cordiality and attention. A room in the great monastery was quickly assigned me and, having made my ablutions, I proceeded with the aid of my Corean servant to prepare my repast from the ample store of conserves which I had purchased at Vladivostock. During this time I was surrounded by the ever-curious bonzes and neophytes, who were lost in amazement to see a gentleman prepare his own



ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE.

food, and who laughed immoderately to observe the manner in which it had been placed in tin cans or bottles, and who scrambled for the empty tins like so many children.

It is no inconsiderable part of the fatigue

of journeying in Corea to suffer patiently, as I had learned to do, the persistent curiosity of a people who looked, perhaps for the first time, upon a white face, and to whom every article of his apparel becomes a subject of curious inquiry and endless

the visitor on leaving, with a liberal fee, which is paid in the copper cash carried by my servant, I bade my hospitable hosts adieu and, followed by them to the outer gate, I set out upon my journey to the capital, 200 miles distant. Mr. Snowy

River, true to his promise, sent me several weeks later the following unpublished stories relating to the monastery of Sok-Oang-Sa.



GATE ON ROAD TO PEKIN.

criticism. Having endured this ordeal a reasonable time, I made them understand in broken Korean that I was weary and fatigued, and having pushed them out I threw myself on my blankets and was soon wrapped in profound slumber.

In the morning I arose early and, to the wonderment of the bonzes, I proceeded to unfold my camera and sallying forth secured, not without some difficulty, the accompanying photographs. Simple people, these hermits had never heard of the stories which had been circulated by the jealous at Seoul, that photography was a black art, and that the images made were the product of babies' eyes, which were ground up and used in the composition of the chemicals. My work was, happily for me, uninterrupted, except by the difficulty of making them remain still even for a moment. When I had obtained the pictures desired I closed my camera and prepared to resume my journey.

It is scarcely necessary to add that no such thing as porcelain ware or other works of art which once existed in the monastery were to be found, and to all of my demands for such articles they invariably shook their heads, accompanied by the usual hopeless negative common to the Korean, i. e., Upso—have none. And yet I had hoped that if a vestige of Korean art existed it might still be found in this, the most favored temple in all the country.

Having subscribed my name in the donation book which is always presented to

IV.  
The papers sent me by Suit-Ho are considered as sacred by the Coreans, and the fact that all allusion to the king of Corea is carefully avoided in the text, names of great men

being written upon a red bit of paper and attached to the original, gives them a particular value. The first paper begins with a recital of the names of the several edifices composing the great monastery of Sok-Oang-Sa, ten in number, with four smaller temples, and six reserved for women. Numerous pavilions and gardens belonging to Sok-Oang-Sa are also given.

The following is a copy of an inscription written by H. M. King Tadjoo (then Song-Kié): "I Song-Kié, grand commander in chief of the armies of the North and East and prince of Guensau (with Kang-so, general in chief and president of the privy council, Hong-Ching, general and prince of Tang-Song You, Au, colonel and secretary of the privy council, Chung-Mong-Chou, ancient vice-president of privy council), I have received from the king of Kaoli during the current summer of the 10th year of the reign of Hong-Mou (Chinese emperor of the dynasty of Ming), an order to go to Chong-Iu. I learned in that place that in the bonzerie called Koang-Chok, of the district of Hai-Yang, there was a classic work relating to Buddhism, also images and Buddha. At the end of the war the bonzerie which had been destroyed contained no longer any bonzes, and the precious objects which were there were disappearing one by one. When moved with compassion I have sent the ancient captain Kien Nam You with a boat to take these objects and, having caused them to be repaired, to place them

in the bonzerie situated upon the summit of Sol-Poug, district of An-Pien, that the king may have great longevity and the country perpetual tranquillity."

The following is a detailed account of the monastery by the venerable bonze So-San :

"During the 10th year Kaptija of the reign of the king of Kaoli (called Sin-ou) and of the reign of Hong-Mou, emperor of China, and dynasty of the Mings. Song-Kié moved from Kom-me to Hak-Song, where he built a house for his own use. He was endowed with a most liberal character and his manners were so different from the vulgar that he was surnamed the Great Man. One night in a dream Song-Kié heard the cocks of 10,000 houses crow and the sticks of 1000 houses resound. He said also that he entered a house in ruins bearing upon his back three logs, flowers fell from the trees, and a mirror broke in pieces. When he awoke he endeavored to explain his dream, but unable to do so he went to an old woman who lived near by, who, replying to his questions said :

"I who am but an old woman how shall I read the future? To the westward forty li from this place there is a mountain called Sol-Poug in which there is a cave and there you will find an extraordinary bonze who lives a hermit and who has abandoned the world. He keeps his name secret and nourishes himself with pine burrs and clothes himself with grass. He is called Heuk-ton-ja-Buddha with a black head (Mou-Hak) because his face is black. Nine years has he thus lived. You must go to him for the explanation of your dream.' Song-Kié dressed himself and taking a stick in hand set out for the cave in question. He found the bonze, who remained seated, and he saluted him by saying: 'I am a poor man who desires to be enlightened concerning a fact which has happened to me. I pray you to enlighten me.' 'What is it?' said the bonze looking up.

"Song-Kié told him of his dream, on hearing which the hermit changed color and said: 'It signifies that you are to

become king. It is a dream outside of the ordinary. The cocks crowed in choir to praise and felicitate your future greatness. The sticks and stones of the 1000 houses resounded at the same time in order to announce to you that soon you were to become a king. The three logs which you bore upon your back signified the character of king. The flowers in falling gave place to fruits, and the mirror broken with fracas means that you will make a noise in the world. In a word, it all signifies that you are to be king.' Having spoken thus, the bonze examined Song-Kié attentively and said: 'It is plain to be seen from your visage that you will be king. Above all things keep silent about the matter. Build a monastery here and call it Sok-Oang-Sa. During



A RIVER GOD.

three years offer 500 sacrifices to Buddha, in order to ask his assistance, and then the holy Buddha will aid you. But if you do not follow my instructions, not only will you fail but great evil will surely follow. Beware, therefore, and take heed of what I have said.'

"Song-Kié stepped backward, to show his respect for the hermit, whom he considered from that moment as his master. He promised to obey and prayed the hermit to aid him. Conforming to his counsel, Song-Kié built the monastery, and during the year performed the prescribed 500 sacrifices, the reason for which was the marvel of his neighbors."

In the 14th year of the reign of the king of Kaoli, named Sin-ou (Year of Hong-Mou), the king appointed Song-Kié general, with orders to attack Lia-Tong. Song-

Kié arrived at Ai-Chu, on the Yalu river, with his soldiers, in the commencement of the 4th month. In the 5th month he crossed the Yalu river (Apnok-Hang) and landed on the island of Ouei-houa-tao, where he concluded that China was so vast a country that it was better not to attempt to throw off the yoke, and there-upon Song-Kié marched back again to Kaoli.\*

On the 16th day of the 7th month Song-Kié ascended the throne in the palace of Sou-Chang, the fortress of Song-to. Become king Song-Kié assumed the name of Tadjö, and invited Mou-Hak, the bonze who lived in the cave at Sol-Poug, to come to him and appointed him his professor. It was this bonze who chose the site upon which the present capital, Seoul, is built, and also chose the ground in which to bury the ancestors of the new-made king. One day in the springtime Tadjö and the professor were seated facing each other in the palace of Sou-Chang, when the king said to Mou-Hak, laughing the while, "Let us, O Master, make a wager; the one of us who will compare the other to the most stupid thing shall win."

Mou-Hak replied: "I pray your majesty to begin."

The king then said: "I see you as like unto a pig."

Mou-Hak: "I see you as like unto Buddha."

\* The account discreetly passes over the fact, mentioned in Chinese history, that General Song-Kié assassinated his king as the best way to assure the fulfilment of the prophecy in his favor.

The king: "Why do you not say something stupid?"

Mou-Hak: "If one, O Master, sees a thing with the eyes of Buddha, that thing resembles a Buddha; if one sees a thing with the eyes of a pig, that thing resembles a pig. Since you see me, O Master, with the eyes of a pig, it is because you



THE KING'S TABLET, SOK-OANG-SA.

are a pig. I have therefore won the wager."

The bonzes of Sok-Oang-Sa still make claim to much learning and erudition, but the truth is that this is a mere affectation, for cut off entirely from the intellectual source which gave them life their past glory has passed into a myth.

Art has taken deep root in the mind and genius of Japan, due to the maternal influence of the monastery. Art in Corea died with the monastery and left the Corean as in the beginning of the Indian overflow, a mere rude and semi-savage man.

## REITERATION.

BY CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN.

To speak my heart to thee there is no word  
That I can think of but "I love thee, dear!"  
And that thou knowest, like a song oft heard,  
Being so well known, there's no need to hear;  
And yet I can but say, "I love thee!"

Ah, 'tis the heart's own music, songs that oft  
On lips we love have trembled low and clear;  
So unto thee I will but whisper soft  
What thou dost know so well, "I love thee, dear!"  
And o'er and o'er again, "I love thee!"



BY RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

"What fates impose, that men must needs abide."—Henry VI.

## CHAPTER I.

MR. REDDING BURGE owned a satisfactory two-story dwelling conveniently situate in a plantation from which he got more than a comfortable maintenance. A tall, heavy, gray-haired man of sixty, he had lived in content thirty years with the wife of his youth, and after her death taken another in decent time, and for ten years been living with her in equal content. Hospitable, fond of company, claiming to be young and intending so to remain, he held, though with becoming moderation, to the sports in which he used to be an eager participant. Among these chicken fighting was perhaps his favorite. The boys in his neighborhood were thinking about a suitable celebration of Christmas, and of the various suggestions offered not one received cordial unanimous support. Of course Christmas had to be honored, and the young, and even the old like Mr. Burge, had the notion that the most becoming way was in extraordinary mirth and festivities; for into a region comparatively pioneer, joyousness in the blessed season was mainly what had been carried. When Mr. Burge had heard all the arguments for and against various forms, he said:

"Why can't you all have a few chicken fights? If you say so I'll let you have 'em in my horse lot, and I'll feed the crowd that's to come, and the night before I'll keep all the house'll hold of transient people that is knew to be decent."

This proposition was cordially approved. For quite a time rivalries in this sport had been between this county and the one adjoining south, and fortune, apparently in-

tent upon keeping the balance rising and falling with slight deviations from a horizontal, had been according victory now to one, now to the other. The last score was in favor of the upper, and it was hoped that at this Christmas it would be repeated. Among the set there were the Wyricks, and, though to a less hearty degree, used to be James, eldest of the Rountrees, their cousins. His next younger brother, Isaac, was little fond of sports of any sort, but preferred to improve the good education that he had received by reading, in what leisure the plantation business allowed, books on serious, lately on mainly religious, subjects. For a year past he had been a member of the leading religious denomination in that neighborhood, and expectations were had that ere long he might be made one of the deacons. Tall and slender, like his brother, he would have been regarded more handsome but for the habitually serious expression upon his face. With his widowed mother and his two younger brothers, John, twenty, and Joel, eighteen, he resided about a mile from the Burges, on a property much more valuable than theirs. For a couple of years William Martyn, another cousin, though further removed, whose family was living in Mississippi, had been sojourning with one and another of his kindred, paying for his board with the service of a negro boy about sixteen years old, named Abram, whom he had received as his portion of his deceased father's estate. He was a slight, dapper, handsome, dressy youth, looking younger than his twenty years, and very much younger than Isaac, who was twenty-four. He was warmly in favor of the proposed celebration, little as he liked the



idea that among the combatants from the lower county would be, as he had lately learned, Morgan Kelsey, to whom, though a relative of Mr. Burge, he, and indeed the rest of that connection, who were quite clannish, believed that they had good reason to indulge deep hostility.

The intervening time was spent mainly in preparing the cocks for the approaching main, a matter which requires much more of careful management than outsiders know of. Isaac, with whom young Martyn then happened to be sojourning, endeavored to dissuade him from going to the meeting, first on account of alleged immorality of the sport, afterward more earnestly for another reason.

"Will, if you expect ever to be steady and go to some business that will make you a man of independence, it is high time that you were getting less fond of sports whose innocence is at least questionable."

This was said at Mrs. Rountree's table, and was meant as a warning to the younger brothers as well.

"Oh, Cousin Ike," answered Will, "when I get old like you I'm going to cut my crop of wild oats, burn them up, and go to sowing good grain."

"You are not four years younger than I am."

"Ay, but four years! Many a thing will happen in four years."

"I hope that within them some good may come to you."

"I join in the hope. Will you join in mine that in that time some bad may come to our enemies?"

Quick glances passed between Isaac and his mother.

"No!" answered the former with emphasis. "I join in no such wish. I have no enemies, and if I had I couldn't afford to wish them evil. You have less right than even I to claim to have enemies."

"You have no enemies, Cousin Ike?"

"No; I don't know a human being that I could say I believe wished me harm, and I have tried to forgive any who did harm to me."

"And your family?"

"Well, yes; though, as you know, I have never assumed that any has been done, that is, with wanton premeditation."

"Well, I know to the contrary, and I haven't forgiven, and I never will."

Then he rose from the table with the same careless air that he had worn throughout the discussion. He was followed by John and Joel.

"I wish Will Martyn would go clear away from here and from this neighborhood," said Mrs. Rountree.

"Why, mother?" asked Isaac calmly.

"Because I'm afraid of his undoing with John and Joel the influence that I and you have over them."

"I hope not. They understand Will, and I have little fear that he can lead them astray, or indeed that he will attempt to do it. He is a better fellow at heart than he seems or pretends to be."

"I like the boy; but it distresses me to hear him allude to that shocking affair, especially since the getting-up of this chicken fighting at Christmas."

"That's because he has heard that Morgan Kelsey is coming to it."

"Yes, I know; and that makes me more anxious."

"Well, well, mother, you know he loved James very dearly. I have heard him say that he loved him the best of all his kin, even those much nigher. He was never satisfied with the end which that case had. Still he knows well enough that it couldn't be helped, and that nothing can ever help it except what God may send to that man, whom from my heart I pity, in view of the destiny that, as I always believed, will fall upon him if the truth did not come out at that trial. You know, mother, that I never have expressed the belief that it did not."

"Yes, Isaac, and I have always tried to feel as you do, for the sake of avoiding doing Morgan Kelsey any injustice even in thought; I've tried to keep these younger boys from harboring malice against him, and I might succeed if it wasn't for Will. I can't help from being touched by his affection for Jimmy. Neither he nor they can forget that Jimmy was of a peaceable disposition and would never have wanted more than his rights. Indeed, he was one to be content with less. I wish you would try to get Will to quit hinting at the case."

"I have talked with him several times. Will is a fiery fellow and naturally revengeful. I have been trying to dissuade him from going to this frolic, because I am always afraid of the consequences of

his meeting Morgan Kelsey. He has almost promised me that he will not. As for John and Joel, there's no harm to be expected from them. Like you, I have warned them against any feeling of revenge, and so I have Will and Tom Wyrick. They are the ones that most need to be held in restraint."

"I'll be thankful if they'll both keep away. I did hear Will say something about some business he had the other side of the Ocmulgee river."

"Yes, and I have suggested that Christmas would be a suitable time to go and attend to it. It's of little import, I dare say, but anything to get him away during that time. However, let us try to make every allowance possible for Will."

The effort succeeded; at least so it appeared. Two days before Christmas Martyn took his leave of the family and all supposed that he had gone where he had said.

The Christmas Eve came, and with one exception a merry company gathered at Mr. Burge's. Twice the long table in the dining-room was lightened of the burdens under which it groaned and twice the big bowl was emptied of eggnog. After supper Mr. Burge at one corner and his wife at the other surveyed and listened to their guests along the wide amphitheatre before the fireplace. The only quiet, serious one among all was Morgan Kelsey. But that was expected of him. They were satisfied that he had been induced to

come at all. He was not expecting to participate in the sport, not even to witness it, but had come in compliance with the warm solicitation of Mr. Burge, who was proud of his connection with the Kelseys. This was backed by those of his young neighbors who hoped that the visit might make some diversion for the melancholy under which he labored. He sat about midway, and now and then his face took on something of a smile at a special sally of gayety among the other guests.

The night was dark from the mist that often comes along with that season. The clock was not far from the stroke of twelve when the host said:

"Lookee here, young people. It's got to be midnight. It being of Chris'mas, and you all bein' here, I've sot up three hours over my time. My rule is always to not go to bed till the balance do, because I always want to see to the putting out of lights after everybody, and special comp'ny have got to bed comfortable. Sooky's going to have another waiter of eggnog brought in for a kind of a night-cap, and then you must all fall in and do the best you can, packed as we're obleeged



"BEFORE A LIP WAS TOUCHED THE FIRING OF A SHOTGUN WAS HEARD."

to put you away. Morgan, my son, won't you take just one tumbler? Maybe it'll sort o' peerten you up to get to sleep sooner among these rattlin' boys. That or somethin' o' the same sort do it for me when my mind get too restless of a night, which, thank God, that's seldom."

"No, I thank you, Cousin Redding. I feel better without it."

"All right, then; all right. I was never a person to insist on people takin' of sperrits 'ithout I thought they needed 'em. I'm agoin' to jine these fellows in one level spoonful, to just keep polite in my own house, a-knowin' that I've already got enough now, which unfort'nate it ain't everybody that do know that. Of course, I'm a makin' of no insinooations, as Sooky hain't had the waiter brought in but twice't, and that ain't enough to hurt nobody. Well, now, boys," he continued, when all except Kelsey had risen and gathered around a table near the other end of the room, "here's to me and you all and to Sooky, and—yes, and to Morgan, though he can't jine; and here's to of course a including in of Chris'mus, which I'm thankful the good Lord send to all, white folks and niggers, once't a year."

Kelsey had turned and was looking at the group.

The toast was not drunk. Before a lip was touched the firing of a shotgun was heard as if in their midst, and Kelsey fell upon the floor.

## CHAPTER II.

Ten miles below, in the county adjoining dwelt the Kelseys. Their large white mansion with piazza and porticos stood a quarter of a mile from the public thoroughfare in a grove of white oaks. Henry Kelsey, the late head of the family, at his decease four years back, left in land, negroes and other property an estate which, divided among his wife and their three children, would have been twelve or fifteen thousand dollars apiece—quite a fortune among rural people of that period. Of these children Morgan was the oldest and now was about twenty-five years old. Somewhat above medium height, he was handsome, notwithstanding a rather dark complexion and an unopen saturnine expression habitually worn upon his face.

Not irascible, on the contrary, mild, low-voiced and deliberate in speech, there was in him a sullenness which hindered his prompt acquiescence with the will of others even in matters of little import. Such a disposition in a family where the others are females sometimes obtains an ascendancy that not always attaches to one who is frank to yield his opinions and his will when convinced of error, and is without ambition to be valued at more than he is worth. His twin sisters, Emily and Susan, four years younger, unlike him, who had inherited mainly from the mother, took their complexion and dispositions from the father. Of medium height, lithe shape, long fair hair and blue eyes, they resembled each other perhaps even more than is usual with sisters so related. Rendering to their mother's rule unfailing, cheerful obedience, they would have loved to exhibit greater fondness for her and their brother. Mrs. Kelsey was not conscious of want of proper parental affection; yet since her children's young childhood she never had been used to show or to receive demonstrations of special fondness. The foil with which things unlike often set off each other so pleasantly seemed to have had in her eyes no value, and so year by year the caressings of her daughters became less frequent and now they had ceased altogether. It is an unfortunate infirmity in a parent, particularly a mother, for it leads to the loss of many a pleasant while, than which there are not very many that are more valuable. Mrs. Kelsey seemed always to set more value upon the society of Morgan than that of his sisters. While together with him alone few words might be spoken, but each seemed to feel that these were enough.

The girls were dearly devoted to each other. It was pleasant to observe the frequency with which they were in physical contact, hands joined or arms around each other's necks, or resting upon their shoulders. Even when at parties of pleasure they loved to sit, if not side by side, as nearly so as possible without exhibition of too evident preference. Each had been sought in marriage since their attainment of full growth; but they needed not their brother's discouraging words to turn away politely, yet positively, from suitors. It was not until they had just passed twenty that upon the elder a change was wrought.

The one to effect it was James, eldest of the Rountrees. About equal in property, in social and educational advantages, manly, courteous, known to be of good habits, physical and moral, delicacy of his suit ever accompanying its persistence, in time he prevailed, although before that event he had had to take several denials. After the last of these, while he was walking slowly toward the gate where his riding horse stood waiting, Susan said, as both were standing upon a step of the piazza:

"Sister, I think you ought to take James Rountree."

"Why, darling?" And she blushed asking the question.

"Because you love him."

Emily threw her arms around her, and as tears came into her eyes, said:

"What would become of you?"

"Of me? What ought to become of me if I suffered myself to stand in the way of your greater happiness?"

"I don't believe it would be greater."

"Yes it would, and now that I have seen clearly what I believed to have seen, you shall recognize and feel the truth of what I have said."

Dashing away from her sister, taking out her handkerchief, Susan ran waving it toward the departing lover, Emily in vain beseeching her to come back. When he was shutting the gate, observing her he paused, and taking off his hat, awaited her approach.

"Mr. Rountree," she said, "sister's rejection of you was on my account—at least I think so; and I came to tell you that it makes me very unhappy. Don't! don't!" she continued quickly as he was making a movement to return to the house: "go on; go on! The worst thing you could do would be to go to her now."

He thanked her warmly, turned, and mounting the horse, rode away.

"Sister! sister! What did you say to that man?" asked Emily.

"Nothing, my dear, but what I must say, and then I told him to go home."

A few days after James returned, accompanied by Isaac, whose suit of Susan began with the others' espousals.

Influenced by Morgan, who would have been unwilling for either of his sisters to marry anybody, Mrs. Kelsey delayed to give her assent to the marriage. To her,

not to Emily, in his brief, sullen manner he had suggested the pain that separation from the latter would bring to Susan, and, incidentally as it were, the inconvenience and injury to the estate from setting off Emily's portion. Yet thoughts of the evident fitness and the resoluteness which she knew to belong to the girls along with their filial piety prevailed, and the marriage took place. The husband would have preferred to settle on a portion of his hereditary estate, but he purchased a place adjoining the Kelseys in order that the sisters might not be so far separate. He did not complain that neither Morgan nor his mother proposed to set off his wife's portion, according to the terms of her father's will, but trusted that all would result fairly in good enough time. One day, near the close of the year, Susan said to her mother:

"Mother, why don't you and Brother Morgan turn over to Brother Jimmy sister's property?"

"Morgan says he is going to do so, Susan, as soon as it is convenient to have the division."

"I don't see why it isn't as convenient at one time as another to give people what belongs to them. Brother had his own portion set off as soon as he was of age."

"You are not supposed to understand such matters, my daughter."

This was her only argument; for secretly she wished that the matter had been done, as she knew that it ought to have been.

"But I do understand this case," persisted Susan. "I know what father's will was, and anybody knows that people are entitled to have their rights acknowledged and adjusted."

"Morgan does not wish to keep Emily and James out of their rights; at least he tells me so. But he says that it has not been convenient to have the division yet, and that when it is they shall have no reason to complain."

"Neither of them has complained; but they were married in April, and here it is the last of November."

The mother said no more. She contemplated no degree of injustice; yet she had been led to acquiesce or seem to acquiesce in a postponement which she could not defend conscientiously.

As much of her time as she regarded not too improper Susan spent with her sister,

rejoicing always in the happiness of her married life. She listened with little attention to the suit of Isaac Rountree. More gifted than his brother, yet he was not so persuasive in manner and speech. He loved devotedly and so told her without reservation, asking her to take such time for consideration as she liked. As the months went on she became conscious of enhanced interest in his visits, particularly when she

his impetuosity. Indignant at Kelsey's delayings, he was wont to speak of them, but less in James's presence than elsewhere, in such terms as he felt that they deserved. On a public day, while along with others he and Kelsey were returning from the county seat, the latter, putting his horse alongside of Martyn's, said:

"Will, they tell me that you've been talking a good deal about some things that you know nothing or very little about."

Each of them had had a drink of spirits, but neither was under its ostensible influence. Smiling, Martyn answered:

"Well now, come to think of it, Morgan, I am a right talky fellow, considering what little I know. But what are you driving at now?"

"I've been told that you're much concerned because Emily's part of the property hasn't been turned over to Jim before now."

"That's so. I have spoken about it several times."

"Jim has not done so, as far as I have heard. He knows better. His little cousin, it seems, doesn't."

"What for, do you think, Cousin Jim does not? If you think it's because he's afraid, Morgan Kelsey, you're mistaken, as much so as if you had burnt

your shirt. He's no more afraid than I am. But he thinks too much of his wife and has too much respect for her feelings to raise a fuss with her brother. I think you understand that well enough. If it was me, little as I am, as you've got no more manners than to call me, I would have had you hauled over the coals before now for a settlement, and—and be d—d to you. What you got to say now?"

"Only this: that the less that Jim Roun-



DASHING AWAY FROM HER SISTER, SUSAN RAN AFTER THE DEPARTING LOVER."

saw how much he was respected and beloved by his brother and by Emily. But she knew that a nearer feeling must be had before acceptance could bring happiness, or even impart it.

In this while William Martyn had been spending much of his time with this, his favorite kinsman. Ardent, impulsive, the contrast was pleasant to him. More than the solemn remonstrances of Isaac, the affectionate admonitions of James subdued



tree says about it and the less that you are put up to say about it the better it will be for all parties."

"Yes, sir, I understand you, sir, perfectly. Cousin Jim will be able to take care of himself, I think. As for myself, I know I will."

Then he rode on to seek more agreeable companionship. The same afternoon Kelsey walked over to James Rountree's, a thing he had done seldom, and his words to all were more full and cordial than they had ever been. When about to leave he invited Rountree and Martyn to come over, saying:

"Jim, I'd like to have a talk with you about the estate; Susan, I suppose, can entertain Will, while you and I walk around. Suppose you come tomorrow."

"Certainly, Morgan," he answered, "I will with pleasure."

He followed him to the gate and took leave with much cordiality.

That night Susan was there; so was Isaac Rountree. During the evening, while they were talking apart from the others, Susan said:

"Mr. Rountree, I like you very much. I wish I could love you like I love Brother Jimmy. If I could, I would marry you."

It was said artlessly, as if she were a little child. But the words killed the hope that he had indulged, and angered him. At once he turned his speech from her, and the next morning left for home, resolved to sue her no more.

After he had gone James, Will, and Susan walked over to the Kelseys. When they had reached there Morgan, more affable than what was habitual, after some entertainment of conversation in the house, proposed that his brother-in-law should go with him for a walk. They went out. After a few minutes a pistol shot was heard. They rose simultaneously and went to the back door. Kelsey, pistol in hand, came on, blood running from a bruise upon his forehead. Before he had reached them he said:

"You see this wound upon my head, mother? James Rountree struck me with his stick, and I shot him. You will find him dead in the horse lot."

Susan, screaming, went back into the house. Martyn rushed forth, Kelsey and his mother following. Lifting the head of

his cousin, who was not quite dead, Martyn cried:

"How was it, Cousin Jimmy?"

"That you, Will? Morgan struck me, and I—but it's all—tell Emily it's all—"

The youth uttered a loud cry of lamentation and laid his head upon the ground.

Kelsey, having just reached the place with his mother, said:

"I hated it, Will; but I had it to do in self defence."

Rising from the ground Martyn answered:

"Not only God Almighty, but the very devil in hell knows that you are a liar and an assassin!"

Mrs. Kelsey seemed as if she would faint, when her son, placing his arms under hers, bore her away. As they were moving, Martyn, in a high voice, cried:

"Yes, sir! Liar! Murderer! I swear that you shall not escape punishment, if I have to be hung or sent to hell for putting it on you!"

The shock was greater than the wife could endure. That night, after the premature birth of her infant, they died together.

The bodies were buried in the Rountree graveyard. Only Mrs. Kelsey and Susan attended, returning at once when the graves were covered. A few days afterward Isaac, accompanied by Martyn, went down to his brother's place in order to attend to what was presently necessary in his affairs, and gather what personal items in his effects the law would not regard as important portions of his property, which must descend to the Kelseys. Susan, hearing that he was there, rode to the place. Without words of salutation she went to him and said:

"Isaac, stop what you are doing for a moment until I tell you something. You needn't retire, Mr. Martyn, unless you wish. Isaac, they told me, as I had instructed them to do, that you were here, and I came to tell you that I will marry you if you still want me."

Grief, not subtracting, had added to her beauty. She placed both her hands upon his shoulders and looked in his face. He yearned to take her in his arms.

"Susan, do you love me?"

"No, Isaac. I loved Brother Jimmy, and I tried to love you for his and sister's sake, partly because you wanted me. Perhaps

I might have done so after awhile. Since what has happened I don't think I could, but I will marry you and at once if you want me."

He trembled as, her hands upon him, she seemed to beseech.

"And you don't think you ever could love me, Susan?" he asked almost pitifully.

"I fear not, Isaac, though I don't know. Not, I think, as sister loved Brother Jimmy, and like men wish to be loved by their wives. But I would marry you tomorrow, today, and you may kiss me now if you say you will take me with what I have to give you. I offer for the sake of family peace and reconciliation. If the acceptance of my offer would not bring these or if it is less than you would demand with or without these, say so."

He looked down upon her with great yearning, feeling the while that the bare hope of winning her love would be worth any sacrifice. To the passion in his eyes the response in hers showed, as he believed, that it would be indeed a sacrifice, and that, most of her who stood ready to be led away.

"Susan," he said, "I love you even more than I knew. If you could love me in return I think I could give up freely what indeed I must give up as it is, all thoughts of prosecution or revenge, although convinced as I am that my brother was slain with none or with little of provocation. But tell me now—I ask you solemnly—what is your life to be? Are you afraid or are you averse to live in that house from which so much has been wrenched as to make it seem a home of desolation? If you are, I will throw my arms around you and take you to my home, knowing that at least I can shield you from harm, and indulge the hope of winning in time at least some portion of what I crave."

She was still looking up to him with tearless eyes, neither compassionate nor asking compassion. A lamb doomed then to bleed would have shown not more innocence nor less apprehension. Her attitude, the accidental disarrangement of her dress, exposing more of her exquisite figure than she was aware of, thoughts of what he momentarily felt that he could make her be to him, filled him with ecstasy. He was putting forth his arm when

she calmly took hold of it, and bringing it down again to his side, said:

"No, Isaac; no. There is nothing for me to fear at home. Brother knows, for I have told him so, that I believe as you do in the recklessness of that killing; but there is no danger for me from any quarter. It was not to buy him off from prosecution nor myself from any apprehended new misfortune that I offered myself to you. It was from the poor hope of repairing to some degree this unhappy breach. That hope has been shown to be vain, conditions being impossible. Good by."

She did not give her hand, but turning away walked rapidly out, mounted her horse unassisted, and rode on home.

"That girl loves you, Cousin Ike," said Martyn, "and I am sorry you didn't take her offer promptly."

"No, Will, you are mistaken, and I don't know but that I ought to be thankful that it is so."

### CHAPTER III.

The Rountrees, following the counsel of Isaac, forbore to prosecute for the homicide. In the absence of testimony beyond the apparently frank admissions of Kelsey, the grand jury could not but ignore the bill of indictment. These admissions were that at the interview with James Rountree, when he had mentioned some items which he claimed should be left out of the division of the estate, the latter had called him a thief and a robber, whereupon he struck him with his fist, and after being struck with a stick he shot him. The few last words of Rountree must have been excluded at a trial, under the stringent rules of the law regarding dying declarations. William Martyn publicly avowed his belief that it was an unprovoked murder.

"Words like those," he said, "would never have come out of Jimmy Rountree's mouth for the meanest of scoundrels. It is simply a great hell-born and hell-bound lie. Well, gentlemen, dead men cannot talk, nor do; but that man who was the very best I ever saw left friends behind him, and my advice to Morgan Kelsey would be to lie low for the balance of his time."

Public excitement gradually subsided, more slowly, however, in the upper county where the standing of the Rountrees was

very high. Yet men's minds, not entirely satisfied, leaned toward compassion of the slayer when he seemed to regret sorely the passion that had led to a result so disastrous. Never used to much going about, now more constantly than before he stayed at home. Grown more taciturn, he yet had become there and when abroad more considerate in his demeanor toward others, and people were touched often by tones and looks which seemed to appeal for pity and forgiveness. His relations with his mother continued the same as before; those with Susan grew more and more reserved. It would have been better for herself and for all if she had married Isaac Rountree immediately. Her brother, although he had not said it, and not made acquainted with their last interview, wished heartily that she had done so, and gone away. As time passed she was led to regret that, in the offer which she had made of herself, she had extended it in words which a man of honor and self-respect could not accept. His rejection, accompanied by evidences of his profound passionate love for her, won her full admiration, and she grew to feel that if he had taken her she soon would have given him all that he could ask. Sometimes, when thinking of that rejection, came over her a feeling almost of petulance. Why must it be demanded of her suddenly and in such emergency to bestow or promise to bestow what marriage inevitably would have won? Isaac Rountree was obliged to know that in no circumstances could such an offer have been made except to himself, and therefore, although not then recognized by herself, it contained evidence of the incipience of what he desired, and if he had not been so proud and exacting he himself would have regarded it thus. As it was, he must put his acceptance on the ground of her possible need of his protection. Yet such reflections habitually yielded to increased respect for his self-control under the pressure of powerful temptation and sympathy with the pain which it cost and which she did not doubt that he continued to endure. She did not believe that he ever would return, and at first she did not admit to herself that such belief was very disappointing to her heart. Yet there were times when she sighed to think that she had not understood herself fully. In

these times, if he had come, she would have fallen into his arms as an apple ripe upon the tree yields to the softest touch of the gatherer's hand. These several accidents wrought much upon her life. She strove to believe that her brother was not a deliberate assassin, but she strove more against regret that she had not become the wife of Isaac Rountree. Of a religious mind, she hoped that in all was a destiny whose wisdom and whose mercifulness would appear in time. The gayety of her girlhood ceased, but it was not followed by pining melancholy. She got from her family no support, but from those who now survived she never had gotten it. Since the burial of James Rountree and his wife no mention of their names had been made there in her hearing. An isolated life it was, yet, besides virtue and religious faith, it was supported by memories of a period entirely happy, by reading, the cultivation of flowers, and such indoor work as she had always loved. If in time she grew to admit that she loved Isaac Rountree, recognizing that perhaps it was best for them to live apart, she hoped to become content with the conditions in which Heaven had cast her lot.

Mrs. Kelsey aged fast. The death of her daughter, her affection for whom was more intense because she had never been accustomed to manifest it by words and demeanor, was a great sorrow, but not so anguishing as that of James Rountree. The necessity to subdue expression of her feelings for the sake of her son made them rend the worse her interior being. A believer in destiny, particularly of the sort that is awful and threatening, it was no relief to her mind when Morgan, yielding to solicitations, consented to go on this the first social visit since his misfortune.

The death of his brother and the disappointment of his affection for Susan made Isaac such as he was now. He never had seen her since that day at James's late home. They were members of the same religious denomination which held monthly meetings in the village that lay nearly between the mansions of the two families; but not once upon such occasions had he looked toward the women's side, and he had been seeming to give no attention when anyone remarked that Susan was growing more beautiful constantly. Knowing well that he continued to love

her as theretofore, William Martyn said to him one day :

"Cousin Ike, that girl loves you as much as you ever loved her. I saw her today looking at you for more than half an hour, and several times she put her handkerchief to her eyes and her cheeks changed color."

"It is most probable, Will, that you were mistaken, but it is impossible, yet—I wish that nobody would ever mention to me or in my hearing Susan Kelsey's name."

He turned away.

"My Lord!" exclaimed Will, "it's the all-firedest piece of bad luck that I ever knew or heard of. Hadn't been for that infernal devil, that girl, the very finest in this world, would have been Ike's wife as she ought to be. I blame myself, and I always will, that I didn't shoot him down that day by Jimmy's dead body. If it hadn't been for Cousin Emily I'd have done it, and if it hadn't been for Ike I'd have done it since. I can't understand why he wouldn't let me or Tom Wyrick shoot the dog after all that he has put upon him. This thing of religion, I suppose, is a good thing; but I don't believe that it was meant to come in between such a man and his revenge for such an outrage. Maybe I'm wrong! but oh, the good it would do my eyes to see Morgan Kelsey die the death he put upon Jimmy Rountree! They ought to have seen it long ago!"

Such words and others yet more bitter and menacing he had often spoken in the hearing of the Rountrees and Wyricks, and Isaac more than once had warned him with most solemn earnestness. Therefore he and his mother felt much relief when he had decided, as they believed, to go out of the neighborhood before the coming Christmas festivities.

Yet these people were known to be manlike as brave. Nobody ever suspected that any one of them, not even the impetuous William Martyn, would resort to underhand vengeance. Therefore all, after the occurrence of the tragedy at Mr. Burge's, felt additional painful shock at the evidence which on the next day seemed to point to him as the slayer.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The news of Morgan Kelsey's death travelled the faster because of the holi-

days. In the early morning it was known throughout the vicinity of the Burges, that of the Kelseys and at the courthouse of the upper county, fifteen miles distant from the former. Mrs. Rountree at break of day heard it from her maid who came in to kindle a fire in her chamber. She rose instantly and rushed to Isaac's. This was separate from the mansion, connected by a corridor. He was already dressed, and was kneeling before the open Bible resting upon his table. Rising, he said :

"Good-morning, mother dear. God send you a happy good Christmas!"

"Oh, Isaac, Isaac! Somebody shot and killed Morgan Kelsey last night at Mr. Burge's!"

"Mother! mother!" he cried, lifting up his hands, "can that be possible? Dead, you say? Was he shot dead?"

He moved about the room as if staggered by the horror.

"Dead!" answered his mother. "My God!"

"That's the only cry for us to make, mother. Poor Morgan! poor Morgan! Would that it had pleased God to allow it to end otherwise! But it did not, as I always have feared and believed that it would not, in spite of my continued beseeching prayers. I wouldn't wake the boys yet, mother. They will know everything soon enough. I want to be by myself for a while. When breakfast is over (and I'll thank you to have it hurried) I must go to Mr. Burge's. Did Viny say who was suspected?"

"No. One of the Burge negro men brought the news, and he told them that near the barrel on which the person who shot was standing they had found a fine handkerchief that was supposed to have been dropped by him!"

"Ah! Did he say whose they thought it was?"

"The man said that he heard the men whispering among themselves, but he could not hear what they said. Oh, Isaac, I don't want you or either of the boys to go there unless you are sent for."

"The boys need not go, and perhaps had better not. But I must, and as soon as possible. Do go on now, mother, please, and have made a pot of coffee. That is all the breakfast I shall need."

He threw himself upon his knees, crying,

"Oh, Will, Will, Will!" There he remained until called for the refreshment that he had asked for.

Mr. Burge met him at the gate, thankful that he had come so promptly; for he had much respect, even affection, for him, particularly for the influence which he had tried to exert upon his family and relatives regarding the tragedy of the previous year.

"My Lord, Iky! I know I'm glad you come! Ain't it tur'ble to open up Chris'-mus this way?"

"What time did it occur, Mr. Burge?"

"The clock would have struck twelve in four minutes if the shot that went through poor Morgan's neck hadn't kept on to her and tore loose her pend'lum. We had all riz, except him, to consult one more taste o' eggnog. I never 'spected to live to such as that, and in my own house to boot. Look like I can't understand it, Iky."

"Does anything seem to indicate who fired the gun, Mr. Burge?"

"Oh, my son, don't ask me. I'm actual afraid a'most to open my mouth. I know it'll hurt you; but you must ask somebody else. They'll tell you."

"Do tell me, Mr. Burge, before we go nearer," he insisted, turning yet paler.

"Well, they do say that the hank'cher they picked up outside by the winder have writ on it Will Martyn's name; but I can't but hope he never done it."

"It is impossible, Mr. Burge, it seems to me, for Will to have done such a thing in such a way. Besides, I really supposed, and so did all our family, that he had gone quite out of the neighborhood, even out of the county. He said three days ago that he was going, and he left the house as if prepared for a journey. I have never known him to be guilty of falsehood."

"Why, Iky Rountree, you couldn't hardly a' thought much more o' that boy than me and my wife, ruther wildish and rattlish as he were."

"Did death follow immediately, Mr. Burge?"

"Im-mejiant. He couldn't have knew what struck him. The shot were in a bag, and they went plum through his neck."

Sighing deeply, Isaac proceeded to the house. He was saluted by all with much respect. Looking closely into the face of

each as he took his hand, he felt some relief in reading sympathy with the awe that was upon his own mind. He spoke with reserve becoming his relations to the dead man and Martyn. At the coroner's inquest he deposed that in his opinion the name upon the handkerchief had been written by Martyn, and that the footprints were like his, although he would not undertake to say positively that he believed them to have been made by him. The jury rendered a verdict that the deceased had died by a gunshot wound, which they suspected to have been inflicted by William Martyn. Immediately afterward the body was carried home.

Few words were spoken between Mrs. Kelsey and Susan. The power to support each other by long disuse had gone from each; so their griefs were indulged apart. More anguishing was the mother's, because after the first shriek she could not or would not weep aloud. In her dry eyes and in the face to which one year had already added the wear of ten, the people at the funeral read only despair. Susan showed that, although she had wept sorely in secret, there were reserves within her for the endurance of yet other sufferings which might come and which she expected to come. Both had feared some such result, the mother more earnestly because, although not a church-member, she had a full belief in the threatenings of the Old Testament about retribution in this life for the shedding of blood. This had been always part of her creed, and since the death of James Rountree she had been living in dread of its operation within her family. She recalled now with what degree of comfort was possible that, when he had left home the last time to go upon a visit which she had not known whether to approve or discourage, upon his face was the pleasantest smile and on his tongue the cheerfulest, assuringest words that these had known for more than a year.

A solitary life was now led by each of these women. One would have tried if she had known how to obtain the consolation which comes from earnest efforts to console and submission to be consoled. The other, if it had been possible, would have imparted some portion of the strength by which she was upheld. To people's surprise Mrs. Kelsey made no movement toward a pursuit of the assassin. To Mr.



Burge, who had asked what were her wishes in that behalf, she answered :

"I have none, Cousin Redding. Two of my children have been taken from me. Ever since the first went I have been looking for the second to go as he has gone. It hasn't taken me by surprise, although I did have some hope that I would not live to see it. But things don't come in that way. I am now so desolate that I don't feel a single throb of vengeance against that boy, although I've been expecting, from the oath he swore on that horrible day, that he was to be the one to do it. Now, as blood has gone for blood, I feel that it is time to stop. So far as my doings are concerned, it will stop. Of course I know that the court will try to hunt up everything and expose it, but I shall have nothing to do with it. I will not go to the trial if any is had, unless I am forced by the sheriff, and then I will not answer to any question asked me. That boy has a mother, I've been told, and if she's let live long enough she's got to go through what is on me now. Of that I haven't a doubt if he is the one, and I won't do or say anything to hasten it. Perhaps—oh! perhaps she tried harder than ever I did to raise her son aright, and may be blessed with being taken out of the way before his end comes to him. No, Cousin Redding, I want no more blood to come upon me and mine, and I want you to promise that you won't repeat what I said about that boy's threats. I oughtn't to have told them to you. Promise me, so help you God!"

"Why, Cousin Tilly, that's a-swearin' to it! Suppose the court send me a suppeny and they call on me to tell everything I know about the case, when that's the only blessed thing I do—howbeever, that'd be hearsay evidence—yes'm, yes, ma'am, I'll swear I won't 'peat what you say."

When he returned home his wife wanted to know all that he had seen and heard.

"Cousin Tilly, my dear, I found in a egzited condition, like I expected, but also in a kind of a calm and forgivin' perdica-ment, as the sayin' is."

"Forgivin', Mr. Burge? What you mean by that?"

"Well, she seem to ruther wish she couldn't hear no more about it, but would ruther ricommend to drop it, as it's too late for it to be help."

"Didn't she say anything about how

Will Martyn carried on and threatened that day when Morgan killed Jimmy Rountree?"

"Well now, Sooky, if you expect me to 'member evey single thing after my mind been through what it have been through at that buryin'—which the good Lord know I were that oneasy about myself, and about you, and about eveything, I—I jus' come away soon as I could git away decent. And if you'd a' been there your very self I don't believe Cousin Tilly would have talked to you much more than she talked to me. You know she were always a silent, say-nothin' female, and she's silenter now than she ever have been, and she's goin' to keep on gettin' silenter till her time come, which between me and you it ain't fur off. You wouldn't know her, she have broke so. But she told me to 'member her to you. That have jus' come to me. You see what a fix my mind have been in. Seem like what ric'lection I did have goin' to get clean away from me."

"Well, I've been told that Will Martyn that very day, why, he tole people his very self that he cussed and told Morgan to his face he would kill him. Howbe- ever, I won't say, or I'll try not to say anything against him until it's proved positive that he done it; for a prettier boy and a politer boy to females and old people I have never see, and it look strange that he would want to shoot down people in the night and in a innocent house and skear a innocent female a mighty nigh out of all the senses she ever did have, that last night I made Mose and Jeff stay in the big room, and I made Ginny and Milly fetch in their mattress and put it down right by our bed, and hadn't been I knewed you wouldn't like it, I were not so mighty fur from gittin' down and git- tin' what sleep I did git between 'em, niggers as they wus, and don't the law have to pay for them winder panes, and the shootin' o' that clock, Mr. Burge? I declare the wonder to me is that I'm alive."

Thankful that her mind had been di- verted to personal and economic concerns, Mr. Burge answered assuring her of her own security against danger of any sort, and not doubting that all damages to the property would be footed to their entire satisfaction.

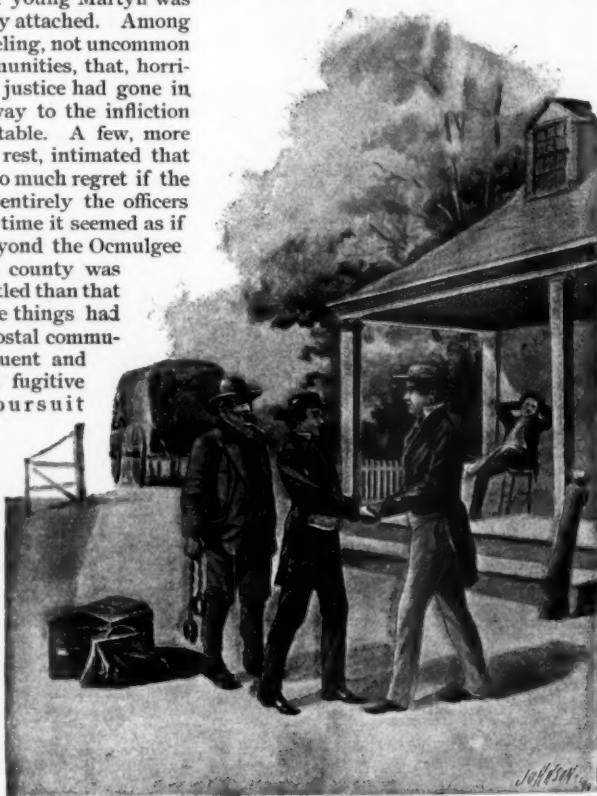
## CHAPTER V.

The judge and the solicitor-general for that judicial district resided at the courthouse town of the county wherein the last homicide had occurred. A warrant was obtained at once, and soon thereafter a reward offered by order of the governor of the state for the arrest of William Martyn. Despite general belief in his guilt, much sympathy was felt for the misfortune into which he had been forced by his impulsive, revengeful temper. These infirmities, well known, because never disguised, had not hindered his being a favorite among his acquaintance. Besides, the public never had been satisfied with the result of the investigation regarding the killing of James Rountree, who was loved by all, and to whom young Martyn was known to be devotedly attached. Among some there was the feeling, not uncommon in simple rural communities, that, horrible as it was, infinite justice had gone in its own appointed way to the infliction of punishment inevitable. A few, more outspoken than the rest, intimated that they would not feel too much regret if the youth should elude entirely the officers in his pursuit. For a time it seemed as if he might do so. Beyond the Ocmulgee sixty years ago, the county was much less densely settled than that region in which these things had occurred. Besides, postal communications were infrequent and slow, allowing to a fugitive chances of eluding pursuit much longer than is possible at present, with such facilities for the transmission of news and increased expertness among detectives. Two months had passed when it was heard at the courthouse that Martyn, having been arrested at the house of a relative in the county of Pike, a hundred miles distant, was being brought back un-

der guard, and might be expected about noon on the following day. This was a month before the opening of the spring term of the superior court.

By a friend in the village whom he had requested to be constantly on the lookout, Isaac Rountree was promptly informed of the news. The family and all the kindred were much concerned and all rallied to Isaac. Earnestly he admonished them against rashness in action and in speech. Thomas Wyrick was for organizing a band, going forth that night, intercepting the guard, and rescuing the prisoner.

"Never, Tom, never!" said Isaac most feelingly. "That would never do! He would surely be re-arrested, because the indignation of the public would be aroused and nothing to that end would be left un-



"AS WILL DESCENDED FROM THE COVERED WAGON HE SHUDDERED AT THE SIGHT OF HIS MANACLES."

done. Let us hope, in the first place, that Will, in spite of appearances, is not guilty. It does not look like Will Martyn to shoot a man in that way, purely out of revenge. Then to me it seems almost incredible that he should have thrust himself foremost in a matter that concerned himself less than the rest of us, whom he must have known to be capable of taking care of our own rights and feelings. I shall act upon the idea which the law always allows, that he is innocent. As the testimony will be all circumstantial, I suppose the judge will admit him to bail, and if so, I shall be ready to risk on him all I have."

"Well," said Wyrick, "although the way of it wasn't becoming a brave man, still I believe that Will shot him, Ike, as I know he wanted to do, and as I wanted, and as one of us would have done before now, hadn't been for you. You see what your holding back has driven him to do, poor fellow!"

"Oh, don't talk so, Tom. It was a terrible thing to do, and I wish in my heart that the good God had seen fit to prevent it."

"But you see he didn't. He knew all about that first affair, and he pursued Morgan Kelsey until he overtook him, as I knew he would. Of course we'll all be ready to go Will's bail."

"Well then, one among us ought to be chosen spokesman. Will you, Tom?"

"No, of course not. You're more fit for it than anybody else. Besides, you're Jimmy's brother, although if I'd been, I couldn't have loved him any better."

"Do the rest of you say that?" asked Isaac.

They all answered Yes.

"Very well then. God knows my heart, and that I wish to save to Will whatever is possible from this time throughout. Let me go to town tomorrow alone. If the judge allows bail, and I find that my single name will not be sufficient to keep Will from going to jail even for an hour, I will send at once for some of you to come. A crowd of us there when he arrives would not look well. Some might regard it as defiant, or as if a rescue was intended or hoped for. I'll go in early and see Charles Davison, to whom I have already spoken for the defence, if it should become necessary, and let him be getting ready to move for bail. There'll be a better chance to pre-

vail before Judge Wilson thus than if we were to go there in force. Don't you think so, Tom?"

"Perhaps so, Ike. You can judge of such things better than I can. But I want Will Martyn and I want the Kelseys to know that I am for him, guilty or not guilty, and that I stand ready to back him to the full extent of my property or anything else I've got."

"As for the Kelseys, my dear cousin, they are only women, you know."

"Yes; I oughtn't to have named them. I was thinking of all that might be against Will. Poor Mrs. Kelsey! I pity her from my heart; and as for Miss Susan—my Lord! it makes me more angry when I think of what Morgan Kelsey's conduct did for that fine girl and for—I won't say any more."

"That's right, Tom. I thank you."

On the next morning Isaac was in town by breakfast time. Immediately afterward he held a conference with Davison, who, repairing to the judge's house, obtained a promise to hear a motion for bail as soon as possible after the arrival of the prisoner. About noon the latter was brought into the public square. Isaac, white with anxiety, was there to meet him. As Will descended from the covered wagon he shuddered at sight of his manacles. These were removed at once by the sheriff, and Isaac, as he took his cousin's hand, looked searchingly into his face.

"Howdye, Cousin Ike," said Martyn, on whom was not the shadow of a cloud.

"Howdye, Will," answered Isaac coldly, holding his hand, as his eyes continued their search. At length he asked:

"How are you, Will?"

"Oh, I'm all right now. I haven't had exactly the pleasantest company for three days, and those wristbands are not quite the style I like best. How is Aunt Julie and John and Joel and Tom and all the rest?"

"They are well."

Then addressing the sheriff, he said:

"Can I be allowed to have a few moments' conversation with Mr. Martyn there by the courthouse railing, Mr. Moore? I give you my word of honor that I will neither ask of him nor say to him anything that in the circumstances would be improper."

"Of course he will, Mr. Rountree," said

the lawyer. "Moore, I'll be his security against any harm."

"I don't want any security for Isaac's word," said the sheriff. "Take him over there to that bench under that chainy-tree, Isaac. I'll wait here for you if it's an hour, or as long as you want."

"Thank you, Mr. Moore. I shall not want him so long."

"Meanwhile, Mr. Rountree," said the lawyer, as they were about to move, "I will notify Judge Wilson of Mr. Martyn's arrival, and ask him to appoint an hour for us."

"Do so, if you please, Mr. Davison."

"Looke here, Cousin Ike," said Martyn, "I'd like to have something to eat before we get to business. What I've had since I've been in the company of this new acquaintance hasn't been of the very best, and it's been inconvenient to get at it, such as it was."

The sheriff, smiling, said:

"Go on with your cousin, young man. I'll see that you get your dinner before the judge comes."

As the two went off together he said to the guard:

"That boy don't talk nor he don't look like a murderer."

"No, he don't," answered the man. "I never saw anybody as appearant unconcerned as he's been all the way. I can't but hope he ain't guilty. Whenever I've asked him a question about his case—of course I never asked anything that he'd hurt himself by answering—he'd say that that was a thing he didn't care to talk about. He's as independent a fellow as ever I struck, and he's conversational, uncommon conversational, when he have the mind to be."

When the cousins had been seated on the bench, Isaac, again regarding him fixedly, said:

"Will, of course you know that I and all of us are with you in any case; but it is important that you tell me frankly about this matter."

"Why, Cousin Ike, I'll tell you every blessed thing I know. It'll take a mighty little while to do that. When I heard that Morgan Kelsey was dead I tried my best not to be glad of it, but I didn't make much headway on that line; not as much as I know you'd think I ought. I was right anxious about it, as anybody must have

been in the circumstances, and when I heard about my handkerchief being picked up, and tracks of my shoes being all around, I was very uneasy for a while—but, Cousin Ike, what makes you look so terribly hard at me?"

"Go on, Will; go on, I beg you."

"There's nothing more to go on with. I've got to the end of my rope."

"Will, do you mean for me to conclude that that is all you know about that case? Consider, my dear Will, and conceal nothing from me, I implore you."

"That's exactly what I do mean, and I'm not trying to conceal one blessed thing, or one cussed thing, whatever is right to name it. I've answered all I know, and I didn't know that except from what the men who came to take me told me."

"Will," continued Isaac, as if he had not heard the last words, "don't you feel that you could trust me after what I have said, knowing me as you do, and that I mean only to save you from harm if possible?"

"Why, good gracious alive, Cousin Ike! of course I can trust you, and do trust you. God Almighty bears me witness that I've told you everything I know. Don't you believe me? Is it possible that any of you suspected me of shooting Morgan Kelsey in any such way as that?"

A smile came upon Isaac's face. Taking into his cold hand again that of his cousin, he said:

"I believe you, Will; believe you fully, sorry as I am that you did not feel distress when you heard of it. The family have all been very anxious. What made you so, when you heard about the handkerchief?"

"I was a little uneasy when I first heard about the killing, thinking in my mind that it might be Tom, knowing how fiery he is especially when he's drinking, as, it being Christmas, I concluded that he was; but when they told me it was done at night and unbeknown, and that my handkerchief was picked up, then I didn't have a doubt as to who did it. Don't you know who I mean, Cousin Ike?"

"I do not, Will. I have not the slightest conjecture."

"Why, it was nobody in this wide world but Abe, my Abe!"

"Do you really think so, Will?" Then he drew a long breath of relief.

"Think so? I just know it."

"On what do you found your suspicion?"

"No suspicion about it, I tell you I know it. The handkerchief was mine, doubtless. I'm not going to deny that. Then my shoes fit Abe's foot well enough, and he is very proud of wearing them, poor fellow. In fact, all he ever wears is what he picks up after I've worn them a while. You know that he understands all about handling a gun, and more than that, he's heard me say a hundred times, more or less, that I wish somebody would shoot Morgan Kelsey. What is more than all, he himself hated him as much as anybody else could. Once, while I was at Jimmy's, he went over to the Kelseys' one night to see one of the girls there. He knew that I wouldn't give him a pass and so he stole off without it. Morgan Kelsey caught him in one of the houses, and he had no more feeling than to strip him and give him such a beating as the meanest overseer ever put upon a negro's back. I declare it made me cry when I saw how he had been abused. Jimmy cried too, bless his heart! but he begged me to keep it from Cousin Emily, and not to raise a fuss with Morgan. Hadn't been for that I'd have gone right over there and given him the cursing that he deserved, and if he had dragged out his pistol he'd have found that he was not the only one that knows how to shoot. But now let me tell you, Cousin Ike. Abe comes of a family of good, honest, affectionate negroes; but not one of them ever knew what the word forgiveness means. Yes, sir; Abe shot that fellow with my gun that I left at Aunt Julie's, and then he ran for life. That was what I was most anxious about, and if I had known all I'd never have had to be arrested, glad as I was that suspicion pointed at me. But I'd have come so as to get him out of the way, which I'm going to do if the judge will let me give bail. He will, don't you think so, Cousin Ike? If not, I'm ready to lie there for Abe, if they won't chain me to the floor and if they'll give me air enough and such victuals as I can relish."

Isaac looked at him affectionately and said:

"Will Martyn, you are the very incarnation of generous courage. It pained

me deeply to feel what you must be suffering, but I am gratified to know how you have endured it. I don't think that there's much doubt of the judge's allowing bail. I have been seeing to that. It would hurt me more than I can tell to see you go inside of a jail."

"There's some I'd be willing to go there for, Cousin Ike, and Abe is one of them."

After other brief conversation they returned to where the sheriff and Davison were waiting, when the former took the prisoner to dinner.

"Mr. Davison," said Isaac, "I feel much relieved by the conversation which I have had with my cousin. I urged him, for the sake of his own safety, to tell me the truth. He avows his innocence, and I am much inclined to believe him."

"I am gratified to hear it, Mr. Rountree."

"Will it be necessary, in the application for bail, to state to the judge my opinion? If not, I would rather not, for a reason that I may tell you of hereafter."

"It is not necessary, Mr. Rountree. The judge would expect the accused to maintain his innocence, and indeed, that is what he himself is bound to assume. I will make a brief statement of our confidence in the case from the uncertainties of the evidence which thus far has been developed. I don't think that the state's counsel will seriously oppose the motion. You know him, don't you?"

"Yes; I know Mr. Wakefield and think he may possibly know who I am. I was about to pass him on the street this morning, but I decided that perhaps he would not care to be accosted by me, and so I turned into Alexander's store."

"He wouldn't have minded it. Still, it might have been embarrassing."

When Davison had made his statement, the judge, who the while had been looking studiously at the young man, asked the solicitor if he had anything to say why an order should not be passed in accordance with the application. He answered:

"Nothing, may it please the court. I submit the case to your honor's discretion, and I do so more readily because of the respectable standing of the relatives and friends of the accused."

Then the judge said:



"The law, as you know, my brother Davison, is cautious in the allowing bail for cases of murder, especially one that, from what is known of this, seems to have been peculiarly atrocious. But as the record of the jury of inquest discloses circumstantial evidence only, the court has little doubt that it is a case wherein it may properly use its discretion. The court takes into consideration the youth of the accused, and it must say that his appearance and his demeanor lead to the hope that he may be able to acquit himself of the great crime of which he is charged. The clerk will see to the execution of a recognizance in a penalty of \$5000, after which the sheriff will deliver the accused to his bail."

Isaac signed the bond and said that if required he would despatch to his brother John, his cousin, Thomas Wyrick, and others of his kindred to come at once and sign. If not he would see that they came on the next day.

"All right, Mr. Rountree," answered the clerk, "your name would be enough; but the others can come in when it suits their convenience."

Shortly afterward Isaac, hiring a horse at the livery stable, took his cousin along with him to his home.

## CHAPTER VI.

The controlling thought of Martyn now was to shield the boy Abram. Such an effort would have been undertaken by any master whose slave had run such risk partly in his behalf, and in such undertaking he would have been urged little by consideration of the loss of property. None but those familiar with the domestic relations in the southern states can fully understand the affection between respectable white people and their slaves. For this boy, with little thought of his value in the market, William Martyn would have dared as far as for any others, including himself. So he determined to take him across the Chattahoochie without delay, and place him with his own kindred there, or in the state of Mississippi. On the way that afternoon he said to Isaac that he should not ask Abe any questions about the homicide.

"I want to get him out of the state as quickly as possible and before it is gen-

erally known what my defence is to be. As soon as I say openly that I am not the one who shot Morgan Kelsey, people will begin to inquire who is. That might scare Abe into betraying himself, at least to me, and I'll have to witness against him—which, for ten times his value, I wouldn't do if I could help it."

"But let us see now, Will," said Isaac gravely, "would such action as that be perfectly right—even if it were dealing with entire fairness both toward the public and to yourself to remain so long under suspicion?"

"Why, what do I care about suspicion when I am innocent and can prove it? Let suspicion of me go to the devil! I beg your pardon, Cousin Ike, for using such a word. As for the right or the wrong of the thing, I'm not thinking about either. I'm thinking about saving Abe."

"Well, that part of it is your own affair, Will, which I cannot aid you in but which I will not try to hinder. I counsel you, however, to let nobody else know of your thoughts and intentions. If the public, convinced of your innocence, begins to suspect Abe, and then finds that you have run him off, what then?"

"What then may take care of itself. One thing is certain: they'll never get Abe. They might as well look for a pin in the bottom of the Atlantic ocean. I don't see any wrong in it either, that is, on my part. I'm the only friend the poor negro has. He loves me better than he does or ever did love anybody else, and by George, I love him mighty nigh as well; and when I think of the beating that Morgan Kelsey gave him for the triflingest sort of offence, I—however, I've made up my mind, and there's no use in talking about it. Yet I will say that, in my opinion, there are some rights and claims for redress when they are violated that belong to all men alike, negroes as well as white folks."

"All right, then, Will. The responsibility must rest with you. In the circumstances I will offer no other counsel than repeat the need of secrecy—for the present at least."

The youth was received by his kinsmen for the most part with much cordiality. Mrs. Rountree's demeanor was reserved, but she made no indication by words of what she thought or felt, being more than

willing to act upon Isaac's advice to all to avoid allusions to his case, and be specially careful of their questions put to him. The negro met his master with a greeting which showed that, whatever were his own thoughts, he was delighted to see his face again. Not a word or look of suspicion was bestowed upon him, and he capered with joy when told that they were going upon a visit to their home. The matter was managed with prudence. It was given out that Martyn had taken the boy away in order to sell him for the purpose of raising money for the fee of his counsel. Yet some suspected that his bail had decided to forfeit their bond and let him escape. After he was gone Isaac deported himself with his usual discretion. Having little to say to Martyn during the few days of his stay, he said less about him after. Whenever a neighbor referred to the case he expressed the rather confident hope that the charge would be disproved. A good point was scored for the defendant when, a week before the spring term of the court was to open, he returned

looking the same as always. Isaac exhibited much cheerfulness, considering his serious temper, and to every one whom he met avowed now utmost confidence.

"At first," he said, "I was quite uneasy about Will; for, wild as he is, I have a warm affection for him, and I would be deeply pained by any great misfortune, or indeed, by anything that would put upon him severe suffering from any cause. Now I haven't a doubt but that he will be able to clear himself entirely from all the suspicious circumstances which at first seemed to accuse him so strongly. He has an impetuous temper, and he loved poor Brother James very dearly; but it was not easy for me to believe that he would put himself before so many others who, as he well knew, must feel that loss more painfully than himself; and then I could hardly believe that, from a mere feeling of revenge, he could have been driven to do a thing like that in such a way. For I have never known a braver man than him, nor one less habituated to concealing his thoughts, feelings and actions."



## ABSENT.

BY ELLEN BURROUGHS.

My friend, I need thee in good days or ill,  
 I need the counsel of thy larger thought;  
 And I would question all the year has brought—  
 What spoil of books; what victories of will;  
 But most I long for the old wordless thrill,  
 When on the shore, like children picture-taught,  
 We watched each miracle the sweet day wrought,  
 While the tide ebb'd, and every wind was still.

Dear, let it be again as if we mused,  
 We two, with never need of spoken word  
 (While the sea's fingers twined among the dulse,  
 And gulls dipped near), our spirits seeming fused  
 In the great Life that quickens wave and bird,  
 Our hearts in happy rhythm with the world-pulse.

## QUEENS OF THE SHOP, THE WORKROOM AND THE TENEMENT.

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS.\*

"Queens you must always be; queens to your lovers, queens to your husbands and your sons; queens of higher mystery to the world beyond, which bows itself, and will forever bow, before the myrtle crown and stainless sceptre of womanhood."—Ruskin.

"As the unwise, inequitable and defective features of our present economic conditions inevitably tend to reduce all who live by their own labor to debasing poverty and dependence, and as the suffering and degradation resulting from this system bear most heavily upon women who support themselves by their own labor. . . . We have formed the Working Women's Society, believing that relief and rescue for those women now oppressed and wronged cannot come without their united effort and mutual association."—Preamble to the Constitution of the Working Women's Society.

TO enumerate the different trades by which women in New York are endeavoring—not to live—that for many of them is as utterly unattainable a goal as the end of the rainbow—but simply to postpone as long as possible their appearance at the morgue or the cemetery—to attempt to do this would be useless.

Briefly they may be divided into certain broad classes, such as medicine, literature, education, manufactures and domestic service. Under medicine we include the lady doctor and the unskilled hired nurse; under literature we shade down from the editor or fashionable lioness, through typewriters, stenographers and compositors to the book stitchers and folders and the gold-leaf girl; while manufactures covers everything from silk weaving to buttonhole making. Now in all these trades or professions it remains emphatically true that there is "room at the top." The woman of exceptional ability, who knows her niche in life and climbs upward to it with unflinching courage

and unswerving will, usually attains it, though often at the price of treading under her more feeble sisters. The editor of a popular paper or magazine does not often quarrel with her salary; the fashionable milliner or dressmaker can command her own price; the lady professor has her own work and her own reward.



A "SWEATER" SHOP.

But queens?

Which is correct, Ruskin or the Working Women's Society?

To the credit of the noble profession of letters let it be spoken, it knows no distinction of sex. "There is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female,"

\* Author of *Metzerott, Shoemaker*.

when one comes within the sound of a printing press, chiefly because what is wanted is work of a certain kind and grade; and also, in the lower ranks of the profession, because of the intelligence and strong organization of the Typographical Union, which admits women upon exactly the same footing as men. Compositors receive on an average twelve dollars a week; their work is piece work entirely, their hours are comparatively short, and the wages in almost every instance sure.

Stenographers and typewriters have often a hard struggle to secure a foothold; they have unions, but they are rather social clubs than trades-unions; their wages run from six or eight dollars a week up to twelve and even eighteen; their success usually depends upon their own business ability; and they receive in all but the rarest instances all that their employers agreed to pay them.

Education is considered the peculiar business of women; perhaps for that very reason it is one of the worst-paid businesses in the world; the salaries of men who engage in it are double those of the women, who do better work and more of it.

Into the servant-girl question we shall not go at present; it would in itself require a volume; and there remains therefore the one department of manufactures.

Among these there are four trades which are not injurious—that is a weak word—but murderous to women. These are artificial flower making, cigar or cigarette making, working on ostrich feathers, and sewing in all its forms. I may also mention the girls who work in soap factories, and whose business it is to wrap the separate cakes, while hot, in paper. The caustic soda used in the manufacture first turns their nails yellow, then eats away the ends of their fingers. There seems no way to help this, as the deftness of touch required would be of course impossible if the workers wore gloves. It is indeed only possible to any given set of workers for a very short time; but there are always plenty to take their places when they drop out, and though one wonders sometimes what becomes of them there does not seem to be any answer. A machine which should wrap the soap and save their fingers would also throw the majority of them out of employment, and they would probably bitterly oppose its introduction.

The arsenic used in making artificial flowers is, in about two years, almost invariably fatal to the workers, who exhibit all the symptoms of arsenical poisoning—sores on the face and hands, swelling of the limbs, finally nausea and convulsions. Arsenic is, however, about the cheapest dye that can be used.

Workers in tobacco suffer from nicotine poisoning, which kills in a less repulsive manner but no less surely; and the feather workers suffer also from poisonous dyes used in the manufacture; the slightest prick of a finger with the needle allows the dye to mingle with the blood.

The mention of the needle, that ancient emblem of womanhood, brings us to sewing women of all grades: cloak makers, shirt makers, everything makers. At first glance this trade seems healthful enough, and so indeed, in itself, it is. And it is so pleasant, so thoroughly womanly, to sew; there are so many bright fancies stitched into the work or evolved by the whirl of the sewing machine.

It seems inhumanly cruel, therefore, to make this special trade the means of the most grinding oppression that can be or is practised upon woman.

But why should one trouble to write about this class of workers, or indeed, any class? What good does it do?

"Yes," said one woman with whom I spoke, "there was a lady around here about three years ago asking them same questions, but it didn't help nobody."

"No, I suppose not," I said.

"Then why do they ask them?" she returned, with absolute justice. This woman was out of work, but better off than some, inasmuch as she had neither husband nor children to support. She has worked hard all her life and is now past middle age, thin and worn, with a face of quiet hopelessness and long, thin, pathetic hands.

She is a very fair specimen of the American working woman, the development of the girl who comes to the city full of hope and energy to "get work." She has been told that industry and economy are the highroad to wealth, but she does not aim at wealth, only to lay by a little against a rainy day. So she hires a furnished room and does her own cooking—Heaven save the mark!—a cup of very strong tea and baker's bread! Upon this,

with sometimes a "relish," she makes two meals a day, and she works twelve, fourteen, sixteen, eighteen hours. Consequently when youth leaves her, which it does very speedily, health goes with it; she has no reserve force of vitality to draw upon, for overwork and underfeeding have exhausted that as she went along; she drops out of the ranks and goes—where? God knows; may He help her!

The woman of whom I have spoken is or was a cloak maker. "I make the cloak," she said, "all but the machine stitching and pressing; yes, ma'am, buttonholes and all. If I'm kep' busy all the time, and no delays, I can make six dollars a week, but there's a many delays. The boss he says, 'Now, I'll give you a dollar and forty cents or a dollar and fifty cents for that jacket,' he says, 'or that plush coat,' and that doesn't sound bad. But when I baste it together and send it to be stitched, the stitcher's work is ahead of mine, and I must wait half an hour or an hour to get it back again, for I've no other coat to work on between whiles. Then when I've done it all there's maybe no more work ready, and I wait—I've waited as much as three days—to get some more, and then been told there was no more for me. And the forelady, she can be very ugly when she likes; if she has a spite on you she gives you work you don't like, and if you name it to her, 'You can go,' she says. It's them Eyetalians that spoils everything," she went on; "they come over here and they'll work for next to no wages at all; an Eyetalian can live on ten cents a day, and no American can't do that, and they can run the machine faster than a woman."

"Them Eyetalians" and Polish Jews seem to be the bane of the clothing trade from the worker's side. In the department of ladies' cloaks as of men's clothing they reign supreme, and male foreigners are taking the places of American women because they work cheaper or, by reason

of their greater muscular strength, more rapidly. There are 1200 women tailors in New York working on men's clothing. These work from 5 or 5.30 A.M. until 7 and 8 o'clock P.M. The male worker receives eighteen dollars a week, and is expected to stitch up from twelve to fourteen coats a day; the woman finishes the same number and receives six dollars a week. That limit of six dollars is one which it seems almost impossible to overpass. She who can count upon it is considered fairly well off; nine dollars for the very few who attain it is absolute wealth.

Dressmaking is also a favorite industry with Italians. Almost any morning upon Broadway one may see one or two Italian women, bowed, miserable and filthy, each of whom carries upon her head a bundle about ten feet long, four or five broad, and of the same thickness. My own first impression regarding this sight was, "What a big bundle of rags!" But they are costly rags. She has received them from a fashionable clothing house, and she is carry-



A HOME IN THE ITALIAN QUARTER.

ing them home to the tenement where she resides. Here, amid filth and vermin inconceivable they are made into robes of the latest style, returned to the factory to be draped, and then may be seen behind the plate-glass windows of up-town stores. Some idea of the risk run by this method of manufacture may perhaps be gained from the fact that foremen and "foreladies" who come in contact with these



workers bring home living remembrancers to their up-town boarding houses.\*

Shirt-making has had a bad name as an industry since Hood wrote his Song of the Shirt; nor does the invention of the sewing machine appear to have benefited the worker. In this trade the average earnings are about four dollars a week; some make even less, others more. About five years ago, I am told, the average wages were about eight dollars; but within five months there were three reductions. The first the workers—at least those in one particular factory—took without rebelling, at the second they murmured, at the third they struck. "We were not organized," one of them said to me, "but we struck all the same, and organized afterward. Well, they held out for a while then they gave us one-half; the other half we got in August without asking." "And yet wages have steadily gone down," I said. "Because they broke up our organization," was the reply. "The next August they closed their factory on purpose, and the girls being thrown out of work drifted off in various directions. The employers did it to break up our organization." "What can women get who make shirts that retail at fifty cents?" I said. "Oh! those are made in reformatories," was the reply. "The House of the Good Shepherd, the Westchester Protector and others do this sort of work so cheap that business firms can't compete with them. Why, when we were on strike that time the House of the Good Shep-

herd worked straight along. The others all stopped, but that held straight on. They claimed it didn't interfere with us."

Let us be just. Perhaps it did not; perhaps the House of the Good Shepherd was then working on a special line of goods which did not compete with the strikers. Let us make every excuse possible. But oh! false shepherds unworthily called good, who foul the waters with your feet



CONSULTING THE UNION'S LAWYER.

so that the flock cannot drink thereof; who take from the streets girls who have been driven there by poverty, and use them as instruments to beat down wages, to tread down their struggling sisters into the mire from which they have been temporarily lifted. Only temporarily; for of what avail is it if you wash and clothe a girl and fill her mind with new thoughts and purer hopes; if you accustom her to greater comfort in the way of shelter, food and clothing than she ever dreamed was possible; or if you create in her new wants of flowers, books, and pictures? All these things are good, if you do them; but how shall they profit her, if with them you teach her a trade that she cannot live by? which you have taken pains to ruin for her. Find her a place in a factory and leave her. At the first cut in wages—even

\* The prices for which these Italians work and to which they are lowering or have lowered the wages of all the trade may be estimated from one instance. They make ladies' tea-gowns, except the button-holes, for a dollar and fifty cents a dozen.

sooner perhaps—she will remember that she already knows a trade far more lucrative. We try to be just; but does it not seem as though the saintly ministrants in these reformatories were as anxious to lay up treasures in heaven as are worldlings to do so upon earth, and so took pains to secure a perennial supply of the raw material?

All counters of cheap underwear are supplied from reformatories. Not long ago Mrs. L. M. Barry, well known as a Knight of Labor and defender of woman, found such preternatural bargains at Wanamaker's in Philadelphia that she determined to find out how he came by them. She obtained employment from him as a machine hand, and soon found out from the wages paid that the cheap goods were not of home manufacture. Further inquiry satisfied her that they, as usual, came from reformatories. Now, there is no reason for prejudice against prison or reformatory work as such, for in respect of cleanliness and good sanitary conditions it is preferable to much made outside. That to which the unions object is the low rate at which the work is contracted for, which injures those within the prison equally with those without.

Shopgirls, or salesladies, as they prefer to be called! Here the great evils are excessive hours, working overtime without extra pay, unwholesome sanitary conditions and excessive fines. Just here it may not be amiss to speak of the Working Women's Protective Union, No. 19 Clinton Place, whose special mission it is to collect wages which the worker cannot collect for herself. It has been in operation for twenty-seven years, and has collected in that time thousands of dollars' worth of wages due without one cent of cost to the person wronged. But fines are beyond the reach of even this Union; from them there seems no redress—though upon what principle a woman who receives seven dollars a week is fined thirty cents for ten minutes' tardiness I confess myself unable to see. Seven dollars is by no means the usual wages per week, which range from two to eighteen dollars, the latter to a girl with a good figure who can show off cloaks in the cloak department. In one store the fines in one year amounted to \$3000, which was divided between the superintendent and the timekeeper,

and the former was heard to charge the latter with lack of strictness. So much for the slave-drivers! The owners also have their pick at the bones of the slave; for in many houses employees are expected to take from two to three weeks holiday in the dull season at their own expense. This on a salary of, say, three dollars a week!

Is it possible to live pure, upright lives under such conditions? Thank God! it is possible, as is attested by the thousands who maintain their integrity in spite of all hindrances; but it is more than hard. It has been well said that, while men's wages cannot fall below the starvation line women's can, since the paths of shame are always open to her. This is a terrible factor in our political economy.



A SLAVE OF THE SHOPS.

Why write of these things? Where is the remedy? God help us if we cannot find one! For the souls of the coming generation lie in the hands of these women; and we shall never be the people we should and might be until we have learned that

it is the first and most important business of a nation to protect its women, not by any puling sentimentality of queenship, chivalry or angelhood, but by making it possible for them to earn an honest living.

For this, the only method is union among women, the best hope is in the women themselves. For men, hard as they have been to women workers, are now being driven by the pressure of their competition, by the effect which women's low rate of wages has had upon theirs, to see that their own interest demands her enfranchisement and elevation. The unions are opening to her, she has long been "free of the guild" among the Knights of Labor, whose preamble sets forth among the things to be accomplished by organization: "Equal wages for equal work, without regard to sex." The newly formed clothing unions are ready to welcome her; but woman shrinks back from organization, Heaven knows why! It is perhaps because in organization one finds the truest freedom, and woman has been a slave too long to know what freedom means. Then, too, we are so hard upon each other, we women; it is so difficult to make us trust one another, to bind us together, to create in us a feeling of real sisterhood. And our weakest point is just where our strongest should be; it is in those women workers who have found or made a standing-place for themselves and who by no means wish to be classed as working women. What could not the educated workers of New York do for their struggling sisters—teachers, writers, stenographers, and such like? It would have been amusing to a student of human nature had it not been so infinitely sad, to watch the look of scorn which rose to the surface at the question, "Can you give me any points about your business? I am studying the working women of New York—" "I know nothing about working women," came the quick, short answer.

Some of the things that might be done are shown to us by the two societies already quoted. The Working Women's Society aims to organize women, to teach them the strength and self-respect that organization brings.

Among its remaining aims as set forth in the preamble are to enforce existing

laws for the protection of women and children in factories, to investigate and protest against all violations of these laws, and to promote further legislation on this subject, to found a labor bureau, and to secure for both sexes equal pay for equal work.

On May 6, 1890, a mass meeting was held at Chickering hall under the auspices of this society and over 100 clergymen. "A Report on the condition of Women and Children in the New York retail stores" was read, which ought to have caused the very stones to cry out. A preamble and resolutions were adopted, and it was attempted to start a consumer's league, the members of which should pledge themselves to buy at only such stores as should be included in a white list, to be prepared by a committee. To this white list—the obverse of a boycott—there could be no possible objection, provided a sufficient number of stores could be found where employees are treated fairly well; but will it be possible to find consumers enough to found the league?

Wealthy women of New York, attention! This is your business. Will you give up your bargain counter—for it is the wealthy who seek bargain counters—for the sake of your suffering, starving sisters?

The work of the Protective Union, as already explained, is very different, but equally needful. It would seem that small as the wages are, it is a mere matter of course that the workers should receive them when they are due; but whether this be so or not the books of the Union abundantly testify. Some methods of defrauding an employee it has almost broken up, such, for example, as taking girls on trial without wages to learn a business, and when they asked to be paid, turning them off and taking on a new set. The Union has taught the workers to demand a written contract, the keeping of which it stands ready to enforce. Against other wrongs it is powerless, but this of violation of contract it sets straight with all its might; its scope is limited, but it does well all that it attempts without money and without price. No officer is allowed to receive any salary; the lawyer has given his services gratis for twenty-three years; each case is carefully and impartially investigated, and if the money is due payment is enforced if there is any property to levy upon. If not,

the offender may be imprisoned for fifteen days if a man ; if a woman there is no redress—a bit of chivalry on the part of the law which appears, after the facts we have been considering, exceedingly ill-timed, when taken in connection with the fact that your most arrant and barefaced defrauder of her working people is your high-class, fashionable dressmaker.

A small attempt on the part of the workers to help themselves is the Coöperative Shirtmakers, 770 Third avenue. It was a little pathetic to hear from them that they have been together five years, "longer than most coöperative things hold together." They are thoroughly bright, in-

telligent women, large-hearted and large-minded, with full sympathy and sisterly love for their sex. Not all of their members work together ; of those who do, no one receives more than her regular wages ; the profits, if any, are divided between a sinking fund to increase the business and a benefit fund for sick members.

I have not tried to exhaust this subject, in fact it is inexhaustible ; only to say such things as may perhaps open the eyes of some one person to the lives that are being lived through around us. And yet, what good will it do ? But God help us all unless we change this state of things, and that right speedily !



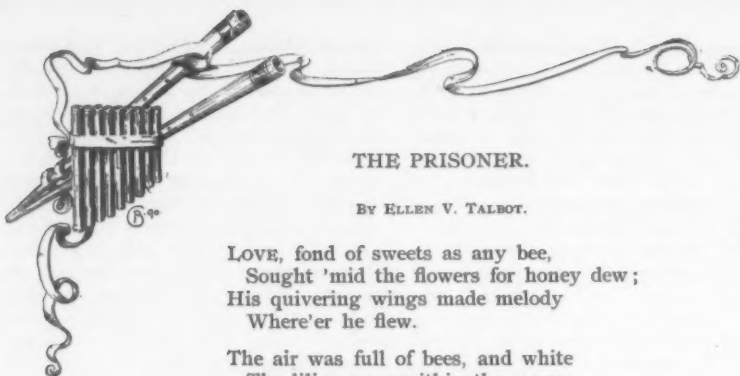
## AT EVENTIDE.

BY S. ELGAR BENET.

OH, fairest hour of all, when to its close  
The day, declining, greets a golden death,  
Doth hush to resignation and repose  
Endeavor's struggle and Ambition's breath !

That heav'n, which to our eager, childish quest  
Was just beyond the blue, is sure more near ;  
The sky leans closer to the earth's brown breast,  
And bends to touch the distant gleaming mere.

Like gowned and cowlèd monks at ev'ning dim,  
Speeding a soul departing on its way,  
The silence-prayer, the breeze, a passing hymn,  
The gath'ring shadows, speed the waning day ;  
While, faint, a star, the harbinger of night,  
Lengthens its rays o'er fields of fading light.



## THE PRISONER.

BY ELLEN V. TALBOT.

Love, fond of sweets as any bee,  
Sought 'mid the flowers for honey dew;  
His quivering wings made melody  
Where'er he flew.

The air was full of bees, and white  
The lilies grew within the grass;  
Deep in a lily, out of sight,  
I saw Love pass.

When such a flower a bee has sought  
And ventured o'er its silver brim,  
I have oftimes the petals caught  
And prisoned him.

There, safe from fear of angry stings,  
I oft have held him, short or long,  
To listen to his beating wings  
And angry song.

And now, about the flower where Love  
Had hid himself to taste its wine,  
My fingers clasped the god above,  
And he was mine!

"Now, Love," I cried, "thy sharpest dart  
Must idle lie, its use is vain;  
Thy songs shall echo in my heart  
Without the pain."

His fluttering wings, with nervous power,  
Made broken music as they beat.  
Oh me! the music in that flower,  
How sad, how sweet!

It seemed with dreams my heart to throng.  
Enthralled I stood; when suddenly  
It failed, it ceased—could I too long  
Have held my bee?

My hand no more the lily pressed,  
I put apart the leaves instead;  
There, with his torn wings on his breast,  
Young Love lay dead.





## ANOTHER WORLD.

BY CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

THE astronomers have again made an unexpected, a marvellous and altogether a most original discovery.

They have just found out a world which has neither hours, days, nights, weeks, months, years nor centuries—a world without an almanac.

This world is not far off astronomically speaking. A telegram or a telephonic message would reach it in five minutes. It belongs to the same celestial circuit as ourselves. It is one of the globes of our solar system. It is Mercury.

Yes, Mercury, that beautiful star bathed in the lucent fires of the solar rays, who was identified with Hermes by the graceful and ancient mythology of the Greeks and personified by having wings attached to his feet, making him the nimble-footed messenger of Olympus, the faithful companion of Apollo, and at a late day the god of doctors, apothecaries, thieves, traffic and gain; Mercury, whom we but seldom catch sight of in our latitudes because he always stays too near the sun and swims into our vision only as a morning or an evening star less brilliant and more fugitive than Venus; a planet in fact that astronomers have been watching for thousands of years, and that our first parents in the Garden of Eden were no doubt able to contemplate in the half dream which precedes the hour of rest and that of awakening. Yes, Mercury has recently been the object of new and scrupulous investigations, and from what has been made out it would seem that he merely circles round the sun in such a way that he constantly presents to that luminary the same unvarying hemisphere. This is certainly something novel and altogether unexpected.

Astronomers have hitherto thought that Mercury rotated like our earth in twenty-four hours, and for the following reasons:

The geographical outlines on the surface of Mercury are very difficult to observe. They are weak, pale and ill-de-

fined. As moreover this planet turns round the sun in an orbit included within that of the earth, a moment of reflection will show that Mercury is nearest to us when he passes between the sun and the earth. But at that time he turns his dark side toward us, so that the conditions are obnoxiously adverse to telescopic research. At better hours when, half an hour or an hour after sunset or before sunrise, he is in quadrature and can be seen with the naked eye, he appears through the instrument in the shape of a small half-moon. This phase as he approaches our earth is gradually changed to that of a very slender crescent. To see Mercury with rounded form and fully illuminated orb we must choose the periods when he passes beyond the sun. He is then at a great distance from us, very small in size, and eclipsed by the dazzling blaze of the solar light.

It will thus be seen that the chances for a proper physical observation of this planet are extremely meagre. Nevertheless toward the close of the last century several astronomers, and among these more especially Schroeter, devoted their attention to the task. The result of their investigations showed that Mercury underwent little change in appearance from one night to another, and that the spots seen today for instance would be seen again tomorrow at the same hour of observation. And the inference was drawn that this globe rotates like the earth in about twenty-four hours.

Of this however, we were not quite sure, because the spots on Mercury's surface were never seen to move from one edge across to the other edge, as is the case with Mars or Jupiter. In observing the latter, three hours are sufficient to establish beyond doubt that they rotate on their own axes. But Mercury does not remain long enough above the horizon to let the eye follow his career for several hours.

Matters had thus stood for about a hundred years when one of the most laborious and skilful of living astronomers,

M. Schiaparelli, director of the observatory at Milan, to whom science is already indebted for the discovery of the enigmatic canals on the planet Mars, and the still more enigmatic duplication of those canals, resolved to apply that excellent instrument which had wrought such wonders in the case of the planet Mars to the minute study of Mercury, and he at once went to work.

As Mercury sets almost immediately after sunset or rises but shortly before sunrise, the great Italian astronomer soon found that he had nothing to expect from a single hour of observation each day, and that some other mode must be adopted to overcome the difficulty. This was the more evident as in order to be able to explore the full disk he had perforce to select those epochs when the planet approaches the time of its greatest elongations. The only means left was to observe Mercury, not in the morning or the evening, but by day, in the full blaze of the sun, and when the planet was in close propinquity to the dazzling orb.

That is what the Milan astronomer has done, and success has crowned his endeavors.

For seven years—he commenced his observations of Mercury in 1882—he has turned to profitable account those best days when sun and atmosphere were most calm and pure, directing his equatorial toward the planet when nearest to the solar orb, and making drawings of what his eagle eye could discover on its surface.

He has thus been able to obtain several hundred sketches.

On all of these drawings, each of which confirms the other, may be seen long gray streaks that possibly represent seas or forests. The streaks do not move over the planet's disk as clouds might do, but remain immovable, fixed as the soil of Mercury itself. Several of the streaks assume rather singular shapes. For instance, there is in the west an arrangement which figures to all appearance a huge 5.

These streaks do not move away; at whatever hour of the day or period of the year they are sought they are to be found. Whether the planet is to the right or left beyond the sun, and whether affording

to our eye a full disk, a half-moon or a crescent, those streaks are always to be noted at the same spot on Mercury's globe.

And again, no other streaks are ever to be seen unless they happen to be some white passing clouds.

They are permanent. Mercury revolves round the sun in eighty-eight days, constantly presenting to that luminary the same hemisphere streaked with the geographical outlines in question. Thus Mercury circles round the sun just as the moon does round the earth, with the same side always turned toward the central orb of our system.

But with this result: that the conditions of life and the measurement of time are very different as regards Mercury from those connected with our satellite. While the regular movement of rotation of the latter gives to the moon days and nights fifteen times longer than our own, the circling motion of Mercury affords perpetual daylight to that side of his sphere which is turned toward the sun and perpetual darkness to the opposite side.

Such a state of things must certainly entail the strangest conditions of existence.

It is much the same as if the sun for instance never sank below the horizon for us and never rose above it for our antipodes. The sun everlastingly hovers at the zenith of the central point in the diurnal hemisphere; it does not however remain absolutely motionless. As Mercury revolves round the orb of day while describing, not the circumference of a circle, but an elongated ellipse, an irregularity in its movements results by which the sun seems to slowly poise—or appear stationary—in the heavens of the Mercurians on either side the zenith of the central meridian to which I have just alluded. Thus he glides on the east as well as on the west as far out as  $23^{\circ} 41'$  on either side—his oriental excursion taking up fifty-one days and his occidental one thirty-seven, or eighty-eight days in all, which is time of Mercury's orbit round the sun.

This alternate movement has for effect to give sunlight to the dark side of Mercury's sphere to an extent however not exceeding an angle of  $23^{\circ} 41'$  from the mean line separating the two hemi-

spheres. But all the central regions of the side opposite that facing the sun are condemned to perpetual darkness.

It is endless day on one side and endless night on the other. Dante has described the former in his ineffable circles of Paradise and the latter in the asphaltic lake of outer darkness in the Inferno.

On the one side is light and always light; on the other never-ending gloom. The diurnal hemisphere has the sun constantly on the equator. Fancy yourself in Colombia, Guiana, the Congo, to the south of Senegal, in Zanzibar, Sumatra, at Borneo, New Guinea or in the islands of the Malaysian sea with the sun at its zenith vertically darting down its rays upon your head. And what a sun! Mercury is on an average only thirty-six millions of miles from the sun, while we are at about ninety-five millions of miles. The great orb of day appears seven times larger as viewed from his surface than as seen by us, and sends on an average seven times more light and heat. I say on an average, because, as we have seen, the planet follows in his course an elongated ellipse so that every forty-four days it attains a maximum and a minimum of distance. In the first case the solar disk appears only four and a half times larger than with us; but in the other position it grows to be ten and a half times larger in size. What a focus of light and heat! We sometimes complain of the heat of our distant sun; but what is our luminary when compared with the dazzling brazier of Mercury? It is as if ten suns converged over our heads at the summer solstice whose united rays poured down at noon their concentrated heat upon us; and this not for a season only, but ever and ever. Mercury's seas must be oceans of boiling water.

A perpetual day! There is neither evening nor morning. There is no night.

There are no stars, and consequently there is no astronomy, no apparent movement of the heavens. There are no hours.

Mercury has no satellite. It follows there are no months, no weeks, no measure of time that way.

Neither are there any years. When would they begin or end? Here on our earth the year is made up of a certain number of days and nights. But how conceive a year where the day is without end?

Doubtless the sun periodically seems to increase and diminish in size and the temperature also varies considerably. These would constitute seasons of a new order. Have Mercury's inhabitants guessed that they circle round the sun? and that the variation in the distance of that orb accounts for the difference in the size of the brazier suspended over their heads? These strange seasons seem to be the only measure of time nature has given them.

No night! And doubtless no sleep. Do they live better and longer? Do they grow old? They seem to be without days, years or any age. Perhaps it is the land where people never die.

The atmosphere they breathe would seem to be more extended than our own and to be at times here and there overcast with condensations that look like clouds.

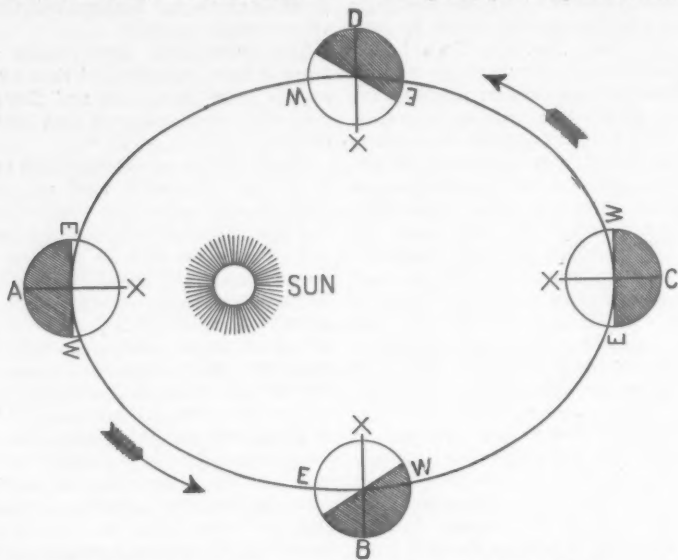
From such an arrangement the seasons would be distributed regularly, a maximum of heat prevailing in those central regions of the hemisphere facing the sun, and a maximum of cold existing in the central regions of the dark hemisphere. On the latter side extends the starry night suitable to astronomical studies, the observation of our earth that sparkles in their sky like a bright star, and beside which may be seen, even with the unassisted eye, to revolve the moon. It is not at all unlikely that the inhabitants have been led to organize trips to go from one hemisphere to the other when some in turn visit the regions bathed in a sunshine they had never beheld and others an unknown night and the marvels of a starry sky.

Seneca wrote two thousand years ago that if humanity had not been accustomed from the womb to those daily wonders it would know better how to appreciate them; and that if there was a country in the world where the starry sky would be revealed in its magnificence, reflective people would have undertaken voyages for the purpose of describing such infinite splendors. The world which the astronomers have just revealed is possibly the world Seneca had in his mind when he wrote. Let us hope that it contains no Neros and that the Senecas in it do not meet death by having their four veins opened in a bath.

NOTE BY GARRETT P. SERVISS.—The explanation of Mercury's libration in longitude, which causes the apparent oscillation of the sun in the heavens as seen from the sunward hemisphere of that planet, may be put in this way, as illustrated by the accompanying diagram :

The orbit of the planet being elliptical, and the sun being in one focus of the ellipse, the velocity of the planet's motion in its orbit is unequal. The nearer the planet is to the sun the faster it moves ; the farther, the slower. But the planet rotates only once on its axis in describing a revolution around the sun, and this axial ro-

revolution having elapsed, be pointed in a direction at right angles to that which it had at A. Consequently, as the diagram shows, X will now no longer be in the centre of the illuminated hemisphere, which will have moved toward E, while a part of the planet on the side E, which had previously been in shadow, will have come into sunlight and a corresponding part on the side W will have gone into shadow. As seen from X the sun will have appeared, in the course of the planet's journey from A to B, to swing from a position directly overhead toward the horizon on the side E. After passing B the planet's velocity in



tation is performed with perfectly equal velocity, being independent of the cause which makes the orbital velocity unequal. Suppose the planet starts from perihelion at A. It then has its greatest orbital velocity, and in one quarter of the whole period of revolution it moves to B, which is more than one quarter of the whole distance around the orbit. But since the motion of rotation is uniform, and as one complete rotation is performed in the course of one revolution, the end of the diameter X, which was pointed directly toward the sun from the centre of the illuminated hemisphere at A, will at B, having now performed one quarter of a rotation (one quarter of the whole time of

its orbit will gradually decrease until it reaches C; there, having performed another quarter of a rotation, X will again point directly toward the sun. Between C and D the sun, as viewed from X, will appear to swing toward W, and between D and A it will swing back again into its original position overhead.

It is evident from the diagram that the ellipticity of the orbit alone causes a libration in longitude, but this is largely increased by the inequality of the planet's orbital velocity. The actual orbit, however, is by no means so eccentric as that here represented, so that the effect due to simple ellipticity is much less than would appear from an inspection of the drawing.



HARNESS SHOP.

## DESERTION AND THE MILITARY PRISON.

BY CAPTAIN J. WORDEN POPE, COMMANDANT U. S. MILITARY PRISON.

THE amount of interest that has been increasingly manifested during the last few years in the subject of desertion from the United States army is astonishing to contemplate. From the rapid manner of its development one would suppose that a new crime had been discovered, originating in a particular germ which it was only necessary to determine in order to effect a cure. The search for the causes of desertion has been indefatigable, the dissertations upon the theme numerous and the conclusions manifold. Officers of the army have, in official reports and in public journals, expressed their views, soldiers have written their opinions, nor have deserters themselves been too modest to air their notions, and it has been thought lately that officers promoted from the ranks, from the double position they have occupied, might be able to solve the problem. Its causes have been laid to the hardships of a soldier's life, to the monotony of his existence, to excessive duties, to ostracism from society, to insufficient food, to poor barracks, to dearth of amusements, want of education, even cruelty of officers, and

to innumerable matters affecting the personal comfort or social condition of the soldier.

In spite of all that has been written upon this theme, the crime of desertion is not by any means new, is not on the increase, nor is there, properly speaking, any special cause for its prevalence more than for murder, theft or other of the ordinary criminal acts, nor is there any single elixir for its extinction. On the contrary, desertion has been the great evil of the American army from its organization down to the present day, and though its prevalence has varied more or less during one period or another, it is doubtful whether it has averaged during any decade much less than ten per cent. of the strength of the regular force. Its fluctuations have probably borne a closer relation to the labor market than to any other one determinant, greater when labor is dear, less when labor is cheap. So long as the conditions of the service and of the soldier remain substantially as at present, the amount of desertion will probably not materially diminish. The causes of desertion are as numerous



as the vicissitudes of the army service and as varied as the characteristics of the classes from which soldiers are drawn. In all the circumstances of army life and in the characters of the enlisted men must be found the so-called causes of desertion, nor is it by any means certain that a disciplined standing army can be maintained under conditions so regulated as to completely eradicate this crime, though much

of the regular army remain unnoted, un-honored or disdained. The pride with which the more military nations distinguish their soldiery is withheld from the soldier of the American army, who has neither vote nor voice in the government he serves. The service, therefore, does not offer to the more self-respecting citizens inducements sufficient to incline them to enter or to remain in the nation-

al force and thereby build up a rank and file proud of their profession and devoted to their calling. This is clear from the fact that while all civil positions under the government are eagerly sought, the army has great difficulty in securing good material to keep up its small maximum.

Deprived of the honor elsewhere accorded the profession of arms—the most potent instrumentality in making worthy soldiers—



HOSPITAL WARD.

may be and doubtless is being done to diminish its frequency. Consider the peculiar situation of the regular army of the United States. It is composed of a maximum of 25,000 rank and file taken from a population of 65,000,000 inhabitants, the least warlike, probably, of all nations on earth. It is almost unknown to the populace except during the rare periods when some great war or mob violence draws it into the focus of the public gaze; and even during the greatest war of our history its soldiery were lost in the midst of the volunteer hosts which absorbed the entire glory, to the ignoring of the great function the regular army so well performed, of leavening the mass hastily brought together with a degree of military knowledge and intelligence. So far as known, the standing army is either disparaged or regarded as a necessary evil by the people. The officers, by their conspicuous position, or worthy achievements in the past, may have earned the respect and admiration of the nation; but the rank and file

and wanting the surroundings attractive to the better classes, the army is forced, in order to secure the requisite number, to accept to a limited extent doubtful material, which composes the bulk of deserters.

The character of the American people from which the military element is drawn fixes the quality of the national force. Amidst our vast population there is a large number of restless, roving individuals incapable of remaining long in one place or occupation, who have been allowed to drift into the army. The discontented, dissatisfied nature of these men drives them to abscond from the service so soon as their uncontrollable restlessness seizes them. These include the chief part of the deserters from the army. The steady, industrious, deserving citizens are seldom brought into contact with the military force except in special localities, and therefore they learn little or nothing of it; while the itinerant, vagrant individuals acquire most of the knowledge possessed by the populace

concerning the regular army, and consequently this element forms in a large measure the sentiment of the public toward the army and regarding the crime peculiar to that body. This leads to the consideration of the two prime factors tending to render the crime of desertion so frequent, causes which have by no means been accorded the prominence requisite to a correct appreciation of the subject. The first is the undoubted fact that desertion is not in reality regarded as a crime by the public in general or by the soldiers themselves. This bold statement may be surprising but is nevertheless the literal truth. The only class out of the 65,000,000 people composing this great nation which looks upon desertion as a crime will be found in the 2500 officers of the army, far too insignificant in number, too slightly known, too little understood to leaven the vast lump with their beliefs. Though individual citizens may have the requisite knowledge and individual soldiers the professional pride to properly characterize this greatest of

deserter as an unfortunate victim. Abnormal as such a state of affairs may be, it is nevertheless the natural effect, so far as the civilian is concerned, of his circumstances under our peculiar form of government. An act may be made punisha-



PRISONERS AT DINNER.



DORMITORY.

all military crimes under its true significance, the mass of the one class and the other simply look upon the act as a venial breach of contract or simple infraction of military rules, and the convicted

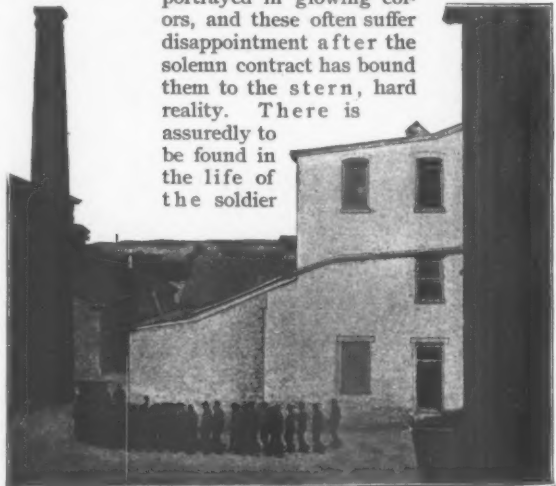
ble to any degree by statute, but to stamp it with the stigma attaching to the word crime, a public sentiment is indispensable, as we may see by the innumerable acts in violation of revenue or customs or prohibition laws, of which reputable citizens may be guilty without incurring disgrace in the minds of their fellow men. This is peculiarly true with respect to United States statutes, for the reason that the citizen is accustomed to recognize almost all crimes as punishable by common law, state statutes or local ordinances, which control nine-tenths of his life. The average civilian knows nothing at all of the army, which is to him like a foreign institution. Brought up under conditions of peace, with no personal, scarcely an hereditary, knowledge of war, the slight conception he acquires appertains to his forebears, who probably were volunteers, soldiering for a particular emergency. Accustomed also

to the utmost freedom in choosing and giving up his occupations, he cannot even comprehend the necessity for compulsory continuance in any one employment. It is easy to see how he might look upon a summary exodus from any service as not only not a crime, but as a pardonable act, and it is difficult to conceive how he could understand the gravity of the crime of desertion or "running away from the army." With the soldier the case should be different, but it is to be remembered that he comes from the same class as the citizen and is permeated with the same ideas. However erroneous or reprehensible may be the view of the soldier in reference to desertion, he undoubtedly does place that act in the category of excusable statute-made offences rather than condemn it as a crime. The bearing of this state of public, even military, opinion upon the extent of the crime of desertion is evident.

The second paramount influence, too often ignored in an analysis of the subject of desertion, is the striking fact that deserters are so rarely arrested and consequently so seldom punished that the fear of paying a penalty for their crime may almost be disregarded as a factor in preventing desertion. This will appear evident when it is known that scarcely more than ten per cent. of deserters are captured. No man would greatly dread being the tenth in estimating the consequences of any crime. The limited number of arrests is easily accounted for when the vast boundaries of this broad land are remembered, and the fact that all the ordinary machinery for the seizure of criminals is in the hands of the local police or state officials, having no definite relations to the United States authorities, and that the United States civil officers themselves have no duties in the premises, and in truth there is no compulsory requirement for anyone to make arrests, and the sympathy of the people works against assuming such disagree-

able functions. Under such circumstances the military authorities are almost helpless and could scarcely be expected to accomplish more than they do. Probably no such anomalous state of affairs exists in any other nation on earth.

Thus we find that the deserter suffers no reproach in the community to which he goes after absconding, and enjoys an almost complete immunity from punishment. Under such conditions it may be taken for granted that all but true soldiers will desert their colors if their inclinations prompt them so to do, and the investigation is reduced to considering why so many should choose to abandon their colors. One motive which has heretofore operated strongly in that direction is the great difficulty the soldier has encountered when he has desired to recede honorably from his enlistment contract. It is one of the essential traits of the restless class comprising deserters that they vehemently desire what is forbidden. The difficulty which has barred a departure from the service has doubtless been an incentive to many to break their allegiance to their profession, and having no deterrent fear of resultant punishment before their eyes they simply follow their inclination by deserting the service. There are undoubtedly instances where young men have entered the army from a desire to share the glories of a soldier's life, of which they have heard or read portrayed in glowing colors, and these often suffer disappointment after the solemn contract has bound them to the stern, hard reality. There is assuredly to be found in the life of the soldier



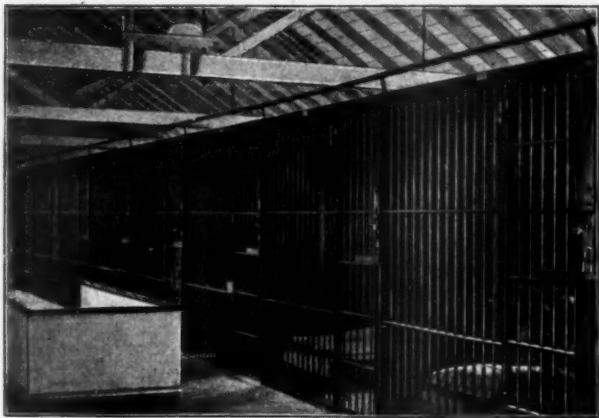
MARCHING TO DINNER.

much of the romance attached to it, but it is so difficult in the midst of romance mingled with real life to realize the romantic features.

The pleasures of the chase appear entirely different if pursued as a business necessary to procure food and raiment. The army service is not to blame if it fails to materialize the romantic dreams of young recruits, but nevertheless this may account for a modicum of desertions. The cause most generally assigned by deserters themselves for proving recreant to their trust,

and that which produces the greatest impression upon the public, is the ill-usage, cruelty or tyranny of superiors. To give credence to the tales of these deserters, one would be led to suppose, and many impressionable individuals appear to think, that the officers and non-commissioned officers of the army are a gang of evil-disposed men who have successfully combined to drive away or imprison the cream of the service. There may be instances where oppression drives soldiers to desert, but such cases are rare indeed. There is certainly not enough truth in these allegations to be counted into any serious analysis of the causes of desertion. Intemperance is also given by deserters the credit for their breach of faith in many instances, and is certainly a potent agency in this as in so many other crimes; still it is most probable that men intemperate in their appetite for strong drink would be ungovernable in their other passions were liquor withheld and that many of these would still become deserters. Drunkenness is, however, the immediate source of much desertion; a prolonged "spree" frequently ends in indefinite absence. Other minor reasons, such as want of amusements, hard work, inadequate food, etc., all capable of classification under the title of discontent, have more or less effect in instigating individual soldiers to leave the ranks.

These subjects are certainly receiving full attention from army officials, as witness the post libraries and reading rooms, post



OBSERVATION CELLS.

canteens, post gardens, etc., which are being added to the routine of the soldier's life.

It seems that all these minor motives, by whomsoever alleged, are subordinate to the two great factors mentioned, that there is no public opinion against desertion and no punishment for the deserter beyond the remote chance of capture expressed by the ratio one in ten. This immunity from arrest, enjoyed by deserters, adds an additional and very important stimulus to the perpetration of the crime. This is, that the deserter often tires of civil life and longs to return to the army routine he pretended to despise, and does not hesitate to gratify his whim by enlisting in some other part of the army than that from which he absconded. These men, illegally going from one regiment or company to another, constitute a body of professional deserters, called repeaters, extremely injurious to the morale of the service. It is said that one deserter perpetrated nineteen such fraudulent enlistments, and cases from five to ten are not uncommon. Besides swelling the annually reported total number of desertions, these men have a most demoralizing effect upon other soldiers. It has been stated that only about ten per cent. of the deserters are arrested. Even this small percentage includes those who voluntarily surrender

themselves, comprising no small part of the ten per cent. who suffer a penalty. On returning to the military authorities by capture or surrender, deserters, except those presenting sufficient grounds for restoration without trial, are court-mar-

tialed and are generally sentenced to imprisonment for periods varying from one to five years. The place of confinement is left to the discretion of the officer ordering the court, who reviews the proceedings. The guardhouse at some military post may be designated, the chief of which is situated at Alcatraz island, California, in which are confined most of

the deserters from organizations stationed west of the Rocky mountains. The main portion of all deserters from the army, however, is confined in the United States military prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, which was established by an act of Congress approved March 3, 1873, "for the confinement and reformation of offenders against the rules, regulations and laws for the government of the army of the United States, in which shall be securely confined and employed at labor, and governed in the manner hereinafter directed, all offenders convicted before any court martial or military commission in the United States, and sentenced according to law to imprisonment therein." The law seems to have contemplated the reformation of its inmates as soldiers, and their return to the service, but it was soon concluded that a man once having deserted the service or broken his oath is extremely liable to repeat the offence. It has since been the policy to give the convict all suitable opportunity to become a useful citizen by teaching him a trade or by steady labor, and his return to the service has been made possible only under stringent restrictions. While nowhere so stated, it may be inferred from the introduction of manufacturing for the army in the various

shops in the prison that the intention is to fit the inmate for civil rather than for military life.

The prisoners are employed upon manufactures exclusively for use of the army, in shops within the prison walls, and upon

outside work about the public grounds. The manufactures are for the quartermaster's department, and include boots and shoes issued to soldiers, mule harness, brooms for use in barracks and other public buildings, barrack chairs, company mess tables and benches, company desks and other furniture, tinware for company cooking ranges, clothing



TIN SHOP.

for prison uniform and for suits donated to prisoners on discharge, either from the prison or from guardhouses throughout the army, and for uniform of the prisoners confined at Alcatraz island; stone cutting for crossing and curbing required for walks about the prison grounds and the post of Fort Leavenworth; blacksmithing and wheelwright work needed in the repair of public wagons pertaining to the prison and post of Fort Leavenworth.

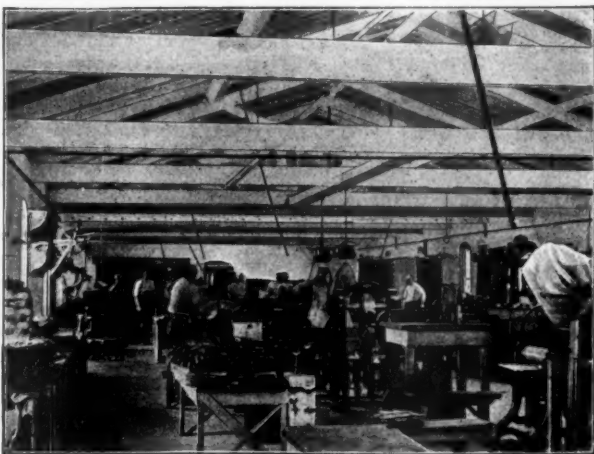
The outside work comprises the cultivation of a large farm on which are raised the vegetables required by the prisoners and part of the cereals used as forage, keeping in order the grounds about the headquarters of the department, sodding and grading, making and repairing roads about the reservation and such other work as may be ordered. The prisoners are divided into three classes, according to length of confinement and behavior. They live in open dormitories, required to be kept in a perfect state of cleanliness and good order. There is one floor of cells in which new arrivals are placed and the more unruly are kept. There is also one tier of cells, recently built, of open iron work, back, front and above, separated by boiler iron, which were originally designed as cells for the confinement and



observation of prisoners suspected of simulating insanity, which had been one of the great evils of the institution. To so great an extent had its practice been carried on that for ten years an average of three and one-half prisoners were sent to the government asylum for the insane at Washington. This is a new and peculiar adjunct to prison discipline, and the success of the experiment has been so complete that in over two years no prisoners have been sent to the government insane asylum. The prisoners eat in one common mess hall, and the cooking is done by steam. An electric plant has been latterly introduced and found to be an element of safety, healthfulness, convenience and economy. There are a few dark cells for the confinement of incorrigible offenders, but these are seldom resorted to except when prisoners are sentenced to such confinement by court martial, a provision for the trial of prisoners by court martial being included in the organic act. The prisoners are formed in military order when turned out for work in the prison yard at seven and one o'clock. The guard, consisting of 110 soldiers detailed for the duties of "turnkeys, guards and assistants in the prison," are formed in front of the columns of prisoners. The shop men are marched in columns of twos to their shops and the outside laborers to their places of employment, under the various sentries. The prisoners also march in military order to all other duties. There is a large bath room with a bathing capacity for fifty at a time, and the prisoners are required by law to bathe once a week, and may do so oftener when necessary. A capacious, well-appointed hospital is situated within the walls, where all sick are cared for under a capable army surgeon. The hospital attendants and cooks are prisoners detailed

for these purposes. The officers of the prison consist of a commandant, given by law the command and management of the affairs of the prison; a surgeon, chaplain, executive officer, adjutant, commander of the prison guard, commissary, quartermaster, and acting assistant surgeon. There is also detailed a hospital steward, acting hospital steward and a commissary sergeant.

The prisoners are allowed by Congress the full rations prescribed for soldiers, to which is added such vegetables as may be raised on the prison farm. It is the policy in this as in all humanely conducted prisons of this day to provide inmates required to do hard labor sufficient and wholesome food, and this is expressly enjoined by the act of establishment. A secular school has been recently added, to teach the rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic, also a photograph gallery in which are secured the photographs of all prisoners for file with their descriptions. The prisoners are allowed to shorten their term of confinement by earning five days per month during good behavior.



SHOE SHOP.

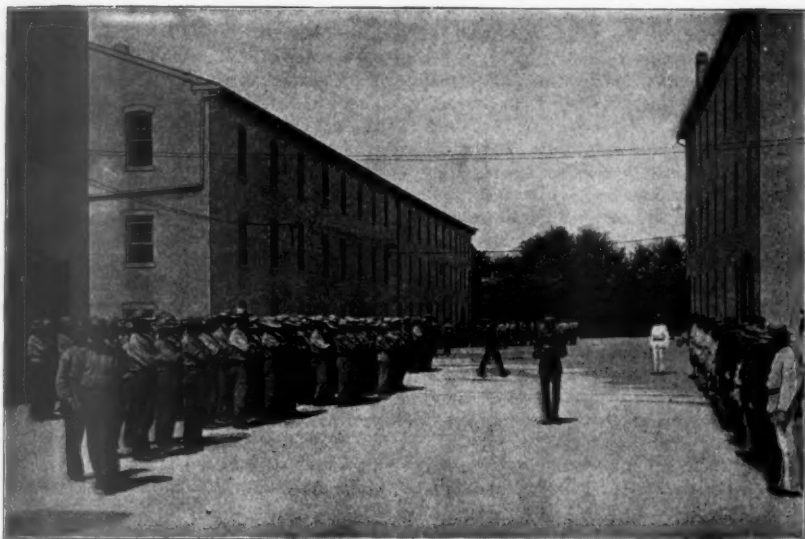
The punishments consist of forfeiture of "good time" earned, deprivation of privileges, locking in light cells on a restricted diet consisting of eight ounces of bread and meat for breakfast and dinner, to which is added eight ounces of bread for supper after twenty days under this pun-

ishment, and of confinement in a dark cell on eighteen ounces of bread and water for the serious infraction of the rules. The latter punishment may be inflicted by the commandant, in which case he must report the matter at once to the secretary of war. The discipline of the prison, which is wholly military, is based on the idea that desertion is a serious crime, and though the punishments are mild the exaction of perfect discipline raises the status of the prison to nearly that of a penitentiary, except that the law attaches no civil stigma to the inmate. All offences are strictly punished and perfect obedience is exacted. There is an impression abroad that cruel punishment and harsh treatment are necessary to make life in a prison distasteful to the convict, and the military prison has been criticised even in the halls of Congress as being too easy on its inmates. Such ideas arise in ignorance of the criminal character, especially of the ne'er-do-weels who constitute the main body of military criminals. It is not the strap, the oath, the shower bath, the dungeon, neither is it poor food, bad sanitation nor filth that such men most dread. What is most abhorrent to their natures is to be compelled to lead a sober, honest, industrious life under strict discipline. Yet it is this regimen which proves most effective in curbing their ill-regulated natures and is most conducive to reform. Everything compatible with discipline is done to build up self-respect, nothing allowed to debase it. Punishment follows intentional offences as inevitably as the law of nature. Such a system claims all the benefits of the most cruel code of punishment without any of the elements of inhumanity. The prisoners are allowed at all times, without fear of punishment, the right to make truthful or reasonable complaint to the commandant, who alone has the power of punishment. The prisoner has also secret access to the army inspector in his quarterly inspection and to the board of prison commissioners on their semi-annual visit, both of which the law expressly prescribes shall be made. He is also allowed at frequent intervals to appeal for clemency to the secretary of war.

When the military prison was established for the confinement of military offenders extravagant expectations were formed of its effects. Those were days

when enthusiastic prison reformers believed in a possibility of reforming all criminals. Such expectations were inevitably doomed to disappointment. The sober reformer of this day acknowledges that nothing short of the grace of God can alter the criminal instinct of fifty per cent. of criminals. The hereditary, the incorrigible, the wholly depraved criminals can never be made good men under any human system. When it was observed that desertion did not greatly diminish, the blame was thrown on the military prison. Of course it was a sufficient reply that it was absurd to expect to reform a whole class by confining ten per cent. thereof in any institution under any course of treatment. The fact that so few were captured was forgotten, however, and in the army and in Congress the claim was made that the mild treatment, good food and wholesome barracks induced soldiers to desert to gain admittance into the prison. Such critics forget that the criminal differs only in a degree from his fellow man, and that the great truth of humanity so well portrayed in the story of *Rasselas* applies in a greater degree to them than to other mortals. In truth, all criminals regard their term of confinement in any prison as so much time lost out of their lives, look eagerly to the time of their deliverance and will do almost anything to escape the enforced monotony of their daily existence. We may hear of men who are contented to remain in humanely conducted prisons, but no one is able to point out any single clearly defined specimen of such abnormal character. The military prison trains the convict to lead a sober, honest, industrious life, inculcates steady, good habits, teaches trades to those having aptitude, gives the rudiments of an education to the grossly ignorant, offers every opportunity for voluntary religious and moral observances, enforces cleanliness in person and surroundings, and thus includes all the humanitarian elements known to modern penology for the reformation of those incarcerated within its walls.

It may be seen from the foregoing that the prevention of desertion or its extinction is a difficult problem. However, all the data are in the hands of the War Department amidst its voluminous records, and greater, more intelligent efforts are directed toward its solution than have



FORMING FOR WORK.

ever before been known to the annals of the army. The chief desideratum must be to enlighten the public opinion so that it may grasp the all-important fact that desertion is the highest of military crimes, and that its suppression is necessary to the existence of a well-disciplined army. It is believed that no more is required to accomplish this aim than a fair presentation of the data in their true light. Doubtless it will be found after the present unreasonable ebullition of sympathy toward the deserter has passed away, as it inevitably must do under the light of the numberless treatises on the subject, that the people will realize the necessity of eradicating such uncalled-for demoralization of the regular army.

The second important requirement is far greater certainty of punishment, indicated by a greater number of arrests of deserters. The Plumb bill and other measures before Congress would greatly aid in this by putting in the hands of civil officers the duty of aiding in seizing deserters. The third requirement is to make the life of the soldier more attractive and his honorable withdrawal from the service easy, but toward these ends the War Department is doing all that is possible without legislation. The fourth and the most impera-

tive present need is to adopt some sure means of excluding from the army the professional deserter or "repeater." To do this effectually there must be some scientific method adopted to absolutely identify the deserter at the time he attempts to reënter the service. There have been adopted measures intended for this purpose, consisting of taking a full description, including marks, moles, scars, etc., on the person of all recruits entering the army. The fatal defect of this lies in the fact that a deserter must be suspected before anything can be done, and this first suspicion is the prime difficulty. Even after the suspicion is attained a conglomerate mass of descriptions without any definite guide must be groped over in order to fix the individual. The deserter entering the service will not be generally suspected unless some comrade betrays him, which is rare. The only competent measure yet proposed is that all recruits should be measured according to the Bertillon method of identification, which consists in taking the photograph and measures of the most changeless bony structures of the body, such as back and front of the skull, forearm, fingers, trunk, etc. These measures are classified so that any one among thousands may be found as

easily as a word in the cyclopædia, the numbers taking the place of letters, any one agreement in which will give the great desideratum of the suspicion. These measures once filed in the War Department together with the descriptive lists which have always been kept there, it would be the work of merely a few moments to compare any new description arriving for file, and if that of a deserter it could be at once recognized. In this way all deserters or other bad element could be prevented from reëntering the army and the dissemination of their evil ideas forever stopped. The objection urged that any scientific system of measures is degrading seems unworthy of serious thought. It may be said in conclusion that the War Department has, with the cordial coöperation of Congress, taken hold of the subject of desertion with an intelligent vigor and energy which promises a speedy solution, so

far as it is possible to solve so complicated a problem as is presented by the great prevalence of the crime now and always of desertion from the American army. There will never come a time, no doubt, when desertion will entirely cease in this or any other army, but that the magnitude of this great crime can long remain undiminished against the persistent efforts now being directed toward its suppression seems inconceivable.

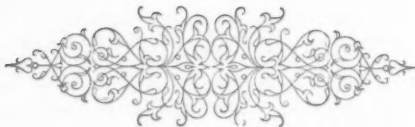
Let us hope that the day will soon dawn when its percentage will at least be expressed by fractions rather than by integrals, and that after all that is reasonable and just has been done to raise the soldier to a position of honor in the estimation of his country and of pride in his profession, the deserter will be driven from his false position of unfortunate victim and relegated to his true status of perjured malefactor.

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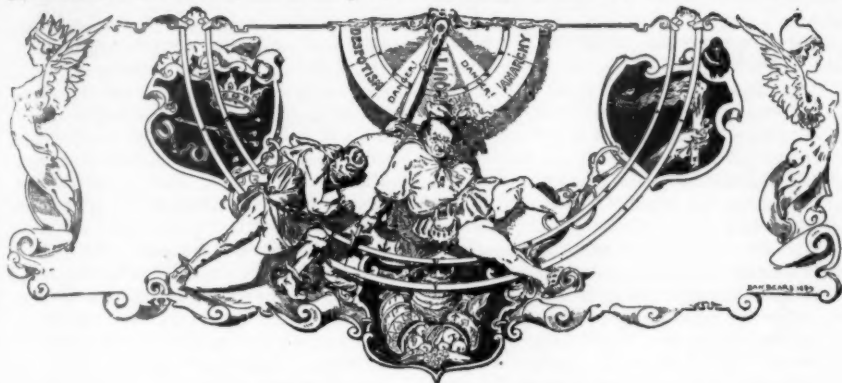
### MY SLEEPING CHILD.

BY FREDERICK A. STOKES.

My sleeping child, how holy seems  
 Thy pure face, smiling, as in dreams  
 Of angels, who are but thy kind!  
 Ah! in what sermon can I find  
 Such light as that which from thee streams,  
 To pierce throughout my soul's extremes,  
 Whose sad and heavy darkness teems,  
 With sullen care and passion blind?  
 Although my own heart little deems  
 Me worthy such a jewel's gleams,  
 Thou'rt mine, and, in my love enshrined,  
 Thou keepest guard o'er soul and mind,  
 My sleeping child!



## Social Problems, by Edward Everett Hale.



### THE PROMOTION OF LABORERS.

PEOPLE would discuss the problems of society a great deal better than they do if they knew better than they do what society is—what it is made of. Nay, it would improve matters somewhat if they would make some use of the knowledge they have, and refuse to carry on their discussions on the basis of the social order of 100 years ago, or 200 years.

Almost all the discussion of what people call the "labor question" is conducted in Europe by dainty people who never put their hands to hammer or plough, on the supposition that nine-tenths of the people in the world are ignorant drudges, digging ditches or holes, drilling holes in mines or wheeling coal. Society is described by such writers, as I have once before said in these pages, as being a pyramid, with a small and elegant apex of "comfortable, well-educated people like us," supported on a broad basis of people sometimes spoken of, indeed, as "mudsills," who are supposed to be ignorant, brutal and, as the old creeds say, incompetent of good, because they do not bring their brains to the help of their muscles—or "hardly ever" do so, as Captain Corcoran would say.

Now to take this single absurdity only, as an illustration. It would materially help in our discussions if people would find out the truth in that single affair.

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I SUPPOSE there is little doubt that 500 years ago or less this description was not an unfair description of the conditions of European society. In the single

matter of agriculture, the business of the farmer was pursued with what we should call the utmost toil and with very little relief for the work of men's muscles, or, for that matter, of women's. There were therefore months of hard labor required, which were very little lightened by any intellectual effort. The men who produced the food of the world were drudges, and were spoken of with contempt by all the élégants who carried the pen or who sang songs. But 500 years have changed all this. It has been the business of the last century, in particular, to compel the forces of nature to do the work which was once done by the muscles of men, and if the forces of inanimate nature cannot be made to do the work, we are able to use the muscular power of horses and oxen. Where we had to have our hoeing, our reaping, and our threshing done by men, we are now using work in a hundred ways where we did use labor—to make the precise distinction which should always be preserved between these words. The result of all this is that, speaking roughly, one man, with the various appliances which have been secured, produces in one day the wheat which one man uses in a year.

This is a convenient contrast between our social condition today and the social condition of 500 years ago, where the farmer and his family thought that they did well if, by a year's work, they produced the food of a year, the clothes for a year, and collected fuel for a year for the family. The old rhyme was fair enough :



"What does man require?"

Fire, food and clothes: What more?—Clothes, food and fire."

And if, as the 365 days went by, these three requisites were provided for, nine-tenths of the people in the social order were expected to be satisfied with the condition of life to which it had pleased God to call them. We must not wonder if the wits of those days and the people who were gifted with the art of writing chose to speak of these boors and drudges with the contempt with which they did speak. If any Jack Cade or other reformer tried to embody them together and to give to them together the direction of the state, we must not wonder if the wits and clerks found many reasons to doubt Jack Cade's wisdom and showed that the drudges were incompetent to the task of government. But by-gones are by-gones. Because all this was a valid argument against the introduction of such people into the government of the state, and consequently against trusting the state to a universal suffrage in which such people would give nine-tenths of the ballot, it does not follow that the language used in such satire or in such argument is to be used now.

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WE are careful enough now to obtain, in the statistics which are called precise, accurate information as to the make-up of the different classes in the society to which we belong. I am going to use, for what I shall say on the next page, the statistics which have been obtained for such purposes in the commonwealth of Massachusetts. But no one reads these pages intelligently who does not know that, from the very nature of the case, a like result would be obtained in any state north of Mason and Dixon's line. Indeed, the "states lately in rebellion" are coming to have very similar standards. It is not possible that any state in our system should maintain a condition widely different from any other. There is perfect ease of passage across any state line; men come and go as water finds its own level; and therefore the division which is true in one of them is very nearly if not quite true in another.

We know the exact proportion of the drudges in Massachusetts, who can use nothing but their weight and muscle in that subjugation of nature in which we are all engaged. As I have had occasion

to say before, these are the only people who, in a strict use of the English language, should be called "laborers." All people who use their brains for the direction of their physical labor and for lightening it to any considerable extent are, in the proper use of the English language, called "workmen." Here is the distinction, as I have intimated, between labor and work. The proportion of these drudges, or laborers, properly so-called, in Massachusetts to the number of other persons who are at work is as one to twenty-five. That is to say, they make one twenty-sixth part of the efficient forces of the people. There are not quite four per cent. of them. There are, indeed, in the general classification of them, not so many of them as there are of persons engaged in intelligent agriculture or of persons engaged in manufactures; there are not many more of them than there are of the dainty authors, writers, and professional men who are so apt to talk of "we" and "us" and "the cultivated classes," and to imagine themselves to be a "saving minority." If we come to talk of fragments, this fragment is a fragment as small as the fragment which sometimes implies that it would like to have everything given into its direction.

There is no quibble about words in this classification. It is not difficult to draw the distinctions. The farms in Massachusetts are generally so small that, on the average, each farm in that state employs one and a half men only. That is to say, the owner works on his own farm, and, from his family, or by hiring help, he is able to use the service of another man half the year. Now the very writers and critics who favor us with their speculations about mudsills and drudges are always telling us that a substantial yeomanry is a class of intelligent men who can be trusted with almost any responsibility and government; and they are quite right. It requires no little intelligence, it requires a very close alliance of brain with hand to make the average Massachusetts farm do the duty which is expected of it, and keep its place in competition with the fertile regions of the West, which a paternal government gives unpurchased to anybody who wants to work upon them. Clearly enough, then, the Massachusetts farmer or his son, and in many instances the men

who work by their side, are not in any fair sense to be rated with the mere "laborers" of the census statistics, and it is quite right that they should not be so rated. Again, the workmen in the shoe shops of Massachusetts are not rated in these statistics as "laborers," nor should they be; their work fairly belongs to the description which I have given of "work," as distinct from "labor." It is not the strength of muscle which they employ which creates the shoe or the boot which Massachusetts sells to the world. That is but a very small element for the production of the result; the shoe or the boot represents the ingenuity which has produced a hundred machines and the skill and promptness with which those machines are used. The intelligence which thus comes into such manufacture ought to be distinguished from the merely physical struggles by which he whom I have called the drudge, who is properly called the laborer, brings to pass that which is expected of him.

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THE business of modern civilization is the making use of natural agencies. In the place of twenty drudges standing on the edge of a quarry, and mechanically thumping their drills into the stone, modern civilization puts a natty little steam engine at the same business, and one master directs the twenty drills. What is the distinction between this quarrying and the quarrying of a hundred years ago? The distinction is that two men now do the work which twenty did, and those two do it easier, with the exertion of their intelligence.

In any one of the questions which arise today as to the number of hours of work, as to the wages to be paid, or as to the right of employers to say whom they will employ, there will certainly come in the distinction to which I have been referring, between mere muscular labor and intelligent work. A very natural endeavor on the part of the employer is to find some intelligent laborer in the rank below the workman, who can be promoted into the place which the workman has left vacant. He asks in the stables of the street railway if there is not a stable boy who is earning a dollar a day who will be glad to earn a dollar and a half as a conductor, and he is very apt to find him. He loses the brakeman whom he was glad

to employ yesterday on the train, and he asks at Castle Garden if there is not an immigrant who arrived yesterday who knows enough English to learn how to be a brakeman, and he is very glad to find him. The difficulty with the organized bodies of workmen is here: they can keep up a mutual understanding among themselves, by which men of the same craft shall stand by each other; but they find a great difficulty in persuading the people in the crafts below them to stay in their places and not to rise into those which are left vacant. The difficulty with the knights of labor is that they do not care much about "labor" in the sense in which it is properly used in the English language. They care, very naturally, for themselves; they care for intelligent workmen; but the laboring man will constantly be trying to come into their class. And, however broad and far-reaching are combinations of skilled workmen with each other, they will find it impossible to make any combination which will prevent the unskilled "laborer" from attempting to obtain the skill of the "workman," and from taking the place of the workman if the workman leaves that place open for him.

Mr. Bellamy meets all these difficulties squarely by saying: "We need but four per cent. of men working with muscles; let us draft all the four per cent. at twenty-one years of age, precisely as we order an army into the field. Let us use them at this muscular work for two or three years, and then let us promote them into the higher services." This is exactly as a European state drafts all its young men into the army for about the same length of time. It is not probable that we shall see Mr. Bellamy's arrangement adopted in any less time than he himself gave to this particular solution. The object to be aimed at is the steady promotion of all drudges to the ranks of intelligent work. This promotion is going on all the time, sometimes in the face of strikes, sometimes in consequence of them, sometimes with the wish of skilled workmen, sometimes in opposition to their shortsightedness. All the same, it is sure to go forward, and it is because it is going forward in America faster than in any other country of the world that America, on the whole, succeeds as no other country in the world succeeds.

## REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

BY MURAT HALSTEAD.

THE French republic is fortunate in her enemies. The disclosure of a conspiracy between the Boulangers and Bourbons has discredited at once the extreme demagogues and the divine-right fanatics, the anarchists and the monarchists, and the republic stands strong in its integrity and its dignity. The participation of the Comte de Paris in the disreputable negotiation, and the outpouring of the fortune of an ambitious duchess for purposes of intrigue, while from the immense resources of the alleged royal family not a franc was contributed, has assisted the republic into an attitude of serene command and placed the corrupt and the frivolous and the presumptuous pretenders, in a predicament of humiliation. At the end of twenty years, the longest period that any form of government has endured in France for a century, the republic is unshaken and never stood so well with the masses of Frenchmen or so firmly or fairly before the world. In the solidity of her government France adds to her great army an assurance of capacity untroubled by revolutionists. Instantly her position is improved among the nations and the influence of the assurance of the steadfastness of the republic is felt in the politics of Europe. It is seen in the tone of the Czar, who only needs to know that France has stability to take a more pronounced course on Eastern questions, redressing the wrongs of Russia in the conquest of Turkey and the erection of ungrateful kingdoms out of her territory, to be more serious obstacles than the provinces of the Ottoman empire were to the advance of the Cossack upon Constantinople. The recent effusion of French and Russian officers in the extension of courtesies to each other was not the mere sparkle of the wine cup and the glow of good fellowship, but an incident pursuant to a deep policy. Notice has been served upon the triple alliance—Germany, Austria and Italy—that Paris and Moscow may together seek, not revenge, but justice, in the readjustment of the map of Europe.

The pomp of the emperors of Germany

and Austria, the loving-kindness of the press of both empires, the advertisement of cordiality—all this is the answer of the centre of Europe to its extremities. The visit of William, the German emperor, to England was a compliment in return for the cession of Heligoland, and the trip to greet the Czar an effort to treat him with the "great consideration" urged in the last injunctions of the old emperor; but all Europe knows, or at least says, that the Russian expedition of the young emperor was a failure. The Czar looks beyond Germany to France. When the republic is strong it will not lack allies, and it would be the logic of the ages for the most Asiatic of European powers to form a partnership with the French republicans. France wants to go to the Rhine and Russia to the Bosphorus, and if there is a combat involving the great powers, the stress of it must fall upon the German empire, for Austria is a confederacy, Italy has not grown solid in aggregation, and there are several kingdoms pinned with many bayonets to the imperial robe of Prussia. The general struggle may be far off, for as the armed nations become prepared for war they grow cautious in entering upon the paths that lead away from peace. Intrigue progresses, however, without intermission, and the troubles in Armenia tell that Russia, balked by Bulgaria on the direct road to Constantinople, is at work on the south side of the Black sea and prepared to occupy Turkey in Europe by an advance through Asia. Mark the change in Europe! The painful isolation of France for a generation is over. She is a magnificent nation, the stronger for her trials and greater because she has gained wisdom in suffering. The world is the better because her place is filled once more. The glittering legions of Germany are all wanted if she is to sustain, as indeed she must or she loses all, her imperial supremacy.

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THERE has been popular satisfaction in two announcements of the termination of irritating delays—the selection, after a long controversy, not yet altogether sub-

sided, of a site for the World's Fair at Chicago, and the adoption of a plan for the Grant monument at Riverside. So long was the delay regarding the site of the Fair, that the negligence of Chicago and apparent indifference or incapacity for decision were freely discussed and much impatience manifested. There can be no more troublesome task than the location of an affair that is a popular enterprise of universal interest and importance, and yet temporary. Paris has the felicity in preparing for her fairs to have a spot—the old and famous field of war—so far preferable to any other possible that there is no room for discussion. The final selection in Chicago, though fault finders are still active, is but the confirmation of first impressions, and as there was plainly nothing better in sight at any time the protracted controversy seems the more provoking. While many most friendly to Chicago doubted the wisdom of the choice of that city for the Fair, there has been general acquiescence, and kindly and helpful sentiments are in the ascendant; but there must be no further waste of time.

The vast and wonderfully symmetrical and comprehensive Paris exposition of 1889 is the standard of excellence, and the pride of our country would be hurt if we fell short of that high mark. In order to reach it each moment must be improved and that with all the forces at command. We should be tempted to say already it is too late, if we did not count with confidence upon the marvellous energy that Chicago has so often displayed, and the knowledge that her people, gifted in accomplishing great things in haste, must know in common with all their fellow citizens, that the good name and fame of their mighty city would be deeply injured by a comparative failure, and the certainty they will take up their gigantic task, when they learn how to grasp it, with an executive zeal that will be irresistible. They may build a tower higher than the Eiffel, without exceeding the Fair of the French, for the exalted wonders of the latest and greatest Paris exposition—of which the loftiest structure ever built by man was in a sense preëminent—were more than all the representative houses and works of nations and ages, comprehending nearly all of the historic world; and, outshining all else, the incomparable collection of

the splendors of the French art of the century since the Revolution. With that competition is hopeless, and there must be something else of equal attractiveness and characteristically illustrative of our progress, perhaps the marvels of our mechanical industry, and evidence that there remain to us natural resources that promise the fulfilment of a destiny beyond the most ambitious dreams of other nations.

The people of New York have been aroused by the movement in Congress looking to the removal of the remains of General Grant. It is seldom there has been so much honest misapprehension of facts as in the popular understanding of the relations between this city and the tomb of the general, its treatment, the purposes and responsibility of the people, and the line between reasonable and irrational impressions and expectations entertained at large. The opinion is prevalent that New York promised to build the grandest monument in the world to Grant, on the condition that the remains of the hero were placed in her care. New York has felt that in dedicating, as she unquestionably has done, a site for the tomb and monument not equalled in attractions by any other thought of, she has not necessarily taken upon herself the exclusive obligation to furnish all the money; that there is no reason why the subscription should not be national; that there was no just anticipation that it should be altogether metropolitan; nothing in what has been done or omitted in New York to interfere with the liberality of any other city, or to make a call upon the country in all its parts unwarranted or impertinent. The origin of the entanglement of ideas on this delicate subject is the wide-spread theory that the New York site is unsuitable—part of a speculation or adventure of some sort by somebody; that there were natural rights appertaining to West Point or Arlington or the Columbia Soldiers' Home of the District, and that these were overcome by promises that have not been regarded worth keeping. Upon full examination it must appear to the candid that the Riverside situation exceeds all others in beauty, and is more accessible than any; that it is there thousands will throng where scores only would have been spectators elsewhere; that the suggestion of the locality was admirable, and the one thing need-

ful is that the monument shall be worthy the surroundings in style and on a colossal scale.

There has been a great deal of strong language in hostile criticism of New York about many things, and much that is true and fair has been said that was not complimentary; but no one could ever say with warrant that the site of the city and its surroundings are not beautiful almost beyond comparison; that the situation is not admirable, indeed ideal, for a metropolis; and that the magnificence to come to pass can fail to surpass all the world has witnessed—and no one can justly say that New York has ever been anywhere stingy. The virtues of economy are not among her commendable severities. She has been free-handed in every cause that had a claim upon her business men or her humane sentiments and many not eminently deserving have prospered upon her generosity. She has passed out money—as if she owned all the bonanzas—in the doubtful states for both the great political parties, and whether the occasion for charity has been an earthquake in Charleston, the yellow fever in the southwest, the floods of the Ohio and Mississippi or the Conemaugh, the fire at Chicago or the plague of grasshoppers on the plains of Kansas, or famine in Ireland—the money of New York has been bestowed with an abounding benevolence and golden magnanimity that would be misnamed if called princely unless reference were had to her merchant princes. In regard to General Grant himself, New York was the city that gave him freely of her substance when it sustained him in his glory, and in his days of misfortune she was ever kind. It does not become any friend of his to couple the name of the great city with that of the great general and say she was wanting in the highest estimation of him when living, or that she has been forgetful of his or her own dignity since his death.

\* \* \*

THE parting of the young emperor of Germany with Bismarck was the result of the emperor's serious estimate of his own opinions and duties, and his desire to do something out of the usual way of strong governments in dealing with that form of labor and capital questions that is rather vaguely styled socialism. Bis-

marck did not believe there was anything to be gained by toleration, investigation and concession to the aggressive representatives of radical popular opinion. The emperor regarded himself equipped for a mission, and seemed to think he was more than others gifted with the divine confidence and authority for the information and execution of his will. That is what he was taught was his imperial outfit and trade. Nothing has happened for the moment from his initiative, except the departure of the great man of Germany from official position and the formation of the habit of the empire of which he was the architect in taking steps without his guidance. It has been rumored that he is to be restored, and that is not likely while affairs move along the ways worn with his footsteps. But France, erect and confident in herself, rid of the Bonapartes, the Bourbons and the Boulangers, is a change in Europe that may call for all the resources of all the empires. There is a rumor that an invitation has been extended France to join the alliance with Germany, Austria and Italy; but she is striking hands with Russia, and if there are statesmen in the shadow of the Czar he can have, with the help of the French, all that was lost in the Crimea and the Berlin conference.

But the labor question stops at no boundaries and hesitates at no frontier. Under the surface of all the nations there is the social agitation that disturbed the relations of the German emperor and chancellor. It penetrates the palaces of the Czar, haunts the boulevards of Paris, strikes on the docks of London and Southampton and in the mines and shops of Belgium, parades in New York and proclaims in Chicago, and swells almost to the proportions of a revolution in Australia. There was a time in England when trade unionism had so far progressed in organization and had such respect at least for its own authority, that it made for peace. Out of chaos grew order, and the self-restraint of discipline preserved it. Recent events show changes that are strange, if not sinister. They seem to result from what those engaged presume to be an advance movement—an invasion of territory hitherto undisturbed. There is a new trade-union style, and it means the coercion of all working men into the ranks rigorously commanded as a military force. The hum-



blest laborer as well as the highly trained mechanic are included in the universal conscription, and the policy is through reduction of hours of occupation to cut the supply of labor, to make it scarce and dear—as they would say in financial circles, to corner it. How far this will go it would be temerity to declare. In this country we see various manifestations of the aggressive tendency of those who have not constantly cared to weary themselves with activities in public business. The farmers' alliances are a new phase of a story that is old, and they join the labor unions in demanding an increase in the functions of government, but disagree with them about the reduction of the hours of occupation, pointing out what they hold to be the limitations of the eight-hour or any other restrictive system, in the work that employs the greater number of women, who are engaged in housekeeping, and the tillers of the soil, the length of whose days of labor must be regulated by the season.

The new trade-union ideas that are making head in England appear here in the frequency with which the work of non-union men is regarded an offence, and the very material they handle marked for resentment. But organized labor is not united in the United States. It is too great a mass to be centralized. There are organizations not simply inharmonious but antagonistic. A confusion of leadership prevents concerted action, and the anarchists, who appear to be more intense in Chicago than elsewhere, are less excusable for their extravagance under a republican form of government, where there is no doubt that the few listen to the many as their political masters, than in the countries where politics is a privilege. Imperfect as are the instrumentalities, blind as are the multitude in many things, unsafe as are the maxims that challenge the older forms of civilization and the morbid and implacable fancies that are lurid with condemnation of the conditions of law and the precedents of history, we shall declare ourselves incompetent observers if we do not accept and acclaim the knowledge that the movement of mankind is steadily, though slowly, for the betterment of the masses; that labor gains as surely as the universe bathed in light moves, and that as men are enlightened in all the schools of experience, the powers

that are prevalent assert the rights of the human race.

\* \* \*

TRAVEL of Americans to Europe has been greater in 1890 than ever before. The citizens of the United States on the ocean and abroad continue to monopolize the name American, and they are not often asked from which of the continents called for them they come. The Atlantic has up to the month when frosts strike in the latitude of New York been encumbered with fields of ice larger than all New England, and several steamers have been in perilous contact with icebergs. Only by skilled and careful navigation and good fortune have disasters been avoided. The frequent combination of fog banks and fields of ice makes the Atlantic dangerous. The startling accident early in the season to the City of Paris, which had some hours the advantage of all other vessels in the record of passages both ways, was largely attributed to the phenomenal speed at which she had been driven, and it might have been anticipated that the incident would have discouraged ocean racing, especially as there was a phenomenal run of ice and prevalence of fog. The result seems to have been to stimulate struggles for the highest speed. The White Star line was fortunate in the possession of two new twin-screw ships, masterpieces, the Teutonic and Majestic, and they were pushed to go to the front. It is claimed the Teutonic has beaten the best time westward of the City of Paris and it is questioned whether she was correctly timed, but whatever way the dispute is decided the difference is less than half an hour, so that practically the speed of the rivals for exceptional fame is the same. The great racing of the year has been between the City of New York and the Teutonic, the latter winning in the western, and the former in the eastern trips, and the Majestic is but a few minutes behind. With their great ship gone for the season, the Inman line has, through brilliant work with the City of New York, maintained their reputation. The twin-screw ships of the Hamburg line have taken positions at the front for speed, the Columbia especially distinguishing herself. The two lines long the most famous, the Cunard and North German Lloyd, have thus far stood by the old-fashioned ships, but

it is evident that the single screw cannot compete with twin screws in speed or stability. It is settled that two screws are faster than one, and that greater breadth of hull permits the employment of power and increases the freight capacity, so that the ship is at once quickened and strengthened, makes more knots an hour and carries more freight. These things have been established during the past summer, and the triple screw is the season's suggestion, and a quadruple screw—two at the side, in the place of the old-fashioned paddle wheels, and two at the stern—is the latest problem before the naval architects.

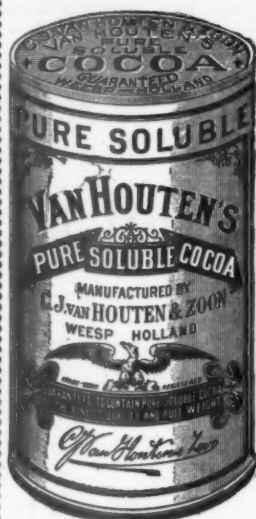
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ONE of the most familiar and picturesque figures of distinction and brilliancy before the public for half a century has passed from the stage of life in the sudden death of Dion Boucicault, the dramatist and actor, the most remarkable writer of plays in his generation, and one of the few who have done enough to be immortal. He has produced more than 400 plays, and millions are unaware of all their indebtedness to him for ideal enjoyment, as few comparatively have coupled all his productions, that have given them pleasure and genial instruction, with his name. His sparkling work has had wonderful diffusion. It is estimated that more than \$40,000,000 has been paid to witness his plays. The record of the Shaughran at the Star theatre of New York stands first for profitability in the theatrical history of the city. Of the numberless productions of his boyhood *London Assurance* is, after all his uncommon and laborious activity, the most famous of his works, and is likely to endure as long as any. He was a man of unflinching industry, and the prodigies that he accomplished cease to be surprising when we remember the marvellous painstaking with which he toiled over them. His latest play, *The Tale of a Coat*, is full of clever things, and contains one of the most impressive situations to be found in the drama, and the very week of his death he had planned a new play, the centre of interest being in a character abso-

lutely novel, showing that fifty years had not exhausted his fine faculty. In the continued glow of his fancy, and the endless ingenuity with which he wove plots various as life itself, and the perpetual joy he found in work, he excelled the elder Dumas, and like him was as splendid in finding and squandering gold and diamonds as Monte Cristo. He took a floor over a French restaurant in Fifteenth street, New York, lined the rooms with solid ebony, hung the walls with raw silk tapestry brocade, laid the floors with hard woods in mosaic, draped the windows with magnificent curtains, surrounded with purple velvet and weighted with massive bullion fringe, and suspended these wonders on rollers that were gilt until they seemed solid gold; spread mosaic floors with tiger, leopard and bear skins, and rugs from Persia, and crystal shelves supported by bronzes sheltered massive and solid silver and china, more precious than fine gold. The fireplace was a house of steel where logs burned; there were clocks and statuettes and paintings, and sumptuous sideboards, and the windows in the rear were converted into a gorgeous conservatory. There he saw his friends, and while they feasted he drank tea, and day and night was playing the magician with his pen. His brain was a magic lantern and a gold mine.

Great as were his gifts his extravagance exceeded his resources, and when he added speculation to his superb talent for expenditure, he provided abundant ways for the disposition of his abounding means, and at last was impoverished. He would have exhausted the revenues of a nation, for if he could he would have constructed a squadron of yachts and insisted upon sailing the South Seas with his friends, his pleasure boats surpassing the splendors of the barge of Cleopatra on the Nile. His dramas have, upon the whole, been wholesome. They elevated the stage that they adorned. As for faults, let us recollect the illustrious example of Doctor Johnson, in speaking with kindly reserve of a dear friend, and the beauty of the charity of philosophy, for the genius of Goldsmith.

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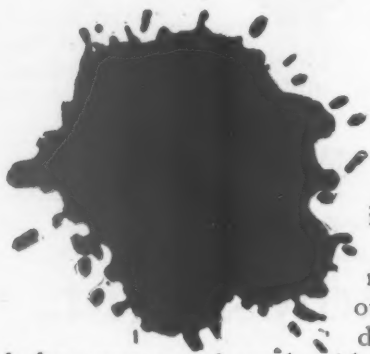
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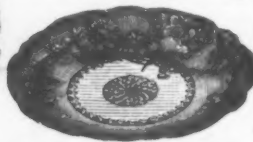
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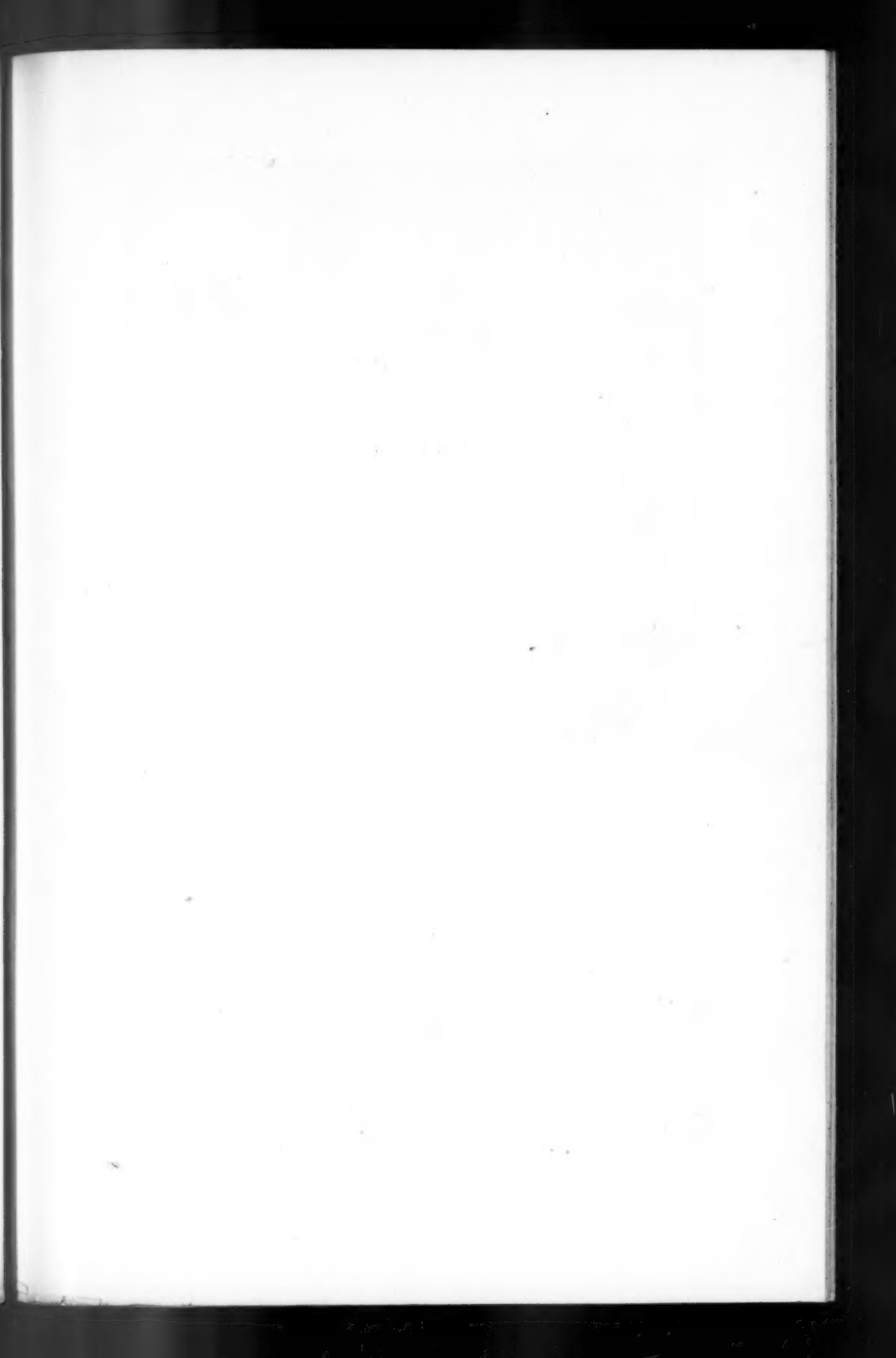
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